This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

TX 750.2 .K26m
Tytler, Sarah,
Modern painters and their paintings : fo

Stanford University Libraries

3 6105 04931 4862

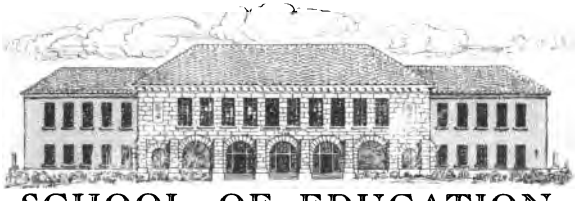
PRESENTED BY THE PUBLISHERS

—TO THE—

TEXT-BOOK COLLECTION

—OF THE—

Department of Education



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK COLLECTION
GIFT OF
THE PUBLISHERS

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

MODERN PAINTERS

AND THEIR PAINTINGS

MODERN PAINTERS

And their Paintings.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND LEARNERS IN ART.

BY

SARAH TYTLER, pseud.
AUTHOR OF "THE OLD MASTERS."
Henrietta Keddie

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1899.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UI

609850
C

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON,
CAMBRIDGE.

PREFACE.

IN sending out this brief Introduction to the study of Modern Painters and their Pictures, it is only necessary to say that the same plan has been carried out as in its companion volume, 'The Old Masters;' and that I lay as little claim in this case as in that to exhaustive treatment, though I have tried to be as concise and simple as possible.

S. T.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	ENGLISH ART—THORNHILL, 1676-1734—HOGARTH, 1697-1764	1
II.	REYNOLDS, 1723-1792—GAINSBOROUGH, 1727-1789—WILSON, 1713-1782—FUSELI, 1741-1825—WEST, 1738-1820—COPLEY, 1737-1815—ROMNEY, 1734-1802—RAMSAY, 1713-1784—OPIE, 1761-1807—MORLAND, 1763-1804—BARRY, 1741-1806—BLAKE, 1757-1828—FLAXMAN, 1755-1826 — STOTHARD, 1755-1834 — BEWICK, 1753-1828—ANGELICA KAUFMANN, 1742-1807—MARY MOSER, 1774-1819	13
III.	RAEBURN, 1756-1823—LAWRENCE, 1769-1830	79
IV.	TURNER, 1775-1851—WILKIE, 1785-1841—HAYDON, 1786-1846—ETTY, 1787-1849—CONSTABLE, 1776-1837—CROME, 1769-1821 — NASMYTH, 1786-1831 — COX, 1783-1859—PROUT, 1773-1858	86
V.	LATER FRENCH ART—DAVID, 1748-1825—ISABEY, 1767-1855—INGRES, 1781-1867—GERICAULT, 1790-1824—VERNET, 1789-1863 — DELAROCHE, 1797-1856 — ARY SCHEFFER, 1795-1858—TROYON, 1813-1865 ..	157
VI.	MODERN GERMAN ART—OVERBECK, 1789-1869—CORNELIUS, 1784-1867 — KAULBACH, 1805 — BENDEMANN, 1811, ETC.	194

CHAP.		PAGE
VII.	LATER ENGLISH ART—MULREADY, 1786-1863—LESLIE, 1794-1859—DYCE, 1806-1864—MACLISE, 1811-1870—PHILLIP, 1817-1867—LANDSEER, 1802—STANFIELD, 1798-1867—ROBERTS, 1796-1864—HUNT, 1790-1864—LANCE, 1802-1864	211
VIII.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ART—HOLMAN HUNT, 1827—MILLAIS, 1829—WATTS, 1818—LEIGHTON, 1830—FRITH, 1819—ALMA TADEMA, FAED, 1826—NOEL PATON, 1823—HARVEY, 1806—HOOK, 1819—LINNEL, 1792—MASON, WHISTLER, SAM BOUGH, LEWIS, 1805—WATSON GORDON, 1798-1864—THORBURN, 1818—JOHANNA WELLS, 1831-1861—HENRIETTA WARD, MARGARET CARPENTER, 1793—J. B., MARTHA AND ANNIE MUTRIE, CRUIKSHANK, 1792—LEECH, 1817-1864	264
IX.	MODERN CONTINENTAL PAINTERS — GÉRÔME, 1824 — ROBERT-FLEURY, 1787—COURBET, 1819—HAMON, FRÈRE, 1819—MEISSONIER, 1811—DORÉ, 1832—ROSA BONHEUR, 1822—HENRIETTE BROWNE, ETC. ETC. ..	307
X.	AMERICAN PAINTERS—ALLSTON, 1779-1842—HUNTINGTON, 1816—LEUTZE, 1816—PAGE, 1811—CHURCH, 1826—BIERSTADT, 1829—CATLIN, CROPSEY, AUDUBON, 1780-1851. AMERICAN PAINTERS IN ROME—CHAPMAN, FREEMAN, VEDDER, YEWELL, ETC. ETC.	332

MODERN PAINTERS

AND THEIR PAINTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLISH ART—THORNHILL, 1676-1734—HOGARTH, 1697-1764.

ART in England was declining day by day when the first English painter who won popularity appeared in the person of Sir James Thornhill. But when I use the term popularity, I must remind my readers that popular art-ignorance was great, and that all which it had gained from the partiality of the public for foreign painters and their works, when foreign painters were no better than Le Brun and Verrio, was an artificial and affected passion for allegories which had little thought or sentiment. Even that little was most frequently not comprehended, for the allegories were simply looked at and admired for what was considered their grand effect. I do not say that there was nothing that was imposing in the result, but for the most part it was a piece of huge, hollow pomposity. It was on ceilings and staircases that these allegories were flourished or sprawled, and Sir James Thornhill was the most successful English painter of such allegories 'after the style of Verrio.'

Sir James Thornhill was born at Weymouth, in 1676. He came of a good Dorsetshire family, whose lands had passed from them. It was by the help of an uncle, an eminent physician, that young Thornhill was enabled to study art in London. Among his first important works was the painting of the cupola of St Paul's, with eight large pictures from the life of the apostle. For these he was paid at the rate of forty shillings the square yard; and when one hears of painting being paid by the yard, one has reason to tremble for the production of endless yards costing still less to the painter than to his employers. Yet Thornhill's painting in the cupola of St Paul's was valued in his own day, and not only procured for him his appointment of historical painter to Queen Anne, but numberless commissions to decorate palaces, great mansions, and churches in a similar manner. Although Sir James was no artist, he seems to have been an honest hard-working Englishman, with regard to whom one is glad to hear that he was enabled to buy back the family estate, and was knighted by George I. He also sat as member of parliament for his native town, Weymouth, and he had a real feeling for the art for which he could do little in his own person, and promoted its interests manfully and liberally.

He formed a small collection of works of the Old Masters and threw it open to young students. He urged on the government the foundation of an Art Academy, and failing in his laudable efforts, he opened at his own

expense a free academy for the purpose which he had in view. Although it was not with Sir James Thornhill's will that he became, as my readers may have heard or presently will hear, closely linked with a great English painter, one recognizes poetic justice in the fact.

Sir James Thornhill died at his own seat of Thornhill in his fifty-ninth year, 1734. He had a son, sergeant painter to the navy, but otherwise undistinguished. Sir James's daughter Jane had become the wife of William Hogarth.

Sir James Thornhill's greatest work, and one which has some dignity in its confused crowd of imagery, is the ceiling of the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. There, in the noble proportions supplied by Sir Christopher Wren, we can look up on a cloudy Olympus freely furnished with gods and goddesses circling round William and Mary, Anne and Prince George.

England had long loved art intelligently or blindly Her noblemen and gentlemen, from the Earl of Arundel downwards, had patronized art munificently. To this day no other country in Europe has such private galleries as England can claim in the noble houses which I have spoken of, at Longleat, Petworth, Chatsworth, and at many another stately storied mansion. At last there was to be a great English painter, worthy the country to which art was so dear, and at the same time his individuality was to be so pre-eminently English that even the greatest foreign art could not pretend to have, in anything save

technicalities, inspired a stroke of his pencil or of his carving tools. But as even in these foreign countries, where mediæval art arose, art no longer served the Church, so art was to have an altogether different field in England.

William Hogarth was born in London in 1697. His father had been a Westmoreland schoolmaster, but had come up to London and established himself there as a printer's reader. Young Hogarth, like so many of his great foreign brethren in art who were goldsmiths, began life as an apprentice to a silversmith, Ellis Gamble, in Cranbourn Alley, Leicester Square, and from his master Hogarth learned the craft of engraving on metal. When he was twenty-one years of age he renounced silver engraving for copper engraving, and began to work for the booksellers. His first known illustrations of a book were twelve small plates for Hudibras, executed when he was twenty-nine years of age. Finding copper engraving unremunerative, Hogarth, who had studied in Sir James Thornhill's academy, became a portrait painter, and made rapid progress as an artist.

In 1730, when Hogarth was thirty-three years of age, he eloped with and married Jane Thornhill, Sir James disapproving of the marriage because of the inferior birth and uncertain prospects of his proposed son-in-law. That was the generation of elopements, when they were provoked alike by the harshness of parents and the rashness of children. But very few elopements were so far justi-

fied by an honourable subsequent career, a happy and suitable union, and eventual satisfaction to parents and children alike, as happened in the case of William Hogarth and Jane Thornhill.

In a very few years Hogarth was at the head of his profession, and within the ten years between his thirty eighth and forty-eighth years he produced his different series of moral and satirical pictures; but, though a successful painter, Hogarth was not without the mortification of seeing that his contemporaries could only partially appreciate his great genius. His series of six scenes known as 'Marriage à la Mode' were sold by auction in 1750, when the painter was at the height of his power, in his forty-seventh year, but only one bidder appeared, and the whole series were knocked down to him at a hundred and ten guineas, while the frames alone had cost the painter twenty-four guineas.

On one occasion Hogarth paid a very short visit to France, and commemorated it and his strong English prejudices by his picture of the Calais Gate.*

When Hogarth was fifty-six years of age he wrote a contribution to works on art under the name of 'the Analysis of Beauty;' here are his own lines on his book:

> 'What! a book, and by Hogarth! then twenty to ten
> All he's gained by the pencil he'll lose by the pen.
> Perhaps it may be so—howe'er—miss or hit,
> He will publish—here goes—it 's double or quit.'

* Hogarth's five days' trip to the Isle of Thanet was another episode in his history.

Four years later he had the dignity of serjeant painter to the king conferred on him, and seven years later still, in 1764, when he was in his sixty-eighth year, William Hogarth died at his house in Leicester Square, but was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick near his summer villa there. His wife long survived him, and was remembered by a third generation as a lively, somewhat irascible old lady, particularly when the superiority of her William Hogarth was impugned. It is said that she was in poor circumstances before her death. I am happy to think that the statement is doubtful, though she was not in a position to refuse the Academy's pension of forty pounds a year, for such circumstances would have been a great contrast to those of the days when she tripped to church with her black boy walking behind his mistress, carrying her prayer-book. William and Jane Hogarth had no children.

William Hogarth was honest and frank, blunt yet benevolent. Certainly you know his portrait, or engravings from it, in which everything is English, down to his dog Trump, whose likeness is taken along with his master's. I have heard it said that the picture was characteristic in more ways than one, for that there was much of the pug and bull-dog in William Hogarth's disposition, but whether Trump were a bull-dog or no, it was rather the English mastiff which was typical of Hogarth. In his picture he sits in his plain English coat, vest, and cravat, and furred cap. It is the most unsophisticated painting cos-

tume in the world, and it suits perfectly a man whose broad face with its clumsy features, unshaded by a particle of hair, is not in the least handsome or graceful, but is wholesome and pleasant in its perfect manliness and openness, and in the abundant evidence of brains in the prominent forehead. Mr Redgrave, in his 'Century of Painters,' mentions a deep scar on Hogarth's forehead, faithfully rendered, as Oliver Cromwell desired his warts to be re-produced. There is no ostentation of simplicity in ignoring his position and profession, for his palette with the 'curved line of beauty,' which he afterwards explained and insisted upon, drawn on it and several books, volumes of Swift, Hogarth's favourite author, keep Trump in countenance in bearing Hogarth company.

As a moralist and satirist of work-a-day humanity among painters, Hogarth has never been surpassed or even equalled. His power of observation was immense, and his faculty of rendering what he observed was equal to the power. His satire is more direct than subtle, and perhaps for that very reason he comes down as with the blow of a sledge-hammer on vice and folly. He never flinched, or faltered, or screened guilt in high places; he was even careless of giving offence or forfeiting favour. Never blame Hogarth, because the vice and the folly of his day were very gross and shameful vice and folly. He saw what was there to be seen, and it was his part to scourge it, which he did so effectually that the best men of that and of succeeding generations, have thanked

William Hogarth for the service that he did to truth and righteousness.

It has been objected to Hogarth, that with all his marvellous gifts of perception and execution, he was deficient in a correct idea of colour, and even in a true sense of beauty; and that with regard to the last, there is not a beautiful face to be seen in all the crowded dramatic scenes which he painted. I believe that if his colouring is not always just, he has shown instances of an excellent judgment in colour, and that while it was not his calling to illustrate beauty as such, he has here and there, as in the face and figure of the miserable wife when she is informed of the tragical death of her husband in 'Marriage à la Mode,' and in the person of the innocent wife of the 'Distressed Poet,' afforded ample proof that he was not without a fine feeling for beauty.

What a living and breathing gallery of old English life we have in Hogarth's series of the 'Idle and Industrious Apprentices,' and how perfect it is, so far as it goes. It is complete and self-consistent—from the first picture, where the ill-conditioned, ill-looking lad sits dozing, neglecting his work, with the evil ballad of 'Moll Flanders' hung up on his loom; while the pleasant, comely-faced youth is sedulously minding his business, with the volume of the 'Apprentice's Guide' lying open near him,—through each intervening stage of the rise and fall (notably perfect for tender and grim humour are the industrious apprentice singing off the same book

with his master's daughter in church, two reverent, obedient figures full of purity and bloom; and the idle apprentice with his hang-dog associates gambling on the tomb-stone),—on to the noble pathos of the last meeting of the early companions, when the justice on the bench hides his face after pronouncing condemnation on the felon at the bar. What a quaint, gone-by spectacle does the 'Country Inn Yard' present, from the sign of 'The Old Angle' to the back of the fat woman, who is being slowly hoisted into the coach. Equally gone by is the abandonment to no discipline of 'the March of the Guards to Finchley:' a ludicrous burlesque of martial pomp, which cost Hogarth the good will of George II. What riotous saturnalias are the 'Election Scenes.' What over-flowing fun there is in the 'Enraged Musician,' distracted by street music and noises, or in the comical revelations and pretensions of the 'Dancing Academy.' What terrible condemnation there is in 'Gin Lane,' on which you must hear Charles Lamb. He says:—

'Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view; and, accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would perhaps have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the Plague at Athens. Disease and death, and bewildering terror, in Athenian garments, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, "within the

limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own St Giles', delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one, which makes things, animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessories, take one colour, and serve one effect. Everything in the print, to use a vulgar expression, tells. Every part is full of "strange images of death." It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as anything which Michael Angelo ever drew, but everything else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy;—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of phrensy which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophetical conception of the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures which he has strewed in profusion over the proper

scene of the action, he shows you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell in which by the direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures; which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius.'

Let us turn again for relief to the 'Distressed Poet,' and read the description of it given in Knight's Old England. '"The Distressed Poet," like "The Enraged Musician," is said to represent a real character. Theobald, the Shaksperian commentator, of whom Pope speaks so favourably, and, as usual with him when speaking of *men*, not things—so unjustly, is understood to be the hero of the garret, who is composing poems on riches, whilst his wife is gazing in hopeless silence on the angry milk-maid and her uplifted tally-score; who, in the midst of extreme poverty and desolation, hangs up a map of the gold-mines of Peru, as though *his* difficulty was to know how safely to get through the rocks and quicksands of wealth that surrounded him. His one shirt and one pair of ruffles have been washed and are drying by the fire, and now his wife is mending his one pair of nether habiliments. In the mean time the poet mounts his Pegasus in his

night-gown. He is blessed, it appears, with offspring; and his cat has got young ones; everywhere there is ample fecundity, except, alas! in the poet's brain. Most helplessly does he scratch his head. His "Bysshe's Art of Poetry," that lies upon the table, can avail him nothing now—it is not words he wants, but thoughts—a standing grievance with the sort of poets that Hogarth meant to intimate he belonged to. The book just named speaks as plainly the painter's intention in this respect as the "Grub Street Journal' that lies on the floor."

The National Gallery possesses Hogarth's series of 'Marriage à la Mode,' and his portrait of himself. The Foundling Hospital has Hogarth's fine portrait of its founder, Captain Coram,—Hogarth being one of eighteen painters of repute who presented works to the Foundling Hospital, where, in the dearth of exhibitions, the paintings had a chance of being publicly seen.

CHAPTER II.

REYNOLDS, 1723-1792—GAINSBOROUGH, 1727-1789—WILSON, 1713-1782—FUSELI, 1741-1825—WEST, 1738-1820—COPLEY, 1737-1815—ROMNEY, 1734-1802—RAMSAY, 1713-1784—OPIE, 1761-1807—MORLAND, 1763-1804—BARRY, 1741-1806—BLAKE, 1757-1828—FLAXMAN, 1755-1826—STOTHARD, 1755-1834—BEWICK, 1753-1828—ANGELICA KAUFMANN, 1742-1807—MARY MOSER, 1774-1819.

A NEW decade in art begins with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was born, in 1723, at Plympton in Devonshire, his father having been master of the Plympton Grammar School. The reading of the 'Treatise on Painting' by the portrait painter, Jonathan Richardson, is said to have first given young Reynolds the eager wish to be a painter; and his earliest master was Richardson's son-in-law, Hudson, established in London, where Reynolds went to study at the age of nineteen years. Quarrelling with Hudson, Reynolds returned to Devonshire and begun to practise portrait painting as a profession at Plymouth Dock, remaining and working there till his twenty-fifth year, (1746,) when his father died, and Reynolds resolved on settling in London. But three years later there occurred an important crisis in his career, when another Devonshire man, Commodore Keppel, a kind patron to the young

painter, carried him off in his ship, the Centurion, to the Mediterranean, landing him in Minorca. From the Balearic Isles Reynolds made his way to Leghorn, thence to Rome, and, finally, to the cities of the north of Italy, and to Paris, from which he came back to London, after a profitable tour that lasted fully three years. From a cold caught whilst he was abroad Sir Joshua dated his deafness, and from a fall which occurred about the same time he received the wound and scar that caused the slight indentation in his under lip.

A second Devonshire magnate, Lord Mount-Edgecombe, by his support confirmed Reynolds in his project of immediately recommencing work in London, where he started fairly in 1752, living first in St Martin's Lane, next in Newport Street, and at last in the house which he bought, and which was so long associated with his name, in Leicester Square, or, as it was then called, Leicester Fields. Each removal marked a stage in the busy and brilliant painter's progress, and an increase in his prices from ten guineas to thirty-five guineas for a head, and from forty guineas to a hundred guineas for a full-length portrait. But it was not without opposition that Sir Joshua introduced what were then considered his new-fangled notions gathered abroad, of soft brilliant colouring, grafted on the native intelligence and sense of grace of a very able and highly cultivated man. 'Shakespeare for poetry, and Kneller for painting,' was the widely accredited maxim of the day, and young Reynolds' innova-

tions were regarded as rank heresy, and were hailed with the information—freely volunteered to him, even by his brother artists—that he painted worse than before he went to Italy. But there never was any falseness to his own convictions in Sir Joshua's tact and courtesy, and his endurance was not long tried, for his portrait of Commodore Keppel won general recognition.

In Leicester Fields Sir Joshua's house was kept by his homely, kindly sister, Frances Reynolds, who was not without talent of her own, which she exercised in miniature painting, and in writing a theory of beauty and taste. (She once painted Dr Johnson, but so little to his satisfaction, that he stigmatized the likeness as 'the grimly ghost of Johnson.') Sir Joshua's house was further enlivened by the presence of his young nieces, one of whom became, after the death of his sister, his heiress; and the other was the 'Offie,' or Theophila Palmer, who sat to her uncle for a charming portrait, of which I have more to say presently. The brother and sister's house became the chosen resort of all the wisdom and wit, and, following with a hankering in their train, of a good deal of the rank and fashion of London. Very inexpensive entertainments were these 'evenings,' modelled on the royal invitations to tea sent out by George III. and Queen Charlotte, but very matchless, when the guests included Johnson *

* Reynolds, himself, tells a characteristic anecdote of his earlier acquaintance with Johnson, which, without the painter's being aware of the double hit, probably bore as much on the aristo-

and Garrick, Goldsmith and Burke, and Dr Burney, and with him his young daughter Fanny, who was so pleasantly cherished by these great men till her gift as a novelist came to light, when each cried out in triumph over it, as he had never cried out over his own gift. I need hardly spend more time in dwelling on that historical literary circle, where Sir Joshua made nearly as fine a figure as in his own strictly artistic walk We can read its records in the lives of Johnson and Goldsmith, or as given by the pens of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs Piozzi.

I shall content myself with a single instance of Sir Joshua's love of reading, and his enthusiastic interest in what he read. He had begun some book (I forget what), with his elbow raised, and resting on the mantle-piece, and never stirred till he had finished the volume, when he was roused to a feeling of the extreme numbness of the arm which had been so long kept in its constrained position.

To his sitters, the painter's animated conversation

ciatic proclivities of Sir Joshua as on those of the ladies present. When the two gentlemen 'were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells', the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. Johnson, thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected, as low company, of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry, and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine that his friend and he were low indeed, he addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr Reynolds, saying, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to *work as hard* as we could?" as if they had been common mechanics.'—*Boswell's Johnson.*

was so delightful, as actually to effect its purpose of causing them to forget their circumstances.

Besides his house in Leicester Fields, Sir Joshua had a villa at Richmond, to which he repaired for a holiday on a summer afternoon, but where he never spent a night. Indeed so unremitting was his devotion to his art, that in an interval of many years, he boasted that he had never 'lost a day, or missed a line.' His friend, Dr Johnson, remonstrated solemnly, and not unsuccessfully, with Sir Joshua, on a service which had in it something of slavery and idolatry to the material and temporal, and was apt to involve the neglect of the unseen and eternal.

Sir Joshua, in his integrity and diligence, his genius and accomplishments, and his great worldly success, was gracious to more than his friends and sitters, while naturally he did not like contradiction from his brethren of the painting-rooms. For the most part he was honoured and esteemed by his fellow-artists, though he had passages at arms with his rivals, Gainsborough, and 'the man in Cavendish Square,' Romney. Certainly the roughness of the contention was on their side, though, no doubt, the blandness, as well as the polish and brilliance of the first President of the Academy, was in itself trying to his plainer and less favoured associates, and was absolutely exasperating, in spite of the early benefits conferred by Sir Joshua, to such a wild Irishman as Barry. Yet it was by the unanimous vote of his brother artists, that, after the establishment of

the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua was elected president.

One marked trait in Sir Joshua's ardent yet suave temperament, was his immense admiration in others of those qualities which he himself lacked. Thus his hero among painters, whose works he had studied with devout reverence—not attempting to copy them, simply contemplating and laying them to heart, was, one would say, the artist and man of all others, most unlike the somewhat conventional and superficial, if widely and winningly-gifted Englishman, the grand old Florentine, Michael Angelo. 'Of him he wrote to his friends at home; of him he discoursed to the students of the Royal Academy, and his last word uttered in that place was, as he had desired, the name of Michael Angelo.'—(*Redgrave.*) Such was the fervour and persistence of Sir Joshua's praise, that short-sighted critics were tempted to accuse him of affectation. Yet he had honestly confessed that his first experience of Italian art had, to his great mortification, disappointed him. Admiration grew as his perceptions grew.

It was on the occasion of Reynolds being elected president of the Academy, to which George III. had consented to give the royal patronage, that the King conferred on the painter the distinction of knighthood.

When over sixty years of age a partial loss of sight compelled Sir Joshua to renounce his well-loved art, and he obeyed the compulsion with simple dignity and resignation. The end was not far off; he died in his seventieth

year, in 1792. His body lay in state at the Royal Academy. At the funeral the pall was borne by 'dukes, marquises, and earls.' He was buried beside Wren, in the crypt of St Paul's.

In appearance Sir Joshua was, so far as a very gentleman-like man could be, slightly dapper, under the middle height, and plump, in his well-fitting coat, spotless cravat and ruffles, with the invariable accompaniment of his ear-trumpet in his hand. His face was round, almost chubby and ruddy, while keen, bright, and kindly. Sir Joshua had never married, and the bulk of his fortune of eighty thousand pounds was inherited by his sister, and later by one of his nieces, who married a frequenter of the old literary and artistic parties, Lord Inchiquin, subsequently Marquis of Thomond. Sir Joshua's niece, Theophila, married a Mr Gwatkin, and when an old lady of eighty-nine years, supplied her reminiscences of her uncle as he walked up and down his dining-room composing his discourses, and 'when a thought occurred committing it to paper.' Sir Joshua contributed his 'Fifteen Discourses' delivered at the Academy to the literature of art, besides dabbling a little in general literature.

It is as a portrait painter that Sir Joshua takes high rank, though his imaginative pictures are considerable in number, and those of the 'Count Ugolino and his sons,' the 'Hercules Strangling the Serpents,' not to say those pictures which have more or less

of fancy in them, such as 'Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' 'Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy,' have enjoyed a great reputation. For his 'Count Ugolino' Reynolds had four hundred guineas; for his 'Hercules Strangling the Serpents,' fifteen hundred guineas; for his 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' now in the Dulwich Gallery, he had five hundred guineas; and for 'Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' in the same gallery, he had seven hundred guineas.—(*Redgrave.*) These prices are given as examples of the popularity—not of the excellence of his work, for prices are no test of excellence.

The alleged defects of Sir Joshua are the ignorance of nature, and the slovenliness and haste, which Mr Ruskin has so strongly condemned, and which are in direct opposition to the qualities of the great old masters—these are betrayed in the bits of landscape Sir Joshua introduced into his pictures—and a certain affectation and conventionality—doubtless, bred of an affected and artificial age, in his imaginative and his *genre* pictures, tending, like the conventionality of Van Dyck, to render truth subservient to refinement; so that in Sir Joshua's case, even his 'Strawberry Girl' is no brown little rustic, but a dainty little lady, after an improved pattern of the mock shepherds and shepherdesses in the French pastorals. I shall put aside other questions with which we are not able to grapple. Many painters hold Sir Joshua to have been most reprehensible and reckless in his use of such pigments and varnishes, as increased the immediate effect

of his pictures, but were not calculated to enable them to resist the attacks of time, so that even already many of Sir Joshua's pictures are but 'grimly ghosts' of what they once were, but on this I cannot speak with decision. I know that when urged to use vermilion as being less fugitive than carmine in flesh tints, Sir Joshua was wont to say while gazing on some blooming face, 'I see no vermilion here.' Men say that the great English portrait painter painted deliberately for his own generation, and left posterity to take its chance of profiting by his works. I do not know about 'deliberately,' but I can believe that in the intense matter-of-factness and practicality which belonged to his character and age, and in the concentration on the affairs of the present, which proceeded from such a deep-seated scepticism to past and future influences, as might have reached even the enthusiastic admirer of Michael Angelo in an admiration that was fruitless of results, Sir Joshua Reynolds worked chiefly with a view to the wants and opinions of his contemporaries.

After all, Sir Joshua remains to us, excelled by none, hardly approached by any among his countrymen as a portrait painter. Endowed with the instinctive penetration which enabled him to read souls in faces, liberal-minded as well as sympathetic and cultivated, Sir Joshua could bring out in his sitters the highest intelligence, the finest feeling, of which they were capable, and he could represent them full of self-possession, ease, and uncon-

sciousness. He had, without the breadth and solidity of painting of Rubens' scholar, much of Van Dyck's delicacy and grace, and of the good breeding—more innate and thorough in Reynolds than in Van Dyck,—which served him well, and was reflected upon, not born of, a whole generation of the magnificent, but sometimes coarse enough, 'quality' of the period. In addition, Reynolds could confer more beauty on the portrait of a beautiful woman than Van Dyck could bestow, yet Walpole at one time regarded Sir Joshua as inferior in this respect to his contemporary Ramsay. 'Mr Reynolds,' says Walpole, 'seldom succeeds in women; Mr Ramsay is formed to paint them.'

Sir Joshua's use of the old mythology in his English women of the eighteenth century sacrificing to Hymen or caressing Cupid, might be strained, but it was always kept in entire subordination to the object which he had in view. Still, far more admirable were his adoption and idealization of what one may call domestic frolics and caresses, in such pictures as 'Pick-a-back;' where Lady Galway's child rides merrily but with no uncouthness on her ladyship's shoulders. It was the ease with which Sir Joshua conjured up bright familiar groups, and lent them the poetry of his pencil, that added variety to the other charms of his portraits.

Sir Joshua found the dress of the day, contrary to the dress of Van Dyck's day, very ill adapted to his purpose; his eloquent strictures did something to re

move the offence of long, stiff, taper waists and outrageously high 'heads' of hair. Sir Joshua's taste enjoined loosely girdled waists, and hair, if powdered, at least flowing down on the neck. If Van Dyck loved to paint blue or white satin, Sir Joshua loved to paint brownish green or peach-tinted brocades.

Sir Joshua's men were 'every inch of them gentlemen and scholars,' nobles, statesmen, naval or military commanders. Besides his well-known portrait of his early friend Commodore Keppel, there is a less noticed picture of another sailor, Viscount Bridport, which is the beau-ideal of what gentle birth, bravery, and the habit of command should make a man look like.

Sir Joshua's children were, in quite another fashion, delightful as the children of Rubens. In Sir Joshua's children there was added to the freshness and guilelessness present in an 'age of innocence' or of 'infancy,' often the quaintest mannerliness and old-fashionedness, if I may use the word, the last not entirely due, as we see the pictures now, to the children's out-of-date habiliments, but unquestionably an integral part of the children of the generation, and of many a child in every generation. 'A Child in a Mob Cap' (Miss Boothby), which appeared at a late exhibition of the Old Masters, is a case in point. Another is 'The Little Marchioness,' companion picture to 'The Little Duke,' both in Dalkeith Palace. A somewhat rare engraving of the 'Little Marchioness' has been familiar to me from childhood. The

heroine is a small girl, with a simple girlish face shaded by a large bonnet, round as a hat; she wears a white frock, from beneath which peep her feet in shoes round as her bonnet; over her frock is an ancient black mode cloak, which for purposes of warmth is supplemented by a huge satin muff, into which the two hands and arms are thrust. The high-born little maiden is stepping along demurely in the wintry landscape of a park, with snow on the ground and on the bare branches of the tree overhead. Her only attendants are her long-haired terrier, resting for a moment, and looking briskly for some signal, into his young mistress's face, and a large blackbird hopping confidently, as if accustomed to crumbs, right in her path. The dear friend to whom I applied in early days for an explanation of the engraving, called it—by some curious misconception—'the Beggar Girl,' but surely not even Sir Joshua could have made such a beggar girl, unless he designed to paint the maid who married King Cophetua. The last living representative of 'Sir Joshua Reynolds' children' died at a great age, not very many years ago, in the person of Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke.

From so many works having a certain equality of excellence, it is difficult to give examples, but I think among the most famous of Sir Joshua's portraits of women are those of the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Coventry (the Gunnings), and the Ladies Waldegrave (motherless, and, in a manner, adopted and brought up at the court of

Queen Charlotte). A fine picture is one of Mrs Thrale, whom Sir Joshua painted more than once as the distinguished little mistress of Streatham, when the great painter was among the cherished guests of the most eccentric and scholarly of brewers. The particular picture I mean is that in which Mrs Thrale's fair bright face is surmounted by a turban looped with pearls, and her dress is gathered round the waist by a shawl-girdle. Still more attractive, however, is the picture to which I have alluded, named 'Miss Theophila Palmer reading Clarissa'—the young girl in one of those neutral-tinted silk gowns—such as that which the Vicar of Wakefield's bride chose, that it might wear well,—made so as to show the bare round arms and dimpled elbows, the hair rather formally dressed, but having this advantage, that, rolled up as it is from the square, smooth forehead, it is entirely out of the way of causing trouble or impeding the sight; above all, the breathless fascinated interest in the fortunes of Richardson's hapless heroine, in the book of the day, every detail is perfect in its kind.

In the same country-house where I used to see the copies of Rubens's series on the marriage of Mary de' Medici, there hung in the place of honour over the Carrara marble chimney-piece, in the grand drawing-room, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The subject of the picture had been the lady of the house, in her time a great beauty, and with a somewhat romantic origin, for while not only endowed with a witty tongue, but gently bred, and

'a fortune' as well as a beauty, when her husband married her, she was, through her father's family, though they had been wealthy and aristocratic merchants for genera tions, lineally descended from gypsies, and had borne the well-known gypsy name of Faa. This fact, com bined with her beauty and wit, and her subsequent position as liege lady of the neighbourhood, had caused her to become the centre of all the imaginative gossips' tales of the country-side. Ballads had been written upon her, her name and origin had been bandied in election riots, and finally—and here romance was rather cruel in its confusion—she had had attributed to her all the crazy misdeeds of an unworthy successor, who, in place of claiming connection with the Pharaohs, was the daughter of an English earl of yesterday. I think I see the picture now in which Jenny Faa stood a pale-faced, dark-eyed beauty in pink satin, a narrow band of black velvet round the slender throat, with its proud arch, and a basket of flowers between her hands. I had not seen the picture for many years, until I came across it, at a recent exhibition of works of the Old Masters, sent there by a stranger to Jenny Faa's race, for the house in which she had been regarded as an interloper—half to be boasted of, half to be ashamed of,—had fallen down in the world and sold its lands, even, it seemed, its family pictures. Beautiful and refined as ever, on the fast-fading canvas, was the gypsy beauty amidst her changed surroundings.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted many conversational

and family pictures. Among the latter his 'Blenheim Fami.y' may take rank as the fourth in the great English family pictures.

In the National Gallery there are excellent specimens of Sir Joshua's powers, among them his portrait of Lord Heathfield.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His father was a manufacturer of says and crapes, and his uncle was master of the grammar-school where Gainsborough was educated. Sudbury was then rich in picturesque old houses, and the town was set in the pleasant Suffolk scenery, for which Gainsborough had a marked preference throughout his life. Not the least picturesque house was that which the Gainsboroughs inhabited, that had once been an inn known as the Black Horse.

Gainsborough gave early signs of the bent of his genius. An anecdote is told of the robbery of a pear-tree in the Gainsboroughs' garden, when the painter was a mere boy, and of the clever sketch by which the lad was enabled to 'show up' the robber. In his sixteenth year, Gainsborough went to London to pursue his studies as a painter, under artists comparatively obscure, but the best which his family could find, and in the academy in St Martin's Lane.

When he was eighteen years of age, Gainsborough set up for himself in London as a portrait and landscape painter, but not succeeding in the bold attempt,

as it was hardly possible so young a lad could succeed, he returned to Sudbury, and committed the still more daring deed of marrying at nineteen years of age. Notwithstanding the apparent audacity of the step, this marriage, which had the full approval of his friends, seems to have been the great safeguard of Gainsborough. He was just such an impulsive man, so heedless of self-interest, as, in spite of his strong will, strong common-sense, and great genius, most needed a safeguard. Marriages were made betimes more than a century ago, so that nineteen was not held so juvenile an age for a bridegroom in Gainsborough's day as it would be in ours. Besides, Margaret Burr, the bride, held an annuity of two hundred a-year, which was regarded as a comfortable little independence in those simpler times, and which, prudently managed at any time, would have placed the couple above the reach of want, and enabled the young painter, in place of painting for bread and dear life, to take time, look about him, and cultivate his talents to the highest pitch they could reach. Some men, indeed, require the spur of necessity, but it is questionable whether these are the painters of nature's creation. But of far more moment than Margaret Burr's little fortune was the fact that she was a loving wife to Gainsborough, and that, in spite of his defects of temper and of such faults as she might own, the two were an affectionate and united couple till death. It is to Mrs Gainsborough's fond care of every scrap of her husband's work that we

owe the preservation of many of the great careless painter's drawings. A pleasant story, in which her small fortune played no part, is told of the first meeting of Gainsborough and his wife. It is said that he was sketching a landscape near Sudbury, having begun to turn his attention to landscape painting, when he was interrupted in his work by a lady, who was unconscious of his occupation, and who crossed the field in front of him. The painter was forced to stop, naturally looked at the intruder, and was love-smitten on the spot.

Soon after Gainsborough's marriage he took a house in Ipswich, where he resided and painted for more than twelve years. There, while he was still a young man, he learned something in art from a friendship with Mr Kirby, a well-reputed writer on perspective, and there he indulged in his inclination to social, and especially musical entertainments, by cultivating the acquaintance of the greatest glee singers in the town.

After all, Gainsborough was only thirty-three years of age when he removed to Bath in 1760. Bath was then the gay and brilliant Bath of Anstey, Fanny Burney, and Jane Austen, thronged in its season with people of rank, fashion, and taste, the first place to discover the histrionic genius of Sarah Siddons, and, as it proved, the artistic genius of Thomas Gainsborough. He had no sooner settled in the Circus, Bath, and given an example of what he could do, than he had crowds of sitters, and was induced to raise his price to eight guineas for a head, and a

hundred guineas for a whole picture. He commenced shortly afterwards to exhibit his pictures among those of the Society of Arts in London, where his work won the praise of so fastidious a critic as Horace Walpole, and at the end of the year 1768, the year of the foundation of the Royal Academy, Gainsborough was elected one of its original thirty-six members. Gainsborough began as a member by sending many pictures to the Academy exhibitions, but his disputes with the president, Sir Joshua—which were more owing to Gainsborough's unaccommodating and somewhat surly temper, than to piqued intolerance of rivalry on the part of Sir Joshua—so took possession of Gainsborough, that he refrained from exhibiting at the Academy for five or six successive years.

Gainsborough remained in Bath about the same length of time that he had dwelt in Ipswich, fourteen years, and when he was forty-seven years of age, in 1774, he came back to London as the acknowledged rival alike of Sir Joshua Reynolds in portrait painting, and of Richard Wilson in landscape painting, able to take part of the old house of the Duke of Schomberg, in Pall Mall, and to claim a high career. So well established was his reputation, that the king and queen sat to him, as they had sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

An interregnum occurring in Gainsborough's strife with Sir Joshua, Gainsborough exhibited seven pictures in 1777, and as many as sixteen in 1780, showing a marked

preference for landscape painting in his works, and receiving in this new direction another and still stronger tribute of praise from Horace Walpole, who said with truth of a picture shown by Gainsborough in 1777, that it was 'by far the finest landscape ever exhibited in England.'

Gainsborough's continual wrangling with Sir Joshua Reynolds gave rise to the well-known picture called the 'Blue Boy.' Reynolds had laid down the law that blue ought not to be employed in masses in a picture, when, more from a spice of malice which led Gainsborough to show that such a law was not without an exception, than with the intention of expressing his grave dissent from the view, Gainsborough painted the son of Mr Buttall in an entire suit of blue. The result was a triumph of Gainsborough's art in the treatment of a difficult subject, so as to produce an agreeable effect under disadvantages, rather than an upsetting of Sir Joshua's theory.

In 1783 Gainsborough gratified his passion for nature, and his still growing inclination to landscape rather than portrait painting, by a sojourn among the English Lakes; but although he painted some of his finest pictures after this time, he ceased altogether to send them to the Academy's exhibitions, his other feuds having culminated in an irreconcileable quarrel with the Academy's committee on the occasion of the hanging of a particular picture.

Joining the great world in its rush to attend the trial

of Warren Hastings, Gainsborough caught a cold which was the beginning of his last illness. A short time before his death he sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds, expressed his reconciliation with his moved rival, and murmured the memorable speech—'We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company.'

Gainsborough was in his sixty-first year at the date of his death, in 1787. He was buried at Kew. His family, who were left in moderate affluence, consisted only of his widow and two daughters, one of whom had married, I think, without her father's knowledge, and, as it proved, unhappily, the musician Fischer, with whom Gainsborough's delight in music had brought himself and his household in continual contact.

Of Gainsborough as a man we have the impression of a warm-hearted, passionate, somewhat wrong-headed man, gratifying his inclinations only too freely—as in the case of his love of music, for which he was tempted to neglect every other pursuit, and of which the most ridiculous stories were long current. Gainsborough cared nothing for appearances, and very little for his worldly interests, so that he would hunt up musicians in the most extraordinary places, and at the most unheard-of times; beg and pray for their instructions in the practice of instrumental music, in which, with all his zeal, he was but an indifferent performer, and lavishly squander on flute or violin players his finest pictures in exchange for their flutes and violins; or even, when carried away by his

emotions, that the musicians might gratify him by another air or a final song. With over-indulgence of his tastes, there crept the inevitable strain of sombreness—born of satiety, into Gainsborough's humour, and his rough temper did not improve with his years.

But if selfish and self-willed in following his bent too closely, Gainsborough was one of the most honest of men; almost too honest for the conventionalities of society. The charge of ingratitude brought against him by an early patron, broke down under examination, and proved grossly exaggerated. He was described by a contemporary as 'one of nature's gentlemen.' As an artist, Gainsborough ranks among the first, if he is not the very first, of English landscape painters. Mr Ruskin, in a passion of indignation at a more modern artist being not only compared to Gainsborough, but compared to Gainsborough's disadvantage, exclaims:—'Shade of Gainsborough! deep-thoughted, solemn Gainsborough—forgive us for re-writing this sentence.' Then he proceeds to sum up Gainsborough's merits, contrasting them with the defects of the other artist, with whom we have nothing to do. 'Gainsborough's power of colour (it is mentioned by Sir Joshua as his peculiar gift) is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colourist—Sir Joshua himself not excepted—of the whole English school; with him, in fact, the art of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe. Evidence enough will be seen in the following pages of

my devoted admiration of Turner, but I hesitate not to say that in the management and quality of single and particular tints, in the purely technical part of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough.' 'Gainsborough's hand is light as the sweep of a cloud—as swift as the flash of a sunbeam.' 'Gainsborough's masses are as broad as the first division in heaven of light from darkness.' 'Gainsborough's forms are grand, simple, and ideal.' 'Gainsborough never loses sight of his picture as a whole.' 'In a word, Gainsborough is an immortal painter.' At another page of Mr Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' he expresses his opinion of Gainsborough more dispassionately and critically:—'A great name his, whether of the English or of any other school. The greatest colourist since Rubens, and the last, I think, of legitimate colourists, that is to say, of those who were fully acquainted with the power of their material; pure in his English feeling, profound in his seriousness, graceful in his gaiety, there are nevertheless certain deductions to be made from his worthiness which yet I dread to make, because my knowledge of his landscape works is not extensive enough to justify me in speaking of them decisively; but this is to be noted of all that I know, that they are rather motives of feeling and colour than earnest studies; that their execution is in some degree mannered, and always hasty; that they are altogether wanting in the affectionate detail of which I have already spoken; and that their colour is in some measure dependent on a bituminous brown and

conventional green, which have more of science than of truth in them.'

The thoroughly English character of Gainsborough's landscapes rendered them doubly dear to the English, while you will hear that his rival in landscape painting laboured under a great disadvantage from the foreign cast of his works. 'The Cottage Door' and 'The Woodman with his Dog in the Storm' are among Gainsborough's most famous landscapes, but the last, a very fine picture, was unfortunately burnt, and only survives in an engraving, and in a curious example of feminine industry. Miss Lynwood, the most celebrated needle-woman of her age, or of almost any age, copied in her own materials Gainsborough's 'Woodman and his Dog in the Storm.' Her needle-work passed by her will into the possession of the Queen.

In pictures of rustic children, Gainsborough did not fall into Sir Joshua's error. Gainsborough's rustics are very little rustics, of course the more admirable for their truth.

In portraits, Gainsborough fully competed for the palm with Sir Joshua Reynolds. Not all the refinement which the latter could impart to his sitters surpassed the additional grace with which the former could invest the graceful, and the power with which he could portray those to whom power of any sort was born.

A very charming portrait of Gainsborough's is that of a young lady, whose name I have not been able to determine

to my satisfaction. Nothing can be more exquisitely delicate and winning than the fair, youthful face and slender figure, in its appropriate light, cloudy attire of simple white muslin.

Another portrait of Gainsborough's startled the art world, after an interval of years, like a revelation. It was that of Mrs Graham, of Lynedoch, and has a pathetic history attached to it. The portrait of the much-loved wife was taken shortly before her death, which occurred previous to the completed picture's being sent home. The bereaved husband could not bear to look on the semblance of what he had lost in this world, and did not even have the picture removed from its case. In the extremity of his grief, as an effort against the melancholy, which was darkening down upon him, he joined the army, engaged in the Peninsular war, and as a volunteer distinguished himself in his first battle. Obtaining a commission, he rose step by step, attaining one martial honour after another, till, first hailed as the gallant Sir Thomas Graham, the hero of Vittoria and Barossa, he had conferred on him the title of Lord Lynedoch. Waterloo and the long peace came, and the sorrowing widower merged into the veteran soldier, lived on till white-haired and blind, and more than ninety years of age, and still the picture of his dead wife remained in its case, in the care of a London merchant, and by the art world forgotten or unknown as a gem of art. It was not till Lord Lynedoch died, and was laid beside his wife of more than half-a-

century before, in Methven Kirk-yard, that his heir came into the possession of the picture in its case, sent it to the Manchester Art Exhibition, where it flashed in its fresh glory on the art world, and generously presented it to the National Gallery, Edinburgh. Mrs Graham is a beautiful woman, stately and blooming, in a full-dress hat, turned up at one side, and with the gown looped up, and showing the petticoat and the shoes and buckles. She holds in one hand an ostrich feather.

Gainsborough had in his own possession at his death no less than fifty-six pictures (which were shortly afterwards exhibited and sold), and many drawings. He had been in the habit of drawing in idle moods, as he sat by the table where his wife worked in the evenings, but so little regard did he pay to those sketches that he would toss them under the table when he was done with them. It was his wife who gathered and stored them, a treasure of their kind, for the art world. It is said that Gainsborough never signed his name to his pictures.

The National Gallery has 'Musidora,' a small picture of children, and four landscapes, by Gainsborough.

Richard Wilson was born, in 1713, at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire; his father was a Welsh clergyman. A Welsh patron brought young Wilson up to London when a boy, and placed him in the studio of an obscure portrait painter. When Wilson had completed his art-training, such as it was, he attempted to start in life as a portrait painter, but though he had some good patrons, he did

not succeed; indeed he did not establish, in that branch of his art, any claim to success. In 1749, when he was thirty-six years of age, he was able to visit Italy, and there, by the disinterested advice of the Italian and French artists, Zuccherelli and Vernet, renounced portrait for landscape painting. (Wilson had been waiting for Zuccherelli, and, in order to pass the time, had sketched the landscape from his open window. Zuccherelli looked at the sketch and inquired, with surprise, if Wilson had ever studied landscape painting. 'No,' answered Wilson. 'Then I advise you to try, for you are sure of a great success,' said Zuccherelli. Wilson, from that day, forsook portrait for landscape painting, which he studied to excellent purpose.) He remained six years abroad, and returned to England, in 1755, when he was in his forty-second year, and in the maturity of his gifts. His first large picture exhibited in England, 'The Destruction of Niobe's Children,' made his reputation as a landscape painter among artists. But Wilson's work, to the persistently foreign subjects of which I have lately alluded, was not calculated to be generally popular in England; and long after his 'Niobe' had satisfied his associates and the Royal Academy, of which he was one of the original members, that there was a landscape painter among them next in merit to Gainsborough, not only did his 'Niobe' remain on his hands, but his pictures lay in a pile in the shop of a pawnbroker who had been bold enough to invest in them, and who took the unlucky painter into his

confidence, and pointing to the pile told its originator plainly, 'Why look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige; but see, there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years' (*Knight's Old England*), and Wilson was driven to earn a bare livelihood by selling his drawings at half-a-crown each. 'He once asked of Barry if he knew any one mad enough to employ a landscape painter, and if so, would he recommend him?' (*Redgrave.*)

If it happen that the bent of a man of genius runs counter to the taste, bad or good, of the mass of the public, a similar result may always be apprehended; although one would hope, when intelligence is more widely spread, not a result so cruelly extreme in its issues, or so disastrous in its effects, as that which befell poor Richard Wilson. Allowing himself to be crushed and soured by seeing what were acknowledged by the best judges to be the far inferior works of other painters, preferred before his achievements, and by the hard struggle with the most grinding poverty, Wilson grew defiant and reckless, abandoned himself to coarse and dissipated habits, and so lost the very love of his art, as to content himself with working merely to supply his wants, and with painting duplicates, which cost him less trouble than original pictures. At last, after he had been so far relieved from absolute indigence by getting the appointment of librarian to the Academy with a salary of sixty pounds a year, at the death of a brother he inherited a small property in Wales, gave up painting altogether, and retired to a

Welsh village, in 1780, when he was in his sixty-seventh year, to spend the remainder of his life in retirement and such ease as he could command, undisturbed, not so much by the strife of schools as by the non-appreciation of the great world. Here was a man who had missed his mark in his own day, and instead of fighting the battle against ignorance bravely to the end, submitted doggedly to contemporary failure.

Wilson had been wont to boast that if he could secure a beef-steak and a pot of porter in his garret he did not care for fame or wealth; but when Zoffany, a painter of German extraction, who had settled in England, painted his interesting picture of the early members of the Academy, including by their portraits on the walls (as a mild intimation that they must keep their place in being not literally *in* but *of* the Academy) the two women, Mary Moser and Anglica Kaufmann, who were members, and took it upon him, in a gross practical joke, to paint the portly figure of Wilson with a pot of beer in his hand, the painter even in his degradation let it be freely circulated, that he had bought a cudgel to lay upon Zoffany's shoulders, until the rude and rash jester found himself compelled to erase the objectionable accompaniment. And Wilson never lost the secret conviction of his own genius, as expressed in his works. 'When I am dead people will be glad to give a hundred pounds for a painting of mine,' he said in his despair, and his prediction has been amply fulfilled. Richard

Wilson died in 1782, in his sixty-ninth year, at Llanferras, in Denbighshire.

His Italian pictures are judged his best. In those English and Welsh views, in which he tried probably to adapt his qualities to the public taste, his composition, always conventional, is more so than usual, and his colouring is cold. I subjoin Mr Ruskin's estimate of Wilson's attainments. 'Had this artist studied under favourable circumstances, there is evidence of his having possessed power enough to produce an original picture; but, corrupted by study of the Poussins, and gathering his materials chiefly in their field—the district about Rome, a district especially unfavourable, as exhibiting no pure or healthy nature, but a diseased and overgrown Flora among half-developed volcanic rocks, loose calcareous concretions, and mouldering wrecks of buildings, and whose spirit I conceive to be especially opposed to the natural tone of the English mind—his originality was altogether overpowered; and, though he paints in a manly way, and occasionally reaches exquisite tones of colour, as in the small and very precious picture belonging to Mr Rogers, and sometimes manifests some freshness of feeling, as in the Villa of Mæcenas of our National Gallery, yet his pictures are in general mere diluted adaptations from Poussin and Salvator, without the dignity of the one or the fire of the other.'

Henry Fuseli, or Heinrich Fuessly, as his name stood in the original Swiss, was born at Zurich in 1741. By

descent, he inherited both his literary and artistic tastes, for his father and grandfather were alike miniature painters and compilers of memoirs of artists. Henry Fuseli was educated for the Church, but having left Zurich for Berlin, and being advised to repair to England, he established himself in London as a literary man. His talents and taste attracted the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who suggested to Fuseli his becoming a painter, and he again made an overturn of his arrangements, and started to study in Italy when he was nearly thirty years of age. He did not return to England for eight years, and it was three years later, when Fuseli was fully forty years of age, that he made the first decided impression as an artist, in exhibiting his picture of 'Nightmare.' This wild and fantastic picture is said to have had its origin in experience, an experience eagerly coveted by Fuseli, and gained after many vain endeavours to produce the desired result, by his consenting to sup on raw pork; no doubt the story has its rise in the oddness of the subject of the picture, and in Fuseli's warm pursuit of whatever end he had in view. After working for Boydell's Shakespearian Gallery * Fuseli produced his prin-

* Alderman and Lord Mayor Boydell was an art benefactor of his day. He had founded a great business as an engraver, and made a fortune, when he originated his Shakespeare Gallery in order to prove that English painters were not without genius for historical painting. He gave liberal commissions to the first artists of the day, including Reynolds, West, Barry, Opie, Romney, Stothard, Fuseli, &c. &c. Eighty-six paintings were contained in the gallery. The

cipal works, which he termed his 'Milton Gallery,' in forty-seven large pictures from the 'Paradise Lost,' at which he painted for the space of nine years—brief enough space for so ambitious an attempt. It was not a success in a money-making point of view; and the artist, when he was a man of fifty years, in 1780, just ten years after his return to London, in closing his exhibition of what had constituted a gallery of his works, observed bitterly, 'I am fed with honour and suffered to starve, if they could starve me.'* Eight years later Fuseli was elected an associate member of the Royal Academy, and married an English woman, and native of Bath, in the same year. In the following year he was elected an Academician, and about ten years later, when he was in his sixtieth year, he was appointed to an office very congenial to his literary as well as artistic tastes—that of the Academy's professor of painting. Except during his temporary resignation, for an interval of five years, he continued professor of

result established a different conclusion from that desired by Boydell—it signally demonstrated that the English painters of the time were nearly destitute of historic feeling. The works in the Shakespeare Gallery were not only exhibited, but engraved and widely circulated. Alderman Boydell sunk three hundred and fifty thousand pounds to raise a school of engraving and historic painting. His design had been to bequeath the Shakespeare Gallery to the nation, but reverses in trade, occasioned by the breaking out of the French revolution, so crippled and impoverished him, that at the age of eighty-five he sought of Parliament the power to sell by lottery his galleries, pictures, and stock, that he might be able to pay all that he owed in the world.—*Redgrave.*

* Imperial Dictionary of Biography.

painting till his death, at the age of eighty-four years, in 1825.

Henry Fuseli was a brilliant and versatile man, brimming over with enthusiasm, just as his picture with the bare throat and the hair flowing back, looks that of a man panting for the exercise of all his faculties. I need hardly say that he was an eccentric man. His judgment was highly esteemed, but perhaps more for its boldness and shrewdness than for its unerring justice or its profoundness. His lectures are said to have been unequal, and to betray the excessive weight put by a literary man on style. His originality has never been questioned, but his execution as an artist was so deficient that his pictures are counted technically but 'coarse sketches of striking and vivid ideas.' His chief distinction, apart from his work as a critic, is that he was one of the very first English painters who broke the dead level of subjects in English art, by keeping aloof from portraits and landscapes, and even from historical pictures strictly-speaking, and producing works of imagination, in their conception at least worthy of the name. The aim was honourable and beneficial, however it might fall short of its full accomplishment and prove unremunerative in a worldly sense.

Benjamin West was born at Springfield in Pennsylvania, United States, 1738. His family were descended from English settlers and farmers, and were Quakers by persuasion. Reared in a sect which abjured painting as a worldly and sensual art, the lad's promptings to the

practice of painting had no outer aid, and were pursued in spite of the remonstrances and admonitions of the Friends, though it does not seem that his father and mother opposed his exercise of the gift which he had received. It is said that some Indians, who had imparted to him the secrets of the mixture of their war paint, were his first teachers, to their red and yellow his mother added indigo, and his brush he made from hairs cut from the cat's back. A council of neighbouring Quakers, called together to decide on the question of young West's infringement of the rules of the sect, agreed wisely and reverently that God would not bestow faculties and forbid their employment, and gave West permission to follow his calling. Mr Redgrave writes that 'the women rose and kissed him, the men one by one laid their hands on his head, a solemn dedication which he never forgot.'

Having studied under a painter named Williams, West tried portrait painting, first in Philadelphia, and afterwards in New York. He was then but twenty years of age, and in his twenty-second year, 1760, his ambition and discretion led him to travel to Italy, where he studied for three years. His intention was to return to America, and merely to visit England on his way home, but on his arrival in London he found his prospects there so promising, that he sent for the young American girl to whom he was engaged, married, and settled with her in the old country, in his twenty-seventh year, 1765.

The Archbishop of York presented West to the king,

George III., who took a violent fancy to a young man, quiet, steady, and domestic, as the good king himself. George's not very intellectual or artistic taste imagined that he had discovered—with all the glory of the discovery, a great genius. The American war did not shake the king's fidelity to his protégé. George III.'s almost entire patronage was thenceforth given to Benjamin West. The royal regard, thus exclusive, was viewed with lively indignation by many other painters, with claims to notice, but struggling for bread, while West was receiving from royal commissions, for a period of thirty years, sums at the rate of a thousand pounds a-year—then considered a large income to be derived from art. Neither was the king's exclusive patronage beneficial to Benjamin West himself as an artist, though as a man he remained the simple, unpretending, kindly man he had come to England. He had soon renounced portrait painting for historical and religious painting, and the constant demands made on his imagination, together with the absence of any stimulating competition or anxiety with regard to worldly success, and perhaps—unassuming man though he was—in consequence also of the constant sops administered by royal favour, to his self-satisfaction, West's invention became wearisomely dull and tame.

One of West's most striking pictures had been the 'Death of General Wolfe,' a subject for which his nationality had qualified him particularly, and in which, among other accessory figures, he had introduced his old friends,

the Red Indians, strange, picturesque beings to English eyes. He had also the enterprise and courage to break through all English artistic precedents prevailing till then, and, against the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, to paint his English and French soldiers, not in Roman togas, which had been thought the only garments equal to the dignity of historic occasion, but in their respective ordinary uniforms, thus adding largely to the truth and therefore to the pathos of the incidents. But West made no great advance in his art from the 'Departure of Regulus,' his first commission from the king, and from the 'Fall of Wolfe;' rather he retrograded through the endless list of his historical and classical pictures, forced, formal, and stiff, which he painted to the perfect contentment of King George.

After the king's illness, when West was left more to his own inspiration and resources, he seemed to take a new start in his art, and his 'Christ healing the Sick' and 'Death on the Pale Horse' are still valued for far more than respectable drawing and colouring, and very conventional if quite honest feeling.

West was one of the first thirty-six members of the Royal Academy, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president, retaining the office till West's death, at the age of eighty-two years, in 1820.

Another American had arrived in London to dispute the palm of victory with the English painters. John Singleton Copley was born at Boston, in 1737. He

came to England in 1774, and after visiting Rome, settled in England in 1775. Like West, he had been a portrait painter, and, like him also, Copley adopted historical painting as his chosen branch of art. Like West still, and very unlike Barry, or the later British historical and imaginative painters, Copley had a prosperous history. He was fortunate in taking for his first historical work a contemporary scene, which had made a deep impression on the English nation—'The Death (or rather the death blow) of Chatham in the House of Lords.' Popular as this picture became through engravings, it was inferior to a later work of Copley's—'The Death of Major Pierson' (in the rescue of the island of Jersey from the French)—which is regarded as superior to West's 'Death of Wolfe.' Copley introduced successfully portraits into his historical pictures.

In character, Copley was industrious, painstaking, and unobtrusive. He died full of years, and having attained an honourable independence, in his seventy-ninth year, in 1815, and left a more distinguished son—the great barrister and chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, who continued for many years to reside in his father's old house in George Street, Hanover Square, where many of the painter's works were retained and cherished. As a historical painter, Copley, while a far less cultivated artist, is said to have been fresher and more original than West.

George Romney was born at Dalton, in Lancashire, in 1734. His father was a cabinet-maker, and George worked

with his father for a time, but, on account of his liking for drawing, was placed, at the age of nineteen, with a portrait painter in Kendal, when having learnt what his master could teach him, George Romney himself began to paint portraits. He remained for five years at Kendal, making a provincial success, and marrying in his twenty-third year a north-country girl, named Mary Abbot, who had nursed him through an illness.

In 1762, six years after his marriage, when he was the father of two children, Romney became so discontented with his whole surroundings, that he started to push his fortune in London, leaving his wife and children behind him, under the impression that they were to join him as soon as it was convenient to remove the whole family. But a homely wife and two children did not appear to the aspiring and heartless painter as desirable appendages in a rising career. He preferred to keep his household in the dark, far away in the primitive Westmoreland dales, where they continued to dwell in obscurity and frugality, while the husband and father rose rapidly into eminence and affluence. Romney's conduct was an unnatural exaggeration of selfishness and personal ambition, and my readers may think that it did not meet its deserts; but while we must be prepared for the truth of the French saying, that 'a cold heart and a good digestion' form a highway to worldly success, we may be sure that, in the loss of all that makes a man worthiest and most honourable, retribution encountered the offender.

In a few years Romney took his rank with Reynolds and Gainsborough as portrait painters. He was also in repute as a genre painter. Starting in his charges with two guineas a head at Kendal, he ended with thirty-five guineas, the same charge as Sir Joshua made, beginning even to supersede the courtly and courteous president, who had no love for the rough-hewn, over-bearing 'man of Cavendish Square.' Romney was never an exhibitor or member of the Academy, but he exhibited his paintings occasionally in the rooms of the rival Society of British Artists, which had an earlier date than the Academy.

Romney visited at different times Paris and Italy, remaining abroad on the second visit for two years.

In 1799, when Romney was in his sixty-sixth year, feeling his health failing, he suddenly, with characteristic, cool selfishness, and callous shamelessness, returned to Westmoreland to the wife whom he had only gone to see twice in the course of thirty-seven years, an interval during which his daughter had died, and his son had grown to manhood, and entered the Church. The wife, who had been incapable of asserting her rights and retaining the respect of her husband, was equally incapable of resenting her wrongs, and so became again the dutiful nurse to the painter, who fell into a state of imbecility, and died thus, three years later, when he was in his seventieth year, in 1802.

It seems strange that George Romney found in

his son one of his biographers. His other biographer was Hayley, whose claim to be a poet posterity has signally reversed. Through Hayley, Romney was brought into contact with William Cowper, the poet. As an artist, Romney had great merits, his portraits of women especially being reckoned admirable; that of Emma Lady Hamilton is very well known. Romney's love of beginning pictures was equalled by the fickleness which caused him to abandon them in the first stage of the work. Cart-loads of commencements of pictures were removed from his house at Hampstead after his death.

Allan Ramsay, the son of Allan Ramsay the poet, and author of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' was born in Edinburgh in 1713. In accordance with his tastes he was trained a painter, and sent early, by considerable self-sacrifice on his father's part, to Italy, where he remained for years. On returning and establishing himself in London, he was appointed painter to the king. Though Allan the painter hardly equalled Allan the poet in his art, he was a good and careful portrait painter. At one time Walpole gave Ramsay the preference over Reynolds in painting women, in a sentence which I have already quoted. Ramsay's excellent portraits of King George and Queen Charlotte are still at Kensington. Allan Ramsay the painter was, like his father, Allan the poet, a good and honourable man. He had inherited the taste for literature, and was remarkable for his great information and accomplishments.

He died at Dover in his seventy-second year, in 1784.

John Opie, or Oppy, was born near Truro, Cornwall in 1761. His father was not even in the position of a small tradesman, as Romney's father was, but was a poor carpenter, so that Opie came of peasant descent, and worked at any craft which came to his hands in his youth. He became foot-boy (Mr Redgrave doubts this fact) to Dr Wolcott, a physician in Truro, but better known, when he removed to London, as the smart unscrupulous satirist who signed himself 'Peter Pindar.' Opie's master having been attracted to his protégé, in the first place, by his cleverness in taking likenesses, encouraged him in the practice both in Truro and in London, finding him sitters in the Cornish town at the modest rate of seven and sixpence a head.

By the injudicious instrumentality of his bullying patron, who quarrelled violently with Opie the moment he attempted to escape from the intolerable tyranny, the young painter, having been made to change the spelling of his name to suit what were considered the requirements of refined taste (Mr Redgrave contradicts the change of name), was established as a portrait painter, and 'puffed immoderately as an untaught genius.'* The puffing, as often happens, was successful for a time; 'strings' of carriages full of enthusiastic sitters literally impeded the traffic in the neighbourhood of the studio of the 'Cornish Wonder.'

* *Imperial Dictionary of Biography.*

The tide, shallow in its rapidity, soon turned, but it lasted long enough to furnish Opie with the means of waiting and studying, and to enable him to win the good and gifted, if somewhat self-conscious, woman, who so long and honourably bore his name, and connected it with pleasant little ventures in literature, before she put on the dress of a Quakeress. Opie had been married previously, a miserable marriage which soon came to an end. Mr Redgrave quotes Opie's first introduction to his second wife, Miss Alderson. 'Opie being at a party where Miss Alderson was expected as one of the guests, she did not make her appearance till a late hour. At length the door was flung open, and the lady entered in a garb far different to that she assumed later in life. She was dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet placed in a somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich tresses over her shoulders, her face kindling with pleasure at the sight of her old friends, and her whole appearance animated and glowing. Opie was at the time in conversation with the host, who had been anxiously expecting her; and suddenly interrupted it by the exclamation—"Who is that? Who is she?" and hastily rising, pressed forward to be introduced. He was evidently smitten, charmed—as was characteristic of his impulsive nature—at the first sight. Mrs Opie said of the meeting, "Almost from my first arrival Mr Opie became my avowed lover." She vowed

that his chances were but one in a thousand, but he persevered.' Opie was married in 1798 to Amelia Alderson, daughter of Dr Alderson of Norwich, when the bridegroom was in his thirty-ninth and the bride in her thirty-first year.

Opie overcame his utter want of education, to the extent of being well read in English authors, and in the same way he mastered the principles of his art. But in historical painting, which he tried, he never got beyond the simple, while not silly, forcible but not rough expression of imagination, which finds ready enough acceptance with the general public. In portrait painting he gave greater evidence of latent talent; his portraits of men had truth, strength, and freedom. Not the least interesting is one he has left of himself, when a comparatively young man, with a fresh full face, looking out with great thoughtful dark eyes on the untried fields of life and art.

Opie is said to have been uncouth, and sometimes petulant (not without reason), when made a lion of in London society. A bit of repartee is preserved by which he silenced the condescending cross-questioning of a would-be patron. With what did he mix his colours? the tormentor had blandly asked, probably primed with suggestions of amendment in the medium. 'With brains, sir!' answered Opie shortly. He continued a reserved, sensitive man. He did not live long to cultivate his powers. In 1807, nine years after his marriage, and not

long after he had been elected professor of painting to the Academy, Opie died, after a short illness, at the age of forty-seven. His wife, who survived him many years, edited his four lectures and wrote his biography.

George Morland was born in 1763. His father was a tolerable painter, famous for his crayon drawings. The elder Morland apprenticed his son to himself, withdrawing him from the Academy, which he had just entered as a student, and so far stopped his art education. Two explanations are given of this unfortunate step. The first is, that finding that the boy's clever and spirited sketches easily procured buyers, his father was so selfishly and foolishly grasping, as to cause the lad to spend the time which ought to have been given to self-improvement, on crude, faulty work. The second explanation is, that the father was a man of a strict and severe religious moral standard, and fearing for his son the corruptions of the Academy and the world, kept him under the paternal roof; and that it was in revolt from the stern discipline of his father that George Morland broke out into utter license. Probably there is a portion of truth in both statements.

The close of his apprenticeship freed Morland from the yoke which his father had made too hard for him, but he soon showed that he had received irremediable injury both morally and intellectually. He worked as little as he could help, avoided all study, and gave himself up to folly and debauchery. He could paint such paintings as would sell with the greatest facility, and purchasers

never failed him, which was all that he cared for.

In 1786, when George Morland was twenty-three years of age, but wretchedly old in vice, he married a sister of Ward, the engraver's, who, in his turn, married a sister of Morland's. It is said that there was a real, and even a lasting attachment between the first couple, but it must have only served for their mutual misery, as it certainly had not the slightest effect in reclaiming Morland.

Reckless extravagance was added to the painter's errors. 'He boasted his bills were as good as the Bank of England;' kept as many as ten or twelve horses at times, and rapidly contracted debts to the amount of four thousand pounds. He was compelled to abscond, while such friends as he retained compounded with his creditors, only that Morland might indulge in fresh excesses with similar results. Pursued by duns, he was hunted from house to house, becoming more and more irregular in his habits, till he drank all day (everything save tea, which he would not drink, saying it was pernicious, and would make his hand shake *), and seldom took a meal with his wife, cooking his own food, and eating it off a chair, by the side of his easel in his painting-room, where pigeons flew, and pigs ran about, though he contrived to maintain a house with a retinue of servants.

At this time, Morland's pictures were often sold, like Guido's, with the paint wet upon them, having been exe-

* Redgrave.

cuted on the spur of the moment, while the buyer sat over the painter.

After a life of gross and shameless dissipation, George Morland died while lying under an arrest for debt in Eyre Street, Cold Bath Fields, in 1804, when he was forty-one years of age. His wife fell into convulsion fits upon hearing the news of his death, and died within four days, in her thirty-seventh year, husband and wife being buried together. While living, Morland had dictated his own epitaph—'Here lies a drunken dog.'*

By a half-pathetic coincidence, the prodigal painter's great achievements were in painting the pigs, whose husks the prodigal was condemned to eat. Morland is said to have been unrivalled in the representation of a pig-stye, but indeed he was generally happy in the delineations of all animals connected with homely farm yards, old horses, rough donkeys, &c. &c. He carried his possibly cynical predilection for what was dilapidated into such bits of country scenery as he depicted, for his best trees are maimed pollards, or shattered relics of past branching leafiness.

Yet that 'light touch' of Morland's, which was all his own, and which defied his ignorance and coarseness altogether to qualify its effects, was sometimes employed with a delicacy of treatment, and on subjects which prove what the wretched painter might have been. A lady's portrait by Morland was shown at one of the late

* Redgrave.

exhibitions of works by the Old Masters, and in it the fair sweet face, under the shady hat, reminds the gazer slightly, but far from unpleasantly, of Rubens' famous 'Chapeau de Paille.'

James Barry was born at Cork in 1741. If Morland figured as 'the prodigal' among painters of the last century, Barry was 'the Wild Irishman,' and as immeasurably self-conceited and arrogant in his dash of nobility as such wild heroes are apt to be. His father was a coasting trader, who kept a small public-house. When a poor, unknown lad, young Barry painted a picture, the design of which was full of poetry and feeling, representing the barbarian king of Cashel, baptized by St Patrick. In the course of the ceremony, the saint unintentionally thrusts his spiked crozier through the bare foot of the king, who, believing the wound to be part of the initiation into the Christian life, bears it in heroic silence. This picture appeared at an exhibition in Dublin, and attracted great notice, and, what should have been of service to Barry, won him the friendship of a generous benefactor in his great countryman, Edmund Burke, who sent Barry, at his expense, to travel and study in Italy. But to such a self-willed, intolerant temper as Barry's, it is hard to say whether early success, or early disappointment, is most disastrous.

When Barry returned to England, he made what was 'the pity' of his undisciplined violent nature the greater, that he showed in his works a stuttering, stammer-

ing grandeur of design and theory, all but fatally marred by the absence of qualities which he despised, but which in great painters form part of their inspiration—loving, patient truthfulness, whether displayed easily, or with sore pains in execution and colouring.

All other painting, save imaginative and historical, Barry under-valued and despised, and such historical painting as quiet, steady-going Benjamin West was fabricating by the yard in 'sublime mediocrity,' and coining gold in so doing, under the king's broad smile, made the Irishman altogether beside himself. Barry's own poverty was extreme and unmitigated, for after he had been elected a member of the Academy, and its professor of painting, his fierce feuds with his brother painters, and the intolerable assertion of these feuds at all improper times and places, caused Barry to be deprived of his office, and expelled from the Academy, a process which was not calculated to sweeten his harsh nature.

Yet, for six years he worked indomitably at a series of imaginative paintings, which he called his Elysium, and which he subsequently presented to the Society of Arts (a sad enough trophy—warning as well as trophy—of undoubted genius).

Barry's Elysium—his pictures for the Adelphi were six in number—four, 15 feet 2 inches long; and two, 42 feet long; all 11 feet 10 inches high. He proposed to illustrate the truth 'that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultiva-

tion, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral.' His first picture was Orpheus by music and song elevating a savage group. His second was a Grecian harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus. His third was the victors of Olympia in the Greek games. His fourth was Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames, in which a male figure borne in a car represents the river, while round the car float Drake, Raleigh, Cabot, Cooke, and in full costume, and, in oddest juxta-position, as typifying music, Dr Burney in coat and wig of the time, while naiads and nereids are sporting round them in the waves. His fifth was 'the Distribution of the Society's Rewards,' a painting of the day, and without allegory, unless in its strange anti-climax to Barry's last picture, which was 'Elysium and Tartarus,' or the state of Final Retribution —a dark hill with Justice weighing the vices and virtues of mankind, and a bright Elysian field filled with groups of all who were great in learning, art, and theology. Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, Raphael and Titian, popes and cardinals, with Bishop Butler, for whose 'Analogy' Barry had a special partiality, figure in the last to the number of eighty figures.

The attempt was bold and ambitious, but Barry's powers, and especially their cultivation, were not equal to his ambition. His images, though sometimes grand, were often confused, and occasionally a burlesque on his central idea. His drawing and colouring had many faults. When he began this work 'he had only

sixteen shillings in hand,'* and he had to depend for his subsistence in the long interval between beginning and ending on the uncertain profits of such night work as he could get, while all the time he held portrait painting in such high disdain, that when sitters occasionally straggled in to him he turned them off contemptuously to 'the fellow in Leicester Square,' Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was his pet aversion among his many enemies. One cannot tell whether to cry out at the devotion, or the impractical folly of the man. Even Burke was alienated from Barry, until, though Barry could boast that he had never in his life borrowed a sixpence from any private individual, his straits in his miserable garret became so terrible that he was humbled to solicit from the Academy he had outraged, aid, which was at first refused, but afterwards granted twice in sums of fifty pounds. When his Elysium was completed Barry exhibited the pictures, and gained by the exhibition a thousand pounds, less acceptable to his proud spirit than the recognition of his ability which was afforded by the crowds that came to see and marvel at his work. The sale of etchings of the Elysium formed his principal income afterwards. But Barry was still an art Ishmaelite, poor, and his hand against every man.

Mr Redgrave gives this melancholy account of the wild painter's last days. 'From his unceiled room which had been a carpenter's shop, not even impervious to the

* Knight's *Old England.*

weather, uncleaned, unfurnished, with scarcely a bed, he had been, in the early spring of 1806, to the house where he usually dined. When about to return he was seized with a pleuritic fever; after some cordial had been administered to him, he was taken in a coach to the door of his lonely home. Alas! he either had neighbouring enemies, or some mischievous boys had stuffed the key-hole with dirt and stones; the door could not be opened, and the poor painter, shivering with cold and disease, was obliged to resort to the temporary shelter which a companion found for him, and then left him sick and alone. He unfortunately remained two days without medical aid; delirium and severe inflammation ensued, and although he rallied so much as unadvisedly to go forth to seek his friend, he lingered but a few days, and died on the 22nd of February, 1806 (when he was sixty-five years of age). His body lay in state in the rooms of the Adelphi in the presence of his great work, and was buried in St Paul's. There he rests side by side with the great ones of his profession. Posterity has reversed the position of West and his competitor: the first is last, and the last first.'

William Blake was born in Carnaby Market, in 1757. He was as tender, though his tenderness was not without passionate impatience and unassailable persistence, as Barry was fierce, and withal William Blake was fully the more impractical of the two men. His father was a respectable hosier, who wished to rear the son to the father's trade; but at the earnest suggestion of the wife and

mother, aided by the silent appeal of the boy's drawings and poems on the back of shop bills, he consented to William's being a painter. At his own request he was apprenticed not to a painter but to an engraver, under whom he worked hard, studying also under Fuseli and Flaxman, while he still found odd moments to 'make drawings illustrated by verses,' to hang in his mother's room. He was not less happy as an apprentice than he was all through his life of struggles and privations, down to his poverty-stricken death-bed. Blake's history is one of the most signal instances of triumph of spirit over matter, and of the possibility of a man's holding within himself —within his reverent spirit, and the exercise of its gifts under God's permission,—the capabilities of the highest happiness in the most adverse circumstances. William Blake was always happy, and always at work from youth to age, while he was as indifferent to money-getting as to the so-called pleasures of idleness. He was a little crazy, it is true, but his craze was a very gracious craze.

When six-and-twenty years of age William Blake married a poor girl called Katherine Burtcher, conducting his courtship in his own odd, gentle, indomitable fashion. He had been telling the girl some of his troubles, when she said, 'I pity you.' 'Do you pity me?' responded Blake, 'then I love you for it;' and 'so they were married;' and never had a poor genius a wife more absorbed in him and his genius, more sympathetic and uncomplaining. She never doubted the wisdom of his wildest exploits in

art, saying, even when her loving eyes, under his teaching, failed to see any disentanglement from the dire, glorious puzzle, 'that she was sure it had a meaning, and a fine one.'

Blake began business as a print-seller with a friend for a partner, and a favourite brother for an apprentice, but the brother died, and the friend quarrelled with him. The shop was soon given up, and Blake worked thenceforth in his poor home surrounded by his family. He wrote poetry, designed, engraved, composed music to his heart's content. The closest proximity to domestic bustle did not jar upon him, for such bustle had no sordid care for him; he continued wonderfully indifferent to, and independent of, the appreciation of the world, even when he was reduced to such poverty that 'he could only buy copperplates about four inches by three.' But it is questionable whether this withdrawing from the outer world did not foster the vivid realization of his own visions which tended to craziness, and in Blake became absolute craziness. He began quickly to believe that the spirit of his dead brother visited him, and revealed to him secrets of tinting and engraving which he imparted to his wife, who was to be his proud and happy assistant in his art, and to none besides.

In these early days he composed his first important, and his most lasting work—the volume called 'Songs of Innocence and Experience,' including sixty-eight lyrics. These songs, which might have been written by an

inspired child, are unapproached, save by Wordsworth—and that at a later period, for exquisite tenderness and pure fervour. The lines on the Tiger, the Chimney Sweep, and another song which dwells on the ineffable grace of God, are beyond praise. The whole have now a high reputation, but the book did not sell in Blake's day.

He proceeded as dauntless in his own very different way, as Barry was in his, as convinced of his own high calling, and at the same time an infinitely happier man, to design and engrave his 'Gates of Paradise' with sixteen illustrations, his 'Urizen' (the very name unintelligible) with twenty-seven illustrations, and his 'Jerusalem' with one hundred tinted engravings, on which he put the moderate price of twenty-five guineas, but failed in finding a purchaser. The failure did not cost him a moment's self-distrust in the middle of his dreams, or—and the exemption was more singular—the least grudge at the heedless world. He believed that he knew himself to be so great and favoured a man, that he could smile placidly at the world's blindness, and set himself to touch and re-touch his 'Jerusalem' to the last.

The world indeed, so far as he crossed its path, was completely mystified by Blake. Sober-minded, matter-of-fact Englishmen, who went and looked at what they were told was 'the spiritual form of Nelson guiding Leviathan,' or 'the spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth,' in an exhibition of Blake's works at the house of his brother, came away shaking their heads.

The shock which his fellow-countrymen's common sense had received, was not lessened if one of them was bold enough to visit the strange painter at work, and found himself authoritatively waved back from the chair in which the visitor was proceeding to seat himself. 'Don't you see that chair is already occupied?' exclaimed the indignant painter. 'By whom?' asked the open-mouthed stranger, blinking and staring at the empty chair. 'Why, Lot is sitting there,' says the painter quietly and decisively; and he goes on unmoved with his delineations of 'enormous fishes preying on dead bodies, the great sea serpent, angels pouring out spotted plagues and furies in the sun.'

Blake's small amount of remunerative work consisted in his illustrations of books, such as 'Young's Night Thoughts.' Perhaps the happiest period of Blake's happy life was when he was summoned down to Sussex by Hayley, to illustrate for him his Life of Cowper, and spent three years in the country. During that sojourn Blake used to 'wander at evening by the sea, believing that he met Moses and Dante,' 'gray, luminous, majestic, colossal shadows,' as he called them; or in the garden, 'seeing fairies' funerals, and drawing the demon of a flea.'* And the most vexed season was on account of a misunderstanding between Cromek the publisher, and Blake and Stothard the two painters, with regard to a commission to paint a 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' when Cromek said disrespectfully of

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

Blake's account of his having received the commission, that the statement was 'one of Blake's dreams.'

But the dreamer soon shook off the momentary disturbance to his impregnable peace. Getting always poorer, and it seemed happier, with 'but one room for study, kitchen, and bed-room,' and earnings of eighteen shillings a week for income, the poet painter was growing old, with his spirit unabated, and his gladness in life and work undimmed; constantly devising and executing fresh prophetical fancies, always more fantastic and incomprehensible. His last home was in Fountain Court, Strand, where the kindness of friends in buying his poems placed him at least above the reach of want. He began to illustrate Dante, and he still tinted his 'Jerusalem' sitting bolstered up in bed at last, in order to put the final touches before he said 'It is done, I cannot mend it.' As he had rejoiced in life, he rejoiced in death, telling his wife—'I glory in dying, I have no grief but in leaving you, Kate;' and he asked again for pencils and brushes in order to try and paint a last likeness of his best and life-long friend. 'He lay singing extemporaneous songs,' and 'died without his wife, who watched him, knowing the moment of his death.' He died in his seventy-second year, in 1828.

In personal appearance William Blake was a little man, with a high forehead and large dark eyes.

Many of the secrets of Blake's art, which he believed to be revealed to him, died with him. I have heard that

an attempt was made to induce his widow to disclose the process by which he attained his brilliant, sometimes gorgeous, tints, but regarding her fidelity to her husband's memory as involved in the preservation of his secret, she constantly refused to tell it, and so it perished with her. Besides his strange designs, Blake left not less than a hundred MS. volumes of verse, which had grown for the most part as extravagant and incoherent as his drawings. A large part of Blake's MSS. are in the possession of Mr Rossetti the painter.

John Flaxman was a sculptor rather than a painter, but, because of his designs from Homer, &c. &c., I wish to say something of him here. He was born in 1755 at York, but was brought up in London, where his father kept a plaster-cast shop in the Strand, in which Flaxman had his first lessons in art. His delicate constitution only rendered him a more diligent scholar, and, when a lad, he was not disheartened by a painter's seeing some eyes which young Flaxman had painted, and asking him if he meant them for flounders.* Flaxman early distinguished himself as an art student, and, having been counselled to direct his attention to form in classical subjects, became a modeller. In this light he was employed by Wedgwood, and was chiefly instrumental in producing the artistic excellence of the finest of the Wedgwood pottery. In 1782, when Flaxman was twenty-seven years of age, he married happily a young English woman, named

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

Anne Denman. Meeting Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after his marriage, and being told with considerable severity, if the speech were not made in jest by the veteran bachelor artist, 'So, Mr Flaxman, I hear that you are married; if so, you are ruined as an artist,' Flaxman took the remark so much to heart, that he was spurred on by it to go with his wife to Italy, and there try to reach the height of his profession.

It was while in Rome that Flaxman executed the work on which his reputation mainly rests,—no marble or plaster group, though he did good work as a sculptor, but his series of graceful, life-like, and yet scholarly designs from Homer, Æschylus, and Dante for Mrs Hare, the Countess of Spenser, and Mr Hope. These designs, of which there are many copies, are regarded as so thoroughly artistic, and in the spirit of the masters, as to be unrivalled.

Flaxman's position was established when he returned to London, and he was elected, first an associate, then a member of the Academy, and latterly its first professor of sculpture. He died in 1826, when he was in his seventy-second year, having survived his wife six years. He was a mild, unassuming, devout man, somewhat tinged by Swedenborgian opinions, and was greatly liked by his friends and contemporaries.

Thomas Stothard was born in London in 1755. His father was landlord of the Black Horse in Long Acre, London. Thomas Stothard was a delicate little child,

and was boarded, for his health, in the country, up in Yorkshire, his father's native county, with the widowed mistress of the village school of Acomb. Already he amused himself by drawing. From Acomb he was removed to a better school, and at the age of thirteen returned to London, where he still pursued his education. His father died when he was fifteen years of age, leaving the lad twelve hundred pounds. He was apprenticed to a silk pattern designer, and occupied his spare time in drawings from the poets. The publisher of the 'Novelist's Magazine' engaged Stothard in these illustrations for books, in which the artist won name and fame, and for which he renounced pattern drawing. He was paid one guinea for each of his designs for the 'Novelist's Magazine,' and his work meeting at once with appreciation, employment was freely offered him. He designed illustrations for the 'Poetical Magazine,' the 'Town and Country Magazine,' the 'Ladies' Magazine' (where the vagaries of fashion must have tried him sorely), for 'Bell's British Poets,' 'Ossian,' &c. &c. Among his drawings for goldsmith's work, that of the Wellington Shield is well known.

Stothard, who was a man simple to quaintness, married young, and a characteristic anecdote is told of his marriage. He accompanied his bride home from church, and then quietly betook himself to his studies at the Royal Academy; and when at 3 p.m. the school closed, he said to a friend who, as a fellow-student, had sat by his side all

the morning, 'I am now going home to meet a family party. Do come with me, for I have this day taken to myself a wife.' (*Redgrave.*)

Stothard's beautiful drawings having earned him the distinction, he was elected an associate of the Academy in 1791, when he was thirty-six years of age, and a member three years later. He continued to draw rather than paint, executing between three and four thousand original designs for book illustration.

Of Stothard's large family two met with sudden and violent deaths. One, a lad of thirteen, was accidentally shot dead by a companion; another, a young man in his thirty-fourth year, fell on the stone pavement of a church in which he was engaged making a drawing, and was found dead.

Stothard was appointed librarian to the Academy in 1813, and continued in the office for upwards of twenty years. Mr Redgrave records a recollection of Stothard deaf and feeble, occupied in his evening duties as librarian. 'There bending over some book of prints, with many unconscious sighs and moans, his unsteady hand was unable to pour out the cup of tea in which he found a solace; yet, even then, retiring into the recess of a window, he would, from time to time, occupy his pencil for a few moments in the realization of some thought, in a slight but still elegant and graceful sketch.'

Thomas Stothard died at his house in Newman Street, London, when he was seventy-eight years of age, in 1834.

Stothard's paintings were inferior to his drawings; his habit of executing small designs had led him to dispense with the use of a model, and to work from memory rather than from direct observation, so that he fell into faults of inaccuracy and disproportion, particularly when his paintings were of a large size; neither was his imagination capable of grand, elevated, or even highly dramatic work. It is said of him that he was more capable of depicting affections than passions, and that when objects for the expression of his tenderness and grace were wanting, as women and children are wanting in 'Robinson Crusoe,' which he illustrated, excellent as the illustrations were in truth and animation, a chief excellence of Stothard was absent. But within certain limits, 'the fancy, purity, elegance, and grace' of his work are greatly extolled. Among the best of Stothard's designs are his early illustrations of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison;' his illustrations of the 'Rape of the Lock,' and his later designs for 'Rogers' Poems,' 'Cowper's Poems,' and the 'Decameron.' Nearly two thousand engravings from Stothard's designs are in the British Museum.

Thomas Bewick was born at Cherry Burn, in Northumberland, in 1753. To him we owe the great improvement and modern application of the ancient art of wood-engraving. But Bewick was also a distinguished naturalist, and an original artist of no mean capacity, with something of William Hogarth's plain sense, broad sagacity, and humour, though he found a very different field for its expression.

As a lad Bewick was apprenticed to an engraver in steel in Newcastle on Tyne, but in his service Bewick's attention was directed particularly to wood engraving, for the benefit of which he made an invention for lowering the block that introduced far finer effects, and threw in varieties and gradations of tint and shade. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship Bewick repaired to London, but the attraction of the north country proved too strong for him, and in a year he returned to Newcastle and entered into partnership with his old master.

As Hogarth sought inspiration in the crowded streets and lanes, Bewick repaired for the perfection of his gift to the valley of the Tyne and its surrounding hills, watching 'Gypsies by their fires, blind beggars going over bridges . . . . boys playing,' and above all, studying the animal world, with the fondest, most unwearied devotion. Bewick's illustrations of 'Gay's Fables,' and the 'Select Fables,' when he was twenty-six and thirty-one years of age, in 1779 and 1784, were the first efforts by which he showed his skill in wood engraving; but the first of the two great works by which his fame was made, did not appear till 1790, when Bewick was thirty-seven years of age, and after preparations for this particular work had occupied him for nearly five years. The book in question was Bewick's 'General History of Quadrupeds,' which at once attained popularity, going into three editions in so many years. In addition to its regular woodcuts, it was embellished by what are called *tail-pieces*, little fancy

groups full of abounding fun and thoughtful satire. The companion to the 'General History of Quadrupeds' was the 'History of British Birds,' published in its first volume of land birds, seven years later, in 1797, when Bewick was a little over forty years of age; and in its second volume of aquatic birds, five years later still, in 1802.

These volumes established not only Thomas Bewick's loving familiarity with animals and the haunts and habits of every bird of our air and water, but his power of representing with unsurpassed truth and spirit every furred or feathered form, and every bit of landscape and accessory, while his tail-pieces were full of genius.

Kindly and wise, and undisturbed by the restless ambition which would have urged him to quit his proper sphere, Thomas Bewick remained at Newcastle, ably supported by a school of wood engravers whom he trained. Foremost among them was his brother John, who died prematurely of consumption, and another lad named Johnson, who also died young. Thomas Bewick died at his house, Windmill Hill, Gateshead, Newcastle, in 1828, after he had reached the age of seventy-three years.

I have come at last to the two women who were included among the first members of the Royal Academy. I cannot say that they were great artists, but they had to labour under disadvantages which did not beset their brethren, and they are among the few women that we have come across in our rapid survey: Suor Plautilla, Margaret Van Eyck, Marietta Robusti (the daughter of

Tintoretto), Maria Oesterwyck, Sophonisba Anguisciola, Madame Le Brun, I think are all; and now we reach Angelica Kaufmann and Mary Moser. I do not need to beg my readers' special sympathy for these artists.

Angelica Kaufmann was, as her name implies, of German origin, and was born at Schwarzenberg in the Vorarlberg, in 1742. Her father was a portrait painter, as, I think, we shall find all the women who were artists, received their artistic bent by descent. Joseph Kaufmann cultivated his daughter's talents, carrying her for that purpose to Milan, to Rome, and Venice. An English woman of rank brought Angelica Kaufmann to England, in 1765, when she was in her twenty-fourth year. Her gifts and accomplishments were regarded with much respect by a generation in which English women were struggling to free themselves from the illiteracy that had become their portion at the Restoration.

Three years after she came to England, while she was still under thirty years of age, Angelica Kaufmann—or Mrs Kaufmann, as people named her with old-fashioned courtesy, when gallant artists did not term her the 'fair Angelica'—was elected a member of the Royal Academy, being treated with marked distinction by the president, Sir Joshua himself. In return for this consideration and her gratitude, the artistic world chose to couple the two painters' names together, and make game of the connection, saying now that the fair Angelica had a 'tender-

ness' for Sir Joshua, now that she coquetted with him. The painter who seemed really to have been smitten by the accomplished lady, and who followed her abroad, was Nathaniel Dance.*

In reality, Angelica Kaufmann was rather an accomplished woman, a good linguist, and a fine musician, than an artist of any value; her painting was simply mediocre. Unhappily for her she became, during her stay of seventeen years in England, the victim of one of those sorry tragedies, the elements of which are credulous vanity on the one side, and heartless fraud on the other. At the same time that Angelica Kaufmann appeared and was made much of in English society, a Swedish nobleman, called Count Horn, presented his credentials and got an equal welcome from the great world. Not unnaturally, as it might seem, the Swedish nobleman was attracted by the much-admired and sought-after German artist, showed himself more and more won by her, and ended by tendering her an offer of marriage, an offer which was accepted, and the marriage was celebrated immediately and quietly, to satisfy the impatience and the sensitive modesty of the bridegroom. Within a few weeks another Swedish nobleman arrived in England, announcing and proving himself to be the true Count Horn, while he denounced the roguery of his valet who had stolen his master's letters of introduction, and used them to personate the Count, trusting to put the deception to profit before he could be

* Redgrave.

overtaken and exposed. The story reads like a scene in Molière, but it was no sparkling comedy to the miserable and unfortunate woman who had been deluded and betrayed by the base misrepresentation. So far it was unsuccessful, for Angelica Kaufmann had the courage and honesty to accept her release from a marriage which had been concluded under false pretences, and to leave the pretender to such punishment as could find him. After his death, and thirteen years later, in 1781, Angelica Kaufmann was married again more fitly to Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian painter, and an associate of the Academy. But this marriage proved also an unhappy one. The husband and wife went together to Rome the year after their marriage, and twenty-five years later she ended in Rome a varied and troubled career. Her death occurred in 1807, when she was sixty-five years of age. 'Her funeral was conducted with great pomp. Above one hundred ecclesiastics in the habit of their different orders, the members of the literary societies in Rome, and many of the nobility, walked in the procession. The pall was borne by young women dressed in white. Two of Angelica Kaufmann's best pictures were carried immediately after the corpse.' (*Redgrave.*)

The best that can be said of Angelica Kaufmann's pictures are, that they were 'gay and pleasing' in colour. The drawing was bad, and the composition, graceful at first, became utterly hackneyed. Yet so high was the public opinion of her work in its day, that she was one

of the painters chosen for a proposed decoration of St Paul's Cathedral, which, happily, never took place. The ceiling of the council-room of the Royal Academy is Angelica Kaufmann's work.

Mary Moser had a less eventful and brighter history. She was born in 1774. She was Swiss by descent; her father had come to London as a gold-chaser and painter in enamel, and had risen by his skill as a draughtsman to be the manager of the art school of his day, and to give lessons in drawing to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., the beginning of a royal connection, which was very beneficial to his daughter. Mary Moser herself was a flower painter of merit, and received many commissions from King George and Queen Charlotte, getting from the last an order to paint with flowers a whole room at Frogmore, for which she had a payment of nine hundred pounds. Doubtless, through Court interest, in aid of her own deserts, she was elected one of the early members of the Academy. The same gossip which supposed in Angelica Kaufmann a 'tenderness' for Sir Joshua Reynolds, attributed to Mary Moser an unrequited affection for Fuseli. But it was not an affection of so serious a nature as to prevent her marrying a Mr or Captain Lloyd, after which she gave up professional painting. She survived her husband, and died in 1819, aged forty five years.

CHAPTER III.

RAEBURN, 1756-1823—LAWRENCE, 1769-1830.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, in 1756. He was the son of a manufacturer, and was early left an orphan. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith, but in the course of his apprenticeship, having taught himself to draw, and being quick in seizing a likeness, he tried miniature painting. He was so successful that his master found it more remunerative to employ the lad as a miniature painter than to keep him engaged with his graving tools. At the end of his apprenticeship, the young man abandoned his goldsmith's trade altogether, and strove to qualify himself for a portrait painter, teaching himself still by copying the portraits of Martin, a Scotch clergyman's son, at that time a painter of repute in Edinburgh.* Raeburn married, happily, a wife who, to her other good qualifications, added the possession of some property. With his wife, the young painter visited London, where his genius and

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

industry were cordially acknowledged by Sir Joshua Reynolds, on whose advice Raeburn, with his wife, proceeded to Italy, duly spending there the greater part of the artist term of three years.

On Raeburn's return to Scotland, he found no difficulty in establishing himself in Edinburgh, and was rewarded for his enterprise and constancy by rapidly rising to the same position in the Scotch capital that Sir Joshua Reynolds occupied in London. While Raeburn was president of the Royal Society of Artists in Scotland, he was elected in succession an associate and a member of the English Academy. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, Raeburn was knighted, and appointed portrait painter to the king.

Sir Henry Raeburn had a long and honourable career, during which he painted almost every eminent Scotchman of the time. He died in 1823, in his sixty-eighth year, leaving children and grandchildren behind him. Raeburn painted with much breadth, and treated heads 'with vigour, intelligence, and individuality.' He was less successful with full-length portraits, and scarcely so masterly in his treatment of women as of men.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769. His father was a well-born inn-keeper in the town of Devizes, and young Lawrence, a beautiful child, early showed signs of his future calling by taking the likenesses of his father's customers. The boy was so praised and pushed on, that 'he set up as a portrait painter in crayons

at Oxford, where his brother was a clergyman, when he was no more than ten years of age, and a short time afterwards took a house at Bath,' and actually 'at once established a good business,'* but this early ripeness was a doubtful omen.

In a few years, Lawrence relinquished crayons, and adopted oil painting as his medium in art. He came up to London in his nineteenth year, and had the discretion to become a student in the Academy. He was then as remarkable for his personal attractions and winning manner, as for his precocious talent. He was a very handsome lad, with 'chesnut locks flowing on his shoulders,' and his fellow-students thought that another 'young Raphael' had come amongst them. His success and popularity were still against him, for after being elected an associate of the Academy, and appointed Sir Joshua Reynolds' successor as painter to the king, while he was yet no more than twenty-two years of age, it would have required the great mental calibre of the old painters to have enabled the young man to go on seeing his faults and correcting them. It is said triumphantly that Lawrence was 'at the head of his profession at an age in which other painters have generally been labouring in the toils of studentship.' But premature pre-eminence is the ruin of many a clever man, who may not indeed be a genius, because genius will surmount the subtlest as well as the severest assaults, but who, had he been lucky enough to have been kept a

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

journeyman, might have been at least the best that the range of his faculties would have permitted him to be. Lawrence neither went abroad (until he was in middle age) to study the great works of the foreign masters, nor did he ever try experiments or alter his method, though, as he advanced in fame and in life, he grew much slower in his practice, and took great pains with his work.

Lawrence possessed a dangerous charm to fascinate his contemporaries, and even Reynolds is reported as having fallen under its influence. The painter enjoyed the utmost prosperity, having an accumulation of work upon his hands, which prevented him latterly from painting much more than the heads of his sitters, leaving the rest of the figures and their accessories to his assistants. His prices, after 1820, were two hundred and ten pounds for a head, four hundred and twenty pounds for a half-length, and six hundred and thirty pounds for a full-length. For 'Lady Gower and Child' he received fifteen hundred guineas (*Redgrave*).

Lawrence was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle by the Regent to paint the allied sovereigns as the nucleus of the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, and from Aix-la-Chapelle the painter went to Vienna, a great journey in those days, and then to Rome, where he painted the portraits (two of his best) of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. The terms of the commission to go to Aix-la-Chapelle were not more than one thousand pounds for travelling expenses and loss of time, with the usual price for each picture. The painter

travelled in his own carriage, and was treated with every mark of distinction, and in the end reaped such a harvest of royal and noble commissions from the expedition, that the year which it occupied brought to him the sum of at least twenty thousand pounds.

When at work at Aix-la-Chapelle with the Emperor of Russia for a sitter, the emperor put the pegs into Lawrence's easel, and helped him to lift the portrait on them, after the fashion of Charles V.'s condescension to Titian. Jewelled snuff-boxes and diamond rings proved more substantial tokens of the allied sovereigns' favour for the painter. The true Waterloo heroes who sat to Lawrence in England had their ranks fitly headed by the Duke of Wellington in the dress which he wore and the horse which he rode on the field of Waterloo. (*Redgrave.*)

Lawrence was elected a full member, and was afterwards President of the Academy; he was made a member of the Academy of St Luke at Rome; he was knighted by the Prince Regent, and he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The man as well as the artist seemed to be more gracious than earnest. A somewhat ridiculous story is told of his relations to Mrs Siddons. Sir Thomas Lawrence, after the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who in painting the 'Tragic Muse' inscribed his name on the hem of her robe in token of profound homage, had a lively admiration of the art of the great actress. But his inclination did not end here; it appeared from his conduct

that he desired to enter her family circle by marrying one of her daughters—only the painter was so uncertain as to which daughter he should distinguish with his addresses, that their devoted mother, indignant at the continuance of the impertinent hesitation, forbade his suit to either. Whatever foundation there might be for the story, and common rumour circulated it widely at the time, Mr Redgrave so far confirms it by this statement: 'He (Sir Thomas Lawrence) was very tender in speaking or writing to women. One of his lady apologists says:—"It cannot be too strongly stated that his manner was likely to mislead without his intending it; he could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux. The very commonest conversation was held in that soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual, and so calculated to please."' Mr Redgrave winds up the explanation by the admission that Sir Thomas Lawrence on one or two occasions was too particular in his attentions, and 'had even entered into engagements,' though he lived and died a bachelor. One would fain hope that such exceeding suavity of manner has given place in our generation to greater sincerity.

While Lawrence was in the receipt of a large income he was constantly in pecuniary difficulties, which drew on him the unfounded imputation of gambling. He was simply extravagant, especially in the matter of his art collection, above all for drawings by the great masters, which cost him sixty thousand pounds.

Sir Thomas Lawrence died at his house in Russell Square, London, in 1830, when he had reached the age of sixty-one years.

As a painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence was said to have 'the sweetness of Guido,' but sweetness not fully supported is certain to cloy, and in Sir Thomas Lawrence's hands Sir Joshua Reynolds' grace, which had been associated with much vigour, degenerated into artificial elegance and prettiness, less offensive in women than in men. For that matter most ladies beheld with the utmost contentment the bland conventional versions of themselves which proceeded from the brush of Sir Thomas Lawrence. He brought drawing into the prominent place which colouring had held in portrait painting. As a colourist Sir Thomas was regarded as 'pure,' but his pure colour had a hard effect, as if it had been laid on china: so writes Mr Redgrave. With regard to Lawrence's style, Mr Redgrave quotes, among other opinions of contem porary artists, the pithy saying of Opie, that Lawrence 'made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence.' He painted three-fourths of the nobility and gentry of England and Scotland, and many members of the English Royal Family, including Princess Charlotte and her husband Prince Leopold. Sir Thomas Lawrence resided at Claremont while painting the young couple, and some of the best details which we have of their simple and happy, but brief wedded life, are from the reminiscences of the court painter.

CHAPTER IV.

TURNER, 1775-1851—WILKIE, 1785-1841—HAYDON, 1786-1846—ETTY, 1787-1849—CONSTABLE, 1776-1837—CROME, 1769-1821—NASMYTH, 1786-1831—COX, 1783-1859—PROUT, 1773-1858.

JOSEPH WILLIAM MALLORD TURNER, the great landscape painter, was born in 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London. His father was a hair-dresser, in humble circumstances. His mother was a woman of violent temper, which ended in insanity. Young Turner practised his art betimes, exhibiting his drawings, it is said, in the windows of his father's shop. A drawing of the old church at Margate is believed to have been executed in his ninth year. It is Mr Redgrave's opinion that, though Turner's early home was in a labyrinth of lanes, in the heart of a great city, it was not without its advantages, which he laid hold of in his future career. The quaint old city buildings fostered, perhaps originated, his taste for architecture, and the broad Thames developed his predilection for river scenery, under every aspect; while visits to uncles at Brentford and Bristol brought him in contact with fresh landscapes.

Turner became a student of the Royal Academy when

fourteen years of age. Unlike Lawrence in every respect, it is probable that the gruff, uncouth man of later years was as gruff and uncouth a boy. But whatever Turner wanted in amiability, he was from the first the most industrious and independent of lads. From an early date, he coloured prints for the engravers, thus beginning the connection with booksellers, which he maintained so largely throughout his life. He also washed-in backgrounds for architects, and gave lessons in drawing.

In 1790, when fifteen years of age, Turner exhibited his sketch of 'A View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth.' Of thirty-two drawings shown between the same year, 1790, and 1796, twenty-three were views of the great cathedrals and abbey churches of the kingdom. He had already started on those sketching tours, which he prosecuted indefatigably, and which he turned to marvellous account. He seemed to make his arrangements from the first, with the jealous secrecy which was so marked a feature in the man, and to conduct himself with characteristic eccentricity. When sketching in a street in Oxford, being annoyed by the curiosity of the passers-by, he hired an old post-chaise, brought it on the scene of action, entered the chaise, and from its window finished his sketch.

Turner confined himself at first to water-colour painting, which might be said to be still in its infancy. A trait of his genius, on which most of his critics agree, was his tendency to commence, by imitating successfully the

masters, in any field in which he desired to excel. Mr Redgrave's theory is that Turner, with full consciousness of his own powers, desired to match himself with successful painters, and having done so (with what grim satisfaction to himself, who can say?), his originality carried him far beyond his models. In his youth, landscape painting was but an exercise of topography; that is, a literal rendering, bit by bit, of a landscape, without special selection in grouping, special phase, or the employment of the ideal faculty. Turner soon began to draw from the precious store which his devotion to nature from boyhood, and his equally devoted practice of his art in his perpetual sketches, taken at all times and in all places—from the top of a coach, from the deck of a boat—had enabled him to accumulate, in order to break this dead level of water-colour art. These sketches, many of them in the possession of the nation, show the passion of art which possessed the man, and impelled him to never-ending attempts to seize, arrest, and preserve not only every form of animal and vegetable life, but, what was yet dearer to him, every shifting, changing light, every glorious effect of atmosphere, every blended and contrasted hue—silvery and pearly, ashen grey and purple black, fiery red and golden yellow—which the sky, with its reflection on the earth, could assume. His studies of sky alone 'are reckoned by thousands.' Such an unhalting, unabated pursuit of art, takes away one's breath.

Turner exhibited his first picture in oils—'View of the

Thames at Millbank by Moonlight'—in 1797, when he was twenty-two years of age, and just as he had begun his efforts by following closely his predecessors in water-colour painting, he now followed in oil the Dutch school, and Wilson and Claude, all in their turn to be left behind, while Turner pursued his own solitary and often transcendant way. His growing disposition to deal with his subjects as 'sun-lighted, or shrouded in mist or storm,' is illustrated by such quotations from the catalogue of his works at this time, as 'Fishermen previous to a Storm,' 'Kilgarran Castle, hazy sunrise,' 'Warkworth Castle, Thunderstorm, approaching sunset,' 'Abergavenny, clearing up after a Shower' (*Redgrave*).

Turner's surpassing abilities received so far prompt recognition; contemporary critics praised his pictures. He was elected an associate of the Academy in 1799, a member in 1800, when he was in his twenty-fifth and in his twenty-eighth year. He had early removed from his father's house to rooms in Hand Court. In 1800, he established himself in Harley Street, and the following year in Norton Street, Portland Place.

In 1801 and 1802, Turner extended his sketching tours to France and Switzerland. In 1807, when he was thirty-two years of age, he was appointed professor of perspective in the Academy, filling the office for thirty years. In 1808, he began his famous series of prints in brown ink, called 'Liber Studiorum,' a sort of version of Claude's 'Liber Veritatis.' Turner continued

the series for eleven years, till it extended to seventy-one plates, which he sold in 1820 for fourteen guineas, a sum that one of the plates would bring now. Turner was constantly engaged by the booksellers in such works as 'Southern Coast Scenery,' 'England and Wales,' 'Rivers of England,' 'Rivers of France,' 'Rogers' Italy.' His exhibited pictures, between 1787 and 1850, are 275—a rare amount of work (and such work!) in modern days. In 1819, Turner visited Italy, and from that visit dates one of the changes in, and new developments of, his genius. He visited Italy twice again, in 1829 and about 1840. Close upon the year of Turner's last visit to Italy dates the final and, as many hold, disastrous transition in his style.

In 1812, Turner had built for himself a house and gallery in Queen Anne Street, and he had also a country-house at Twickenham, which he sold in 1827. He was amassing a large fortune, and at the same time establishing and spreading his fame, while his habits were becoming always more cynical and repulsive. A reserved and morose man from his youth, at the same time he was not without a certain bearish geniality, where his brethren in art were concerned. He seems to have been regarded with mingled admiration, wonder, and awe, and doubtless with some asperity and disgust, by his comrades and his pupils. Mr Redgrave, who appears to have received from Turner marks of favour, and who, in addition to his gratitude, appreciated the giant in art's saturnine humour, gives a very amusing, while a kindly description

of Turner's manner as a critic and lecturer. His growls, his mumbled words, his pokes in the side, his use of his broad thumb, or snatches at porte crayon and brush to point out an error, with the half of his lecture delivered over his shoulder, in the midst of directions to the attendant who was arranging the sketches and diagrams. In appearance, Turner was a short, stout man, with a very red and somewhat blotched face, in which the eyes were bright and restless, and the nose aquiline. His hands were fat, and were kept not over clean.* He was slovenly in his dress, wearing a black dress-coat in want of brushing, and in the warmest as well as the coldest days, he wore round his throat a wrapper, which he would unloose and let the ends dangle down in front, and dip into the colours on his ample palette. He worked hat on head, or else with a large wrapper over his head. Mr Redgrave compares Turner's appearance to that of a coach driver of the old school. Mr Leslie likens the great master's personality to that of a ship-captain.

Latterly, Turner did not live in his house in Queen Anne Street, but kept his pictures there, suffering not merely the house but the pictures to fall into the greatest dilapidation. Nothing was more curious in that strange nature of Turner's than his behaviour with regard to his pictures. He was exacting in his money transactions, and sordid in his way of living,† and he was bent well-

* 'The smallest and dirtiest hands on record.'—*Thornbury.*

† He was nevertheless capable of single acts of great generosity

nigh with fierceness on asserting his claims to the highest fame, yet in the later years of his life he not only refused to sell many of his pictures—appearing to take a malicious pleasure in the refusal,—but bought back several pictures which he had sold, and suffered the whole collection to be irreparably injured by the damp and decay of utter neglect, before he bequeathed it, like the gift of a prince, to the nation.

Turner displayed recklessness as to the fate of his pictures from the stage when he more than rivalled Sir Joshua in experiments for producing immediate effects, even going so far as to paint the same picture in colours mixed in oil, and in colours mixed with water, or some substitute for water—the certain result being the breaking up of the ill-matched modes of colouring. Mr Ruskin, so often Turner's unqualified eulogist, admits of Turner's pictures that they were seen in perfection not longer than a month after being painted—some of them cracked in the Academy rooms; and adds this commentary: 'The fact of his using means so imperfect, together with that of the utter neglect of the pictures in his own gallery, are a phenomenon in the human mind which appears to me utterly inexplicable, and both are without excuse.'

Mr Redgrave presents a striking description of the state of the gallery in Queen Anne Street, as it was found on Turner's death. 'The scene in his rooms on the occasion of his funeral would have saddened any lover of art, for the work left behind, almost as much as for the genius

that had passed away. The gallery seemed as if broom or dusting-brush had never troubled it. The carpet or matting (its texture was undistinguishable from dirt) was worn and musty; the hangings, which had once been a gay amber colour, showed a dingy yellow hue where the colour was not washed out by the drippings from the ceiling: for the cove and the glass sky-lights were in a most dilapidated state, many panes broken and patched with old newspapers. From these places the wet had run down the walls and loosened the plaster so that it had actually fallen behind the canvas of one picture, "The Bay of Baiæ," which, hanging over the bottom of the frame, bagged outwards, with the mass of accumulated mortar and rubbish it upheld. Many of the pictures, "Crossing the Brook," among others, had large pieces chipped or scaled off; while others were so fast going to decay, that the gold first and then the ground had perished from the very frames, and the bare fir-wood beneath was exposed. It may well be supposed in such a damp and mouldy atmosphere any pictures would suffer, much more the fragile works of Turner's last period, irregularly carried out, as has been described.'

Turner had long been in the habit of setting out on solitary tours (of one undertaken on the French coast, in his middle life, he said, he was wandering about 'seeking for storms and tempests'), letting no one know his destination, and holding no communication with friends at home. Towards the close of his life, he added to this practice

the odder habit of not occupying his own house, but living here and there for weeks at a time, under an assumed name, the better to secure his privacy, and in obscure lodgings. In these circumstances, while lodging in a small cottage west of Battersea Bridge, near Cremorne, Chelsea, under the feigned name of Brooks or Booth, Turner died, in December, 1851, aged seventy-six years. His body was taken to his house in Queen Anne Street, from which his funeral proceeded with some state to St Paul's, where he was buried in the crypt near Reynolds, Opie, Fuseli, &c. &c.

Turner's will was a final revelation of the man, and betrayed that in all that could be called his family relations he had been harsh and capricious, notwithstanding that he had taken home his old father, who had died in Turner's house, in 1830. One other redeeming trait of a life, which, with all its treasures of genius and all its worldly success, was, so far as the man was concerned, a rude, mean, and forlorn life, I may mention here. It is said that Turner in his early days had entertained a disinterested, faithful attachment to the sister of an old school-fellow, and that the crushing of this attachment without any fault of his or hers, told miserably on his character and happiness. But, after all, this is only to urge the poor apology, that from a man to whom much was given, a little was withheld, and that the withholding of the little proved enough to warp and sour him.*

* Turner was fond of animals, and kept at one time as many as seven tailless Manx cats.

In addition to his gallery of pictures, Turner left a fortune of a hundred and forty thousand pounds, and disposed of both gallery and fortune in a long and confused will, having codicil after codicil, in which, under certain conditions, he left his pictures to the National Gallery, and his money, with the exception of a few trifling annuities, to provide a fund for the support of poor artists. The will was disputed, and a compromise effected: the pictures became the property of the nation, the sum of twenty thousand pounds was given to the Royal Academy for the behoof of art, and the rest of the property, with the reservation of a thousand pounds for the erection of a monument to Turner, which had been one of the provisions of his will, fell to the next of kin. In writing of Claude I have already referred to one among several of the stipulations which Turner appended to his magnificent gift to the National Gallery. Two of Turner's pictures which he considered his best, 'Dido building Carthage,' and 'The Sun in the Mist,' were to be hung between two celebrated Claudes, 'The embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,' and 'the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca.' The motive of this condition was of course an indignant protest against what is now commonly granted to be the unjust preference, in Turner's day, of his countrymen, led by the great critic, Sir George Beaumont, for Claude's work over Turner's. Turner's pictures left to the National Gallery amounted to ninety-eight finished oil-pictures, and some thousand sketches and drawings. These pictures include many examples of Turner's various styles

As a landscape painter, Turner fills now the first place. Other landscape painters may have equalled or even surpassed him in some respects, but none 'has yet appeared with such versatility of talent.' This is the testimony of so impartial a judge as Dr Waagner, though—after referring with enthusiasm to Turner's power over earth and air and sea, and to his deep sympathy with the most varied moods of nature, in its grandeur, melancholy, and cheerfulness,—he qualifies it by the clause, 'I should not hesitate to recognize Turner as the greatest landscape painter of all times, but for his deficiency in an indisputable element in every work of art, viz., a sound technical basis.'

Water-colour painting Turner may be said to have made. His delight in delicate gradations of colour led him to adopt the practice of painting on a white or light ground, a practice which he transferred to painting in oil, thus causing a great change to be wrought on the British school by introducing that brightness and lightness in landscape painting, which is broadly distinguished from the darkness of the foreign schools, and which, in an unskilful hand, degenerates into what is called chalkiness. In drawing, Turner was from the first at once bold, free, and accurate. In his later years he was reproached with sacrificing form to colour, above all to the exquisite atmospherical transformations which most of all enchanted him, for it is true that 'mist and vapour lit by the golden light of morn, or crimsoned with the tints of evening, spread out to veil the distance, or rolled in clouds and

storms, are the great characteristics of Turner's art, as contrasted with the mild serenity of the calm unclouded heaven of Claude.' (*Redgrave.*) Mr Ruskin defends Turner from the accusation of too great generalization until 'we try in vain to make out the minor forms in the masses,' by the counter-assertion that the effect is the simple and correct result of the grand rendering of space, or of the uncertainty in details which is always produced in nature by twilight, or by twilight's representatives in the gloom of storms and the dimness of masses of vapour.

Mr Redgrave denies the assertion that Turner is ever at one with the præ-Raphaelite landscape painters, who profess to render the landscape bit by bit, maintaining that Turner of all men had abundantly the far higher quality of selection, and that other quality of imparting mystery, with its suggestiveness, which is the poetry of art.

There is a somewhat comical illustration given in Mr Redgrave's book of the element of mystery or of incomprehensibility which certainly prevailed in Turner's mind. He was fond of affixing to his pictures long poetical quotations, taken in his earlier years from such known and intelligible sources as Thomson's 'Seasons,' Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' but latterly he resorted for his inspiration to an unpublished poem, which he named 'The Fallacy of Hope.' No man had ever seen the manuscript of this poem, and its contents must have been both startling and bewildering when they included such lines as those quoted on the 'Departure of the Fleet':

'The orient moon shone on the departing fleet,
Nemesis invoked, the priests held the poisoned cup.'

And those on the picture called 'The Fountain of Fallacy':

'Its rainbow dew, diffused, fell on each anxious lip,
Working wild Fantasy imagining;
First science in the immeasurable
Abyss of thought
Measured his orbit slumbering.'*

Mr Ruskin dwells with pleasure on the nationality of Turner, and argues that his finest work had English subjects, though his foreign travel solemnized and intensified his genius. The exceptions made are in the cases of France, where the scenery was less foreign, and was peculiarly suited to Turner's powers; and Venice—the city which he so glorified, because there he found not merely fine architecture but the solidity and space which he required.

Of Turner's colours, Mr Ruskin urges that the painter in forsaking conventional colouring 'went to the cataract for its iris, to the conflagration for its flames, asked of the sea its intensest azure, of the sky its clearest gold.' Mr Ruskin insists that the fieriest, and what on first glance may seem the wildest, of Turner's colours, in his last years, are warranted by nature. The critic gives his own experience in the following magnificent description:—

'It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and

* Redgrave.

breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half æther and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sun-beam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of the mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams, as the foliage broke and closed above it,

as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen,—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.'

He defends thus the colours of the later 'Napoleon.' 'There was not one hue in this whole picture which was not far below what nature would have used in the same circumstances, nor was there one inharmonious or at variance with the rest;—the stormy blood-red of the horizon, the scarlet of the breaking sun-light, the rich crimson browns of the wet and illumined sea-weed, the pure gold and purple of the upper sky, and shed through it all the deep passage of solemn blue, where the cold moon-light fell on one pensive spot of the limitless shore —all were given with harmony as perfect as their colour was intense; and if, instead of passing, as I doubt not you did, in the hurry of your unreflecting prejudice, you had paused but so much as one quarter of an hour before the picture, you would have found the sense of air and space blended with every line, and breathing in every

cloud, and every colour instinct and radiant with visible, glowing, absorbing light.'

Again, in seeking to prove the truth and power of the sky in Turner's 'Babylon,' which brings out, I think, another point of Mr Ruskin's praise—the element of infinity expressed in Turner's work, the critic defines the peculiar power: 'Ten miles away, down the Euphrates, where it gleams last along the plain, he gives us a drift of dark elongated vapour, melting beneath into a dim haze which embraces the hills on the horizon. It is exhausted with its own motion, and broken up by the wind in its own body into numberless groups of billowy and tossing fragments, which, beaten by the weight of storm down to the earth, are just lifting themselves again on wearied wings, and perishing in the effort. Above these, and far beyond them, the eye goes back to a broad sea of white, illuminated mist, or rather cloud melted into rain, and absorbed again before that rain has fallen, but penetrated throughout, whether it be vapour or whether it be dew, with soft sunshine, turning it as white as snow. Gradually as it rises, the rainy fusion ceases; you cannot tell where the film of blue on the left begins, but it is deepening still; and the cloud, with its edge first invisible, then all but imaginary, then just felt when the eye is *not* fixed on it, and lost when it is, at last rises keen from excessive distance, but soft and mantling in its body, as a swan's bosom fretted by faint wind, heaving fitfully against the delicate deep blue, with white waves, whose

forms are traced by the pale lines of opalescent shadow; shade only because the light is within it, and not upon it, and which break with their own swiftness into a driven line of level spray, winnowed into threads by the wind, and flung before the following vapour like those swift shafts of arrowy water which a great cataract shoots into the air beside it, trying to find the earth. Beyond these, again, rises a colossal mountain of grey cumulus, through whose shadowed sides the sunbeams penetrate in dim, sloping, rain-like shafts; and over which they fall into a broad burst of streaming light, sinking to the earth, and showing through their own visible radiance the three successive ranges of hills, and connect its desolate plain with space. Above, the edgy summit of the cumulus, broken into fragments, recedes into the sky, which is peopled in its serenity with quiet multitudes of the white, soft, silent cirrus; and under these, again, drift near the zenith, disturbed and impatient shadows of a darker spirit, seeking rest and finding none.'

However correct the statement may be, that Turner was from the first appreciated and valued among artists, there is no doubt that it has been the passionate eloquence of Mr Ruskin, admitting that it may exaggerate and allow of too little reservation, which has fully aroused the world without to the extent of the genius which, in so strange and rough a form, walked among us, and to the munificence of Turner's gift to the nation.

The disputed question now is—not the merit of Turner

as a great painter, but the period when that merit culminated. Some will have it that his very best works were his earliest and soberest; some, that his first divergence into an entirely original and beyond measure brilliant as well as nobly thoughtful style was glorious, but that he lapsed from it, in his last decade, into an indefensible license and a very madness of art. While Mr Ruskin writes: 'Assuredly, as Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fade from his work, and a deep, imaginative delight and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in nature, take their place. It is true,' the writer adds, 'that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not, as in his middle period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish or to defy his critics.' Mr Ruskin also admits that, though in most respects this, in his judgment, is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline; and concludes, 'I consider, therefore, Turner's period of central power entirely developed and entirely unabated, to begin with "Ulysses," and close with the "Téméraire," including therefore a period of ten years exactly, 1829—1839.* Marking the different stages of Turner's art, are the famous pictures of the 'Bay of Baiæ,' exhibited in 1823; 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' exhibited in 1829, of which I give Mr Redgrave's description: 'Far in the

* Notes from the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House, 1856-7.

East the morning is breaking, the horses of the chariot of the sun spring wildly upwards with the "car of day," the luminary is just rising above the blue hills that bound the ocean's shore, flinging a fan of radiant beams up the vault of heaven, whose arch is underhung with fleecy clouds Here and there are openings into the far blue depths beyond, and flitting like birds with golden plumage athwart the space, are several cloudlets tipped with the gold and purple hues of morn. On the other side of the picture, the gilded galley, in which the hero and his friends escape, is just standing out of a dark cove in the mountain chain. Ulysses is on the poop with hands uplifted, shouting derisively to the blinded giant, while his companions, thickly clustered on mast and yard, unfurl in haste the vast sails, and one by one the red oars are thrust forth from the vessel's burnished sides, ready to sweep away from the inhospitable shore, and out of reach of the missiles the monster may hurl after them. The undulating sea, dyed by the rising sun to golden green, reflects on its burnished waves the galley with its flags and pennons, the brawny sailors and the creamy sails. The nymphs of the ocean sympathize with the island hero, and gambol round the vessel's prow, while shoals of flying fish herald his way from the dangerous shore. On the beach, he has left the fires still burning, in which the sharpened stake was heated, and far above, on a steep promontory of rock, the wounded monster, dimly seen, large in the purple mists of morn, "lies many a rood" bellowing and

writhing in his agony, so that the ravines echo to his groans. The snowy mountains, whose tops are mingled with the amber sky, shake with the sound, and roll their avalanches to the plains below.'

Belonging to Turner's later periods are the 'Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up,' exhibited in 1839, and the Venice pictures of 1844 and 1845. All are in the National Gallery.

Once when I was in a small provincial town in Scotland, one of the houses of which was said to be enriched by the presence of a 'Turner,' I went with a friend to see the supposed gem. We had not sufficient skill to satisfy ourselves whether the picture was a real Turner or only a clever copy from a great original, but I remember yet the strange splendour which even a copy of Turner's grand, gorgeous effects introduced into the otherwise direly dull and prosaic room of the rich tradesman, where the heavily handsome furniture had for relief in books, nothing more imaginative than a whole pile of yearly volumes of Oliver and Boyd's Almanacs.

As an instance of the great popularity which Turner's works have attained, I may mention some of the prices fetched by pictures which he sold for two hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty pounds. The picture 'Antwerp, Van Goyer looking out for a subject,' two thousand five hundred and ten guineas; 'Wreckers,' eighteen hundred and ninety guineas; 'Venice—the Campo Santo,' two thousand guineas, &c. &c.; while such

drawings as 'Scarborough Castle, boys crab fishing,' and 'Woodcock Shooting,' brought five hundred and twenty, and five hundred and ten guineas.

Sir David Wilkie was born in the manse of Cults, Fife-shire, in 1785. His father was a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and parish minister of Cults, one of the smallest parishes in the Kirk; nevertheless the minister on his slender income married three times, and the painter was a son of the third wife's. The 'Kingdom of Fife,' though it has many a picturesque coast-scene and pleasant inland nook, though it boasts the fair old palace of Falkland, the ancient Abbey of Dunfermline, and the fine ruins of the Cathedral at St Andrews, with quaint, dismantled keeps, in company with secluded farm-houses scattered broadcast over the shire, is not distinguished by bold and striking scenery among the counties of Scotland. Fife takes her stand on the adventurous spirit of her sons, which has made them conspicuous and potent far beyond her bounds. But if one had asked beforehand where in Fife would a great painter be found? the answer, surely, would not have been at Cults. For the tiny barn-like kirk and two-storied manse, plainest of buildings, are situated in a cold bare bit of moorland, too tame and minute to have anything of the breadth and freedom of the great moorlands, and with the low Lime Hills adding bleakness, but neither picturesqueness nor grandeur, to the landscape. Yet for a painter whose field was to be not rich meadows or savage rocks, but the humours of

men, those humours which belong to quiet, deep feeling, strong sagacity, and broad glee, that are to be found in their freshness rather under hodden grey and linsey woolsey, in yeomen and peasants' houses, than under purple and fine linen in the castles and halls of nobles—little, out-of-the-way Cults was not such a bad birth-place, after all.

Wilkie went as a boy to the village school of Pitlessie, and electrified schoolfellows, dominie, and all, by chalking a head on the floor. He also went to the grammar school of the neighbouring county town of Cupar, where my mother, in the old Scotch custom, which united boys and girls on the same school benches, was one of his school companions. But although she prized the distinction, she retained in after-life less recollection of the future painter than of a pretty gentle sister of his, named Helen, who was nearly the life-long companion of her brother, and whom he drew as the saucy maiden in that picture of 'Duncan Gray' (in the Kensington Museum), in which the father of Mulready the painter sat for the father of 'Meg,' and Mulready himself represented the canny 'Duncan.'

Young Wilkie's father, and his maternal grandfather, a douce and much-respected farmer and miller in the parish, who had set his heart on young David's filling a pulpit, naturally enough, in the state of art, and especially of Scotch art, at the time, was opposed to a son of the manse's adopting the vain and thriftless calling of a painter

But the decided bent of the lad and the quiet steadfastness of his character at last gained his wish. By the influence of Lord Leven, the great man of the neighbourhood, Wilkie was taken into the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, in 1791, when he was fourteen years of age. His gifts were found well nigh in a state of nature. At the same time, he had ere then filled at least one book with rude and inartistic sketches of every familiar object around him. I have seen a picture representing Wilkie as a young lad sitting before a mirror with one leg bared to the knee, while he drew intently from this 'living model.' I do not know whether the incident had any foundation in fact, or if it be found in Cunningham's Life of Wilkie, but it is in itself quite probable.

Wilkie left the Edinburgh Academy and returned to Cults in 1804, when he was in his nineteenth year. In his first attempt at painting on his own account, and at home, he hit, by a happy prevision, on the very vein which he was to work to such profit. Wilkie chose for his first picture the great yearly event of the parish, no doubt the great gala of his childhood, Pitlessie Fair, with its innumerable rustic interests and homely fun. In the very choice there was the individuality of genius, since the lad had been kept in his Academy studying the antique, with allegorical and historical art, or portrait painting, held up as the sole aim of his ambition. Of a species of genre painting Hogarth had, indeed, already afforded the best English example; but not only was

Wilkie removed from much association with Hogarth's works, which it was not the fashion of the day to turn to, but the young Scotsman early instituted a school of genre, distinct from Hogarth's, far less dramatic, deficient in the terror, if not in the pity, aiming at no vigorous moral, but cultivating 'the beauty of innocence instead of the hideousness of crime.'

'Pitlessie Fair' contained a hundred and forty figures, most of them likenesses of well-known 'characters' in the parish and neighbourhood. In order to get these likenesses, Wilkie, who knew that the originals would not sit for the purpose of his making an exhibition of their strong points and oddities, and afterwards coining capital out of the exhibition, was driven to keep his picture a secret in the manse, and to be guilty of the license of sketching his father's parishioners below the 'book board,' in the middle of the unconscious minister's homilies. When finished, and openly shown to the parish and neighbourhood, the picture excited great amazement and much laughter, mingled, I dare say, with some indignation at the sly satire of the minister's son—the young lad who had so lately been a bird-nesting 'carrick'—playing, little loon, among his staid elders, of whom he had thus lived to make game. It was kindly satire, nevertheless, and he had not hesitated to introduce members of his own family in the scene. My mother used to say that a group in the fore-ground consisted of Wilkie's grandfather giving a fairing to his grand-daughter, Helen

While wonderful for its glimpses of human nature, and as the work of a lad of nineteen, 'Pitlessie Fair' had, of course, many artistic defects. In spite of these the painter sold it to a neighbouring laird (by whose representative it was held afterwards in such high, if dubious, esteem, that consent was not given for many years, if ever, for the picture to be engraved) for what was then considered the fair price of twenty-five pounds. After painting a smaller picture, the 'Recruit,' and a few portraits, Wilkie, flushed by his success, sailed from Leith the following year, in order to finish his art-education and push his fortune in the great city of London.

Mr Redgrave pities the forlornness of the north-country lad of twenty-one landing amidst the rough wharf crowds. But London was not so strange to Scotch lads, nor they so scarce in it, as it might seem. About the same time that Wilkie went to London, another lad, the son of one of the ministers of the parish next to Cults, and who was intimately connected by marriage and friendship with the Rev. David Wilkie, went up to do his best to set the Thames on fire, and after being known as 'long Jock,' and 'plain John Campbell,' and drudging his day in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, was to mount the woolsack as Lord Chancellor. Most likely Wilkie, who remained to the last a leal Scotchman, had other Scotch comrades, apprentices to fortune like himself, started betimes to make their way to independence, if not to fame, in the capital.

Wilkie's way promised to be at first a very bright and prosperous way. Having taken lodgings in Norton Street, where Turner lived for a time, and become a student of the Royal Academy, in which Wilkie, a 'tall, pale, thin lad,' made himself conspicuous by his diligent study, he put into a window near Charing Cross his small picture of 'The Recruit,' and sold it for six pounds. He increased his finances—there was much need, for the minister of Cults was the father of a large family, and his stipend was but a hundred pounds a year—by painting portraits to enable him 'to pay for models, and canvas, and colours for pictures whose sale might afterwards be uncertain.' But the simple-looking, modest young Scotchman had a stout heart, as well as the high hopes and unshaken confidence of youthful genius. He was frugal and careful in his habits, and he was foreseeing and shrewd. He sent down to Scotland and borrowed from the Fife laird Wilkie's 'Pitlessie Fair,' and showed it where it might be seen by possible purchasers, in evidence of ability—already in the space of one short year far more trained and matured, while he worked manfully at his new picture. 'The Village Politicians' was so far bespoken by Lord Mansfield, though he had not consented to the moderate sum of fifteen guineas, which Wilkie had named as the price, before it was exhibited in the Royal Academy. The picture immediately won its due—high praise, and his brother artists urged Wilkie to raise its price. Lord Mansfield claimed it for the original sum at which he had

stumbled, but as Wilkie stood firm to his right to alter terms which had not been fixed, the noble Earl had to extend his support of art to the sum of thirty-five guineas. The painter was not yet twenty-one years, when he wrote in loving exultation to the keenly interested hearts wait ing for news, in the far away homely little Manse: 'My ambition is got beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud of David Wilkie.'

The 'Village Politicians' was followed in due time by the 'Blind Fiddler,' 'Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage' (a mistaken turning aside into historical painting), 'The Rent Day,' the 'Jews Harp,' &c. &c., until the 'Village Festival' was attained. This fine picture was sold to Mr Angerstein for eight hundred guineas, and is now in the National Gallery. Between 'Pitlessie Fair' and the 'Village Festival' there was an interval of five years in time, but the advance in art Mr Redgrave declares 'is almost that of a life-time.' Wilkie in his twenty-fifth year was assured of the fame which he had coveted, and already a year earlier, in 1809, he had been elected an associate of the Academy.

But his health began to show symptoms of the deli cacy of constitution which hung upon and clogged his future steps. So early as 1807, in his twenty-third year, when he was on a visit home, he had a lingering illness which kept him idle for months. In 1810 he was consulting London physicians on distressing evidences of

weakness, which ultimately baffled their skill, and he was again for several months unable to paint.

In 1811, when Wilkie was twenty-six years of age, he was elected a member of the Academy. The following year his father died, and his mother and sister came up to London to find a home with the son and brother at No. 24, Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington. The affectionate companionship of the women of his family was a great boon to a delicate man of domestic habits, who had shown no inclination to marry.

Wilkie had just before tried a private exhibition of his works, which as a money speculation proved a failure.

In 1814 Wilkie visited Paris along with his brother artist, Haydon, remaining five or six weeks in France; and in 1816 he visited Holland and Belgium, without showing himself on either occasion impressed as he was by his next foreign tour. In 1820, when Wilkie was thirty-five years of age, he painted his 'Reading of the Will,' for which he had a commission from the art-loving King of Bavaria. It formed then an almost isolated instance of a British painter being asked to paint for a foreign gallery. (*Redgrave.*) Wilkie visited Munich in 1826, and saw his picture, remarking of it with honest satisfaction: 'Its look and hue gratified me exceedingly; it looked rich and powerful, and remarkably in harmony with the fine specimens of Dutch art which surrounded it.' This picture is now hung among the modern works in the Pinacothek, where a countryman of Wilkie's, who

told me the story, when looking at the pictures on a fête day, was struck by the groups of Bavarian peasants that constantly gathered round one picture. On examination he found, with pride and pleasure—for he considered that the demonstration was a testimony to the presence in the picture of the magic touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin,—that the attraction was Wilkie's 'Reading of the Will.'

In 1816 Wilkie received from the Duke of Wellington a commission to paint a picture, which resulted in the famous 'Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo.' Wilkie's health failed in the course of painting the picture, and delayed its completion, but he was enabled to exhibit it in 1822, when it was acknowledged to be, what it continues to be held, one of his best works. So great was the enthusiasm of the public, which had but a few years before hung breathless on the war news, that 'the visitors to the exhibition had to be railed off from it, waiting *en queue* their turn to pass in front.'

Wilkie's 'Penny Wedding' and 'Blind Man's Buff' had found their way to the English Royal Collection, and in 1822 the painter received a commission from George IV. to paint a companion picture, which Wilkie desired to make 'John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation,' but, to meet the king's preference for a humorous subject, Wilkie substituted his 'Parish Beadle.'

In the same year Wilkie went down to Scotland to be

present at the great event of the king's visit to Edinburgh. On the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, he was appointed the king's painter for Scotland, and had his majesty's approval of a commemoration of the royal visit, by the picture of the 'King's Entrance of the Palace of Holyrood,' an unfortunate picture, which cost Wilkie much trouble, while it was, from its uncongenial subject and other causes, a decided failure.

In 1824 Wilkie's mother died; the first of a series of bereavements and losses which fell heavily on the painter. At this time, in spite of his fame and of royal and noble patronage, Wilkie was not earning more than six hundred a year. He had rendered pecuniary assistance to his brother James, and become his surety for a thousand pounds, which he was called upon to pay. James died the same year, leaving a wife and family; and his death was followed very quickly by that of another brother in India, who was also a married man and the father of children, for whom he had not been able to make an adequate provision. Wilkie's sister's promised husband also died; and, to complete the list of overwhelming family troubles, the failure of Wilkie's publishers, 'Hurst and Robinson,' was impending.*

Overcome by this accumulation of misfortunes, Wilkie's delicate health gave way to such an extent, that he was forced to go abroad for relaxation and change of scene, in 1825, when he was forty years of age. He remained

* Redgrave.

abroad for three years, visiting Italy, Germany, and Spain, the last then all but a *terra incognita* to artists.

During the earlier portion of his tour he was utterly incapable of painting, being seized with fits of giddiness and pain when he attempted to read or study. In Rome he was thrown into a fever of admiration by the works of the great masters. Before he left Rome he heard of the failure of his publishers, and wrote wistfully, 'with health I could surmount everything;' and he was already striving to make coloured sketches in the Sistine. At Venice he made the sad entry in his journal: 'Sent Mr Rice an order on Coutts and Co., for bills on Hurst and Robinson, amounting to one thousand seven hundred and thirty pounds and eleven shillings, the amount of my very heavy and hard-earned claims upon their house.' Thus the life which had begun so brilliantly was clouded over with disasters before middle age was reached. But Wilkie was a brave and much-enduring man—a man of whom my readers will soon learn, by comparing his conduct with that of a contemporary painter in adversity common to both, but so much the harder in Wilkie's case, that it was not provoked by any imprudence on his part, that he was capable of heroic though quiet struggles to surmount his difficulties.

At last the burden of ill-health was lightened; on his second winter in Rome, he was able to announce cheerfully, 'I have again begun to paint, this is an immense thing for me;' and thus beginning by painting 'three half-

hours in a day,' he painted three pictures. Deeply impressed by his foreign studies, and perhaps also influenced by his feebler health, he had adopted a new style, painting his pictures at once, without erasures or repetitions, and giving much less attention to details. He carried better health with him to Spain, entered with great animation and appreciation into the study of Velasquez's works, finding gratification in a likeness which he believed he detected in the treatment of the portraits of the great Spaniard, and that practised by his own countryman, Sir H. Raeburn. He painted several pictures, 'The Guerilla Council of War,' 'The Maid of Saragossa,' &c. &c., now in the English royal collection, and quitted the country with the declaration that the seven months and ten days passed by him in Spain formed the best-employed time of his professional life.

On Wilkie's return to England in 1829, the change in his style and in his subjects was met by much comment and severe criticism. With the bolder, freer style, he had directed his attention to a different class of subjects, having dignity instead of homeliness, and historical instead of familiar interest. It is hard for a well-known artist or author to change the style by which he has risen to celebrity, unless he is happy enough to do it anonymously, without provoking hostile comparisons. In addition, Wilkie seemed to have been misled by his sympathy with the great masters, in supposing that he had qualifications for their higher walk of art. In place of increasing

he lessened his reputation, by the transformation which passed over his art in his absence from England. Yet one is happy to write that he was able to retrieve his reverses. He painted good pictures in his new style—notably, his old fancy, 'John Knox Preaching the Reformation in St Andrews,' in 1832, bought by Sir Robert Peel for twelve hundred guineas; 'Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib,' commissioned by Lady Baird, for fifteen hundred guineas, in 1836; and 'Benvenuto Cellini and the Pope,' in 1840. In the portraits to which he now applied himself, he was, as a rule, not successful, though in some respects—among others the beautiful and expressive painting of hands—he distinguished himself. In 1830, Wilkie succeeded Lawrence as painter in ordinary to the king, and in 1836 he received from King William IV. the honour of knighthood.

In the autumn of 1840, when Wilkie was fifty-five years of age, while his hands were full of commissions, and he had recovered his earlier prosperity, if not his popularity, he suddenly started on a voyage to the East. His explanation of this step was, that, while he had been strongly affected by the religious art of Italy, he had been struck by the fact that none of the great Italian painters had possessed the advantage of visiting and becoming personally acquainted with the scenes of sacred history. He was convinced that a new and deeply interesting field awaited the painter in the Holy Land; and he hoped, by his example, to incite his younger countrymen to repair

at once to the localities of Scriptural events, when the great work was to be essayed of representing Scripture history. Mr Redgrave adds to this notice the conjecture that Sir David Wilkie might have experienced some disappointment in the reception which his later pictures had met, and might desire to win fresh laurels. After a prosperous journey to Constantinople, where he was delayed by a war in Syria, and where he improved the delay by painting the Sultan, Wilkie, by way of Smyrna and Beyrout, reached Jerusalem, and resided there five weeks, taking sketches and notes, finding himself much impressed with what he saw of the theatre of that awful drama with which he had been familiar from his earliest childhood in the Scotch manse. On his return to Alexandria he began a portrait of the Pasha of Egypt, but longed for home. He sailed from Alexandria, still enjoying the better health which had latterly been his portion; but at Malta, in consequence of eating fruits and ices, he was seized with illness, which was only partially subdued, and recurred with greater violence during the night before the ship left the island. Wilkie sank under the attack, and died within an hour of clearing the harbour, on the 1st of June, 1841, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. The vessel put back, but the authorities would not permit the body to be landed, and it was buried at sea the same evening.

Wilkie, as a man, was very upright and unassuming, 'slow to make promises, but careful to keep them when made,' kindly and sensitive. He is described as, like

many men of originality and power, deficient in the mere smartness which rapidly sees the point of a jest, and as sometimes electrifying his hearers by suddenly crying, 'Verra good, verra good,' long after the good saying which he was applauding had been forgotten by the rest of the company (*Redgrave*). After the fashion of quiet men, he enjoyed company to the extent of entering with good-humoured earnestness into the masquerade balls which he found at Rome and Madrid. He was a true Scotchman, showing his partiality for all that was Scotch with a perfect naïveté, which could hardly have given offence. Mr Redgrave offers two instances of this Scotchness. When Wilkie was on the hanging committee at the Academy, he was seen wandering for days, from room to room, lugging a picture and 'trying it in every conceivable place, in hopes of hanging it especially well.' 'Why do you carry that picture about?' asked a brother member. 'It's Geddes's,' answered Wilkie, naming a Scotch painter. But Wilkie had made a mistake, the painter of the picture was an Englishman, and when Wilkie discovered his error, he dropped his load, and left it to its fate. On the same occasion, his companions in office, returning after a short absence, found one of the rooms hung entirely with Scotch pictures on the line. 'This won't do!' they exclaimed, 'it is a perfect Scotland Yard; take it down, carpenter.'

In appearance, Wilkie was tall and gaunt, with a colourless complexion. He was not without a certain

long-headed, long-lipped resemblance to Sir Walter Scott, though the physique of the latter was in many respects entirely different, Sir Walter having been, in spite of the ailments of his childhood, robust and ruddy in youth, and somewhat heavy in age.

As a painter Wilkie stands at the head of modern British genre painters. It was his peculiar lot not only to inaugurate genre painting, except in so far as Hogarth had practised it, but to inaugurate it with the manly, sober attributes and racy humours of a whole nation, which, until Scott had rendered them familiar to the sister nation, had been overlooked or misunderstood. It was the broadly national characteristics which gave full scope to Wilkie's genius. At the same time he was a man of keen sympathy, of lively appreciation of character, and of habits of close and patient observation, which make such sympathy and appreciation available in art. He set the fashion of painting cottage interiors, in which, alas! many of his successors follow him only in laborious truth of detail, while they are ungifted with the humour and pathos which gave dramatic life to these scenes. In his best pictures, such as 'Blind Man's Buff,' 'The Village Festival,' 'Distraining for Rent,' Wilkie's drawing, grouping, and composition were all reckoned exceedingly good, while his colour was held very fine, rich, and mellow, as in the Dutch masters. In his life-size works his drawing seemed to fail him, and his composition to become confused. Like many English painters he used materials in

his art which have not stood the test of time, and some of his pictures are much cracked.

Here is Mr Redgrave's description of the 'Chelsea Pensioners.' 'In the midst of the roadway, seated at a deal table, are some of the Chelsea pensioners, smoking and drinking with their younger comrades of the line and of the guards. A hussar orderly has just ridden up with a copy of the *Gazette*, and one of the old heroes is reading it aloud to the group, who neglect the beer and the pipe to rejoice in the news of the glorious victory. On the left, a young soldier is repeating the news in the ear of a deaf and somewhat imbecile collegian, and beyond them a soldier of "the Blues" turns fondly to his wife, and raises his crowing babe triumphantly aloft—Peace is come! peace which will leave him awhile with those he loves. Above them a jovial group, from the windows of "the Duke of York," listen eagerly to catch the words of the reader. The composition is filled up with many figures—the negro bandsman, the one-legged veteran now turned civilian, the oyster-wife opening her luxuries for their delectation, the Scotch Highlander, and the figures that lead the eye away into the picture and the distance. The features of the background, while they are felicitously pictorial, are literally exact.'

Wilkie's 'Village School' is a subject treated even more characteristically. On a long low bench in the primitive school sit a row of peasant children, such children! redolent of humble life, instinct with individuality

At the end of the row sits the unhappy victim of tooth-ache, his face drawn and puckered with pain, his swollen cheeks swathed in flannel by careful mother or granny, and the ailing part pressed by one sympathetic hand. Next him, leaning forward with one elbow on his knee, and a hand grasping his chin, while the other hand holds his slate, is the young arithmetician glancing out beneath his bent brows and shaggy hair, but really seeing nothing as he mentally calculates a sum. Behind him, slightly in the background, stands the sulky dunce compelled to wear the badge of disgrace, the long conical dunce's cap. Two boys come next, engaged in joint mischief, and whispering behind a book held well up before the principal delinquent. A small scholar in petticoats, who wears a big pinafore down to the ends of his trowsers, sits below the plotters innocent of their machinations, engrossed and overcome by his own task, and ruefully rubbing one eye, preparatory to an outburst of childish sobs and tears. A very comical boy sits still farther down, clasping the seat behind him, under which one leg recedes in a peculiarly boyish fashion, and glances over the top of his book in the 'pawkiest' possible manner at the unseen master or mistress. A demure boy, holding his book tightly with both hands, and looking slyly out of the corner of his eyes, completes the row; a wonderfully vivid remembrance of what Wilkie might often have seen in Pittlessie school.

Benjamin Robert Haydon was born at Plymouth in

1786. He was the son of a bookseller, who claimed descent from an old Devonshire family. He was educated at the Plymouth grammar school (where he had a congenial companion in the future water-colour painter Prout), and apprenticed to his father; but having a passion for art, he resolved, against the wishes of his parents, on being a painter, and came up to London in 1804, when he was eighteen years of age, with twenty pounds in his pocket. He was, we are told, self-willed and self-reliant. In addition, his inordinate self-conceit was already developed. He aimed at revolutionizing and reforming art, by introducing a higher standard. He was another Barry without Barry's independence and consistency, and Haydon's fate was still more tragic than Barry's, for the gleams of success and good fortune which occurred in Haydon's case, and of which he might have availed himself, served but to present a broader contrast to his ultimate failure and destruction.

When Haydon came up to London he brought a letter of introduction to his townsman, Northcote, who, hearing his arrogant as well as confident aspirations, tried in vain to warn him. 'Historical painter! Why, ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under your head.' But Haydon, with constancy worthy a more modest and wiser man, would not be deterred from his course. He entered the Academy as a student, and had Wilkie for a fellow-pupil, and the following year Haydon set himself to paint a great picture. Which is greater—the pathos, or

the juvenile audacity of the statements of the lad of twenty on the occasion! 'On the first of October, 1806, setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting.' Having painted this picture, the subject of which was 'the Flight into Egypt,' Haydon, whose talents and theories were not likely to pass into obscurity from any want of assurance and pertinacity on his part in pressing their claims, dunned the authorities till the picture was hung. Content for the moment, and satisfied of the certain success of a work of whose immense superiority for a first picture, he did not hesitate to write many years later, he returned to Plymouth for a time, and practised portrait painting.

He had no want of sitters, nor of fair prices, at the rate of fifteen guineas a head, for the very vanity and self-assertion of the man were imposing, while his genuine enthusiasm for art was infectious. One is struck in reading Haydon's life, not so much with his reverses as with the fascination which he exerted, at different times, over many people, and at the fitful bursts of prosperity which that fascination, quite as much as any exhibition of his abilities, procured for him. Haydon's opinion of the portraits executed by him did not at all equal his conviction of his power as a historical painter. He calls them plainly 'execrable,' and only hugs him-

self on the desire to encourage him manifested by his sitters. Later in this matter of portraits, he is guilty of the outrage on honour and feeling of protesting that he had 'an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly;' he loved 'to see the sitters look as if they thought, Can this be Haydon's painting?' He chuckled. He was 'rascal enough to take their money and chuckle more.' But possibly Haydon, in his mad pride, made himself out worse than he really was, and this base malice was but a creation of his monstrous egotism.

On coming to London a second time, he got from Lord Mulgrave a commission to paint the 'Murder of Dentatus, at the moment when the old Roman tribune makes his last effort against his own soldiers, who attacked and murdered him in a narrow pass.' For the painting of this picture, which occupied him some time, Haydon studied closely the Elgin marbles, giving a very characteristic account of the origin of his study. Having gone to visit the marbles in company with Wilkie (no two men could have been more unlike than Haydon and Wilkie, yet a considerable intimacy seems to have existed between them), he saw at once that here were the principles which he had been struggling for in his first picture; 'here were the principles which the great Greeks, in their finest time, established;' and here was he, the most prominent historical student, perfectly qualified to appreciate these principles. He would draw from the marbles, according to his own account, 'for

ten, fourteen, fifteen hours at a time, holding a candle and my board in one hand, and drawing with the other, and so he should have stayed till morning if the porter had not put him out at twelve o'clock, when he went home benumbed and damp, his clothes steaming up as he dried them. He would spread his drawings on the ground, would drink his tea at one o'clock in the morning, look at his picture, dwell on his drawings, ponder the changes of empire, and pray to God to enlighten his mind to discover the principles of Divine things, and then he had 'inward assurances of future glory.' Alas, alas! for all this enthusiasm in which there was no moderation, and this reverence in which there was no humility. Lord Mulgrave invited the painter to his house, and Haydon was not above being dazzled with a vision of rank and fashion, and despised from that time the society of the middle classes. His own statement is that the upper ten thousand flattered and caressed him, which might well appear the fact to a man so inflated with his own importance.

When 'Dentatus' was finished, and sent to be hung, it need hardly be said that Haydon was furious at the picture's only getting a fairly good place in the estimation of his brother artists. Another check, which almost any other man would have felt more keenly, was that, though Lord Mulgrave paid Haydon two hundred guineas for the picture, the noble patron was cold in his praises, and even Haydon's friend Wilkie could not say much in the

picture's behalf. But if the whole world had stood cold and silent, Haydon would only have concluded that the whole world had conspired against him, who was more especially a victim of the jealousy and tyranny of the Academy, against which he now entered, like Barry, on a life-long feud, in which there were few truces. His ravings at the injustice dealt to him, and the persecutions inflicted on him, were like the ravings of a mad-man. His friends remonstrated and reasoned with him in vain, and in the end he consoled himself for the breach with the lofty assertion that otherwise he should never have won his 'grand and isolated reputation.'

Haydon's necessities were beginning to press upon him, and he was suffering from sickness, when, being twenty-seven years of age, living in a confined room, and 'using his blankets or his table-cloth for drapery' (*Redgrave*), he began his large picture of 'The Judgment of Solomon.' He painted, on one occasion, from ten in the morning till three on the following morning, and lived for a fortnight on potatoes, 'because he would not cloud his mind with the fumes of indigestion.' Inevitably he broke down, his eyesight failed, but at this crisis his picture began to make a noise. West, the benevolent, forbearing President of the Academy, whom Haydon had violently attacked, called for the malcontent, 'said there were points in the picture equal to anything in art,' and sent Haydon a cheque for fifteen pounds from his private purse. Such assistance Haydon, in spite of his overweening

pride and vanity, never scrupled to accept; nay, in later years, he solicited it unblushingly on all sides, considering it a fit contribution, due from those who possessed money, to art in Haydon's person. Lady Eastlake refers incidentally to the fact, that Haydon was so lost to proper feeling as to borrow money from a mere lad and a pupil of his own, in the person of Eastlake. At the same time, when large sums of money were actually earned by Haydon, he let them slip through his fingers with the most—not royal, but beggarly carelessness, never making the slightest attempt to retrieve his fortunes by denying himself every indulgence, and by retrenching every expense, except what could not be retrenched. In these respects, Haydon was totally unlike Barry, who could boast that he had never borrowed a sixpence from a private individual, and who had, from sheer frugality, in midst of much privation, contrived at one time to save four hundred pounds, which were stolen from him. The wild Irishman was the truer and manlier hero of the two rebels against discipline and destiny.

The 'Judgment of Solomon' was one of Haydon's temporary successes. It was exhibited (though not in the Academy), admired, and sold for six hundred guineas, while he had an additional premium of a hundred guineas from the British Institution for the work. He was raised from the depths to the clouds, paid his most pressing debts, and was again taken up by the great world, which perhaps made the lion of a day of poor Haydon, and the

members of which, for this as well as for other reasons, were bad associates for the painter. He further celebrated his victory by going with Wilkie to Paris, to see the treasures of the Louvre before they were partially scattered on the downfall of Napoleon. The 'Triumph of Solomon,' was ultimately bought by an old pupil of Haydon's, Landseer, and was shown as representing Haydon in the International Exhibition of 1862.

By the beginning of 1815, with his money spent, his creditors again looming largely in the distance, and not a sixpence ir his pocket, Haydon was engrossed with his next large picture, 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.' His friends urged him to paint smaller and more saleable work, and he commented indignantly, 'All my friends are advising me what to do, instead of advising Government what to do for me.' The same irrational experience was repeated, of long 'spells' of work, long fits of fasting, health failing, eyesight going, until, by the generosity of a friend, Haydon was established in a good house with a good studio, where he could again feed the fumes of his intoxicating pride from a false elevation. By the exhibition of his 'Jerusalem,' in 1820, Haydon, although he did not sell the picture for some time, and then at a comparatively small price, got seventeen hundred and sixty pounds, which did not defray his debts, but on which, as the promise of still greater things, he married, having now attained his thirty-fourth year, a widow to whom he had been attached for years, but who proved

powerless to arrest his ruin. He immediately set about another large picture on a canvas 19 feet long by 15 feet high, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' and, amidst harassing distractions produced by his needy circumstances, he completed this, perhaps the greatest of his pictures, and was exhibiting it with success (women being known to faint at the terrible reality of the picture), when a crash came—he was arrested, and the picture, for which he desired admission to the National Gallery, and a place beside Sebastian del Piombo's 'Lazarus,' that he might 'obtain justice from the world,' had to be sold for three hundred pounds. This was the beginning of the end. He was liberated from prison, found still liberal friends and purchasers—among them the king, and considerable sums of money continued occasionally to pass through his hands, but there was no help for a man who could not help himself by prudence and patience, and arrest followed arrest.

In 1835, after a hollow truce, his feud with the Academy broke out afresh; he was reduced to painting the portraits at which he himself sneered, and the small pictures which he had previously scouted, to supply his daily wants. He began also to deliver public lectures in art, and for several years secured engagements which ought to have relieved him, but which only served for a time to break his downfall. He had always looked forward to employment from the State, and had eagerly advocated the adornment of public buildings. When

the royal commission sat on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament Haydon confidently expected the appointment, and when it was offered for competition sent in his cartoon, which was rejected. According to Mr Redgrave's judgment Haydon was in this matter hardly dealt with. The work had been proposed and strongly supported by him, and he had special qualifications for it, which would have rendered his appointment a graceful and warranted acknowledgment of the painter's claims. In his deep disappointment Haydon appealed like a madman, and in vain, to be allowed, though rejected, to 'take the first brush and dip it in the first colour, and put the first touch on the first intonaco. If that is not granted I'll haunt every noble lord of you, till you join me distracted on the banks of Styx.'

The baffled and desperate man was reduced to painting for bread, chiefly repetitions of 'Napoleon at St Helena,' 'Napoleon in Egypt,' 'Napoleon in his bedroom,' of which he records in 1844, 'I have painted nineteen Napoleons, thirteen of them at "St Helena;" by heavens! how many more?' At least ten or twelve more followed, when, despairing of getting work from the Royal Commission, he resolved, in self-justification, to complete his designs for the House of Lords. He struggled on and finished two, 'The Banishment of Aristides—the injustice of Democracy,' and 'Nero playing on his Lyre while Rome was burning—the heartlessness of Despotism. Haydon attempted a private exhibition of these pictures,

but, unlike his former exhibitions, it proved a failure, and he lost a hundred and eleven pounds, with the poor consolation that his successful rival who was exhibiting in the same building, was General Tom Thumb. Haydon made this mocking, bitter entry, one of the last, in his diary, 'Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week, B. R. Haydon 133½ (the half a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people.'

The wretched painter was, in addition to the heavy difficulties with which he had been for many years struggling, wounded to the quick. 'Young men were selected for the work which he had made the ambition of his life, and he was contemptuously passed by.' The public refused to redress or even listen to his wrongs. He began his third design for the work he had lost, 'Alfred and the Jury,' and 'sat staring at his picture like an idiot.'

I have heard that in this hour of extremity Haydon wrote several despairing letters for pecuniary help, one of which was immediately answered, and a sum of money sent, and that the prompt answer came from Sir Robert Peel, who was then, as Prime Minister, in the heat of the great political convulsion caused by the passing of the bill for the repeal of the corn laws, and who was every night exposed to the fierce attacks of the Opposition, which were felt so acutely by a man of a sensitive and nervous organization that on one occasion he was, by the advice of his physician, bled before proceeding to the

House. Neither had the Premier's former relations with Haydon been altogether satisfactory. Sir Robert Peel had offered Haydon a liberal price for a picture painted on commission, and had been offended by the painter's expressing dissatisfaction with the sum.

But ready magnanimity and mercy were too late to deliver Haydon from the gulf, on the brink of which he had been long standing. On the 22nd of June, 1846, he made this ghastly grotesque entry into his diary: 'God forgive me! Amen. Finis, B. R. Haydon. "Stretch me no longer on the rack of this rough world," *Lear*,' and shot himself. It is a comfort to add that the doctors who were engaged in the post-mortem examination declared that Haydon's brain was diseased.

It is but just that there should be a full contradiction to the false assertion that Haydon was a martyr to high art. It would be far more correct to say that he was a martyr to his own excessive vanity and obstinacy. A man so high headed, wilful, and reckless, would have been a martyr in any line of art. The most complete refutation of the rash saying, is afforded by Haydon's own writings, which are published in Mr Tom Taylor's Life of the Painter.

As a painter Haydon's grave defects were those of the impulsive, undisciplined man who would not condescend to learn or to take pains, further than his own paroxysms of application implied. His work is considered to be coarse and unfinished, and often incorrect

even in spite of what he prided himself, his knowledge of drawing and anatomy. His merits were his grandeur of design, and in some instances his powerful colouring. Among his pupils were Eastlake, Landseer, and Lance, but they forsook his principles and did not walk in his footsteps. His influence, unless as a warning, is said to have been slight in art. Of Haydon's great picture, 'Lazarus,' with its twenty figures, Mr Redgrave has the following description before he proceeds to analyze the work:—'The moment and the action chosen by the painter for the Lazarus is in the text, 43rd and 44th verses of the xith chapter of St John: "and Jesus cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes." The grave-stone has just been taken away; the two men, by whom it has been removed, in violent action, and hiding their faces in their hands, draw back in haste and terror from the opened sepulchre. In the centre, contrasting with this action, Christ stands erect, the face calm, the body quietly poised, the right hand and arm raised above the head, as he exclaims, "Lazarus, come forth." Facing Christ, and occupying the left of the picture, Lazarus appears at the divine command, wrapt in white grave-clothes, and with his hands tears away the napkin bound about his face. Grouped immediately with Christ are the kneeling figures, Martha, facing the spectator, on his right hand; on his left, in profile, Mary, her feet extending quite to the front line of the picture. Behind her,

leaning forwards, stands St John with clasped hands, and in the extreme right a group of nine well-conceived figures. On the left, but retired, the mother and father of Lazarus fill the canvas between him and Christ; and the corresponding group on the right is made up of two Jewish priests.' *

William Etty was born in 1787 in York. His father was, 'like the fathers of Rembrandt and Constable,' a miller. He was also a baker of ginger-bread, which his wife sold. The industrious couple were Methodists,

* In Scotland a painter, who is held by Mr Rossetti to be a better painter than Haydon, pursued a similar career.

David Scott was born, in 1806, in Edinburgh. His father was an engraver. Young Scott was educated at the High School, made designs for books at an early age, and was enabled to visit Italy while still a young man. On his return to Scotland he devoted himself to high art, painting large pictures—among them 'Nimrod the Mighty Hunter,' 'Paracelsus the Alchemist,' 'Peter the Hermit addressing the Crusaders,' and 'Vasco da Gama passing the Cape,' which attracted much attention, but found few purchasers. Like Haydon, David Scott looked eagerly to the decorating of the new Houses of Parliament as an opening for high art, but as in the case of Haydon, Scott's cartoon of 'The defeat of the Spanish Armada' was rejected in the competition proposed to painters. The disappointment proved nearly as disastrous to the Scotch as to the English painter. Already worn in health, and broken in spirit by the long and unavailing struggle with public taste, David Scott sank under his last defeat, and died, in 1849, at the age of forty-three years. As a man he was truer and simpler in his devouring ambition than Haydon. His last picture of 'Vasco da Gama' was bought just when it was too late to cheer the heart of the poor painter by the sale, through the instrumentality of some friends, and placed in the Trinity House, Leith.

and brought up their family not only respectably but piously.

'My first panels on which I drew were the boards of my father's shop floor, and my first crayons a farthing's worth of white chalk,' wrote Etty long afterwards. William Etty—short, big-headed boy as he must have been, and clumsy and lumbering in his shy affectionateness, had no more regular education than what the acquirement of reading and writing involved, when in his twelfth year he was apprenticed to a printer in Hull. He fulfilled the full term of his apprenticeship—seven years, working long hours, from five in the morning sometimes till twelve at night, yet finding time to practise drawing, and not relinquishing the idea which had entered his deliberate, tenacious mind of one day being a painter. At the close of his apprenticeship, when he was nineteen years of age, Etty went up to London on the invitation of an uncle, who was, I think, a gold-braid merchant, and himself a clever draughtsman in pen and ink, and who was determined to afford the young man every opportunity of prosecuting his cherished views, while his kinsman's house should be a home to him.

Etty, in his honesty and modesty, gratefully recognized the benefits conferred upon him by this uncle, and by his brother, who was also settled in London; and they on their part were constant in their affectionate support of William Etty, and were no more disheartened than he was by the long apprenticeship which he was doomed to

serve to art, in addition to his apprenticeship to printing. Becoming a student of the Royal Academy in 'dear Somerset House,' as he was wont to refer to it, at the age of twenty instead of fourteen or fifteen, Etty showed his seniority not more by his earnest perseverance than by the pure delight he took in his studies. Yet his progress appeared for a time so gradual, that the younger students accustomed themselves to pity the mature enthusiastic scholar. Their pity went for nothing with him, he knew what was in him, and he proceeded to win the respect as well as the regard of his younger comrades, with whom in a boyish simplicity of his own, which lasted throughout his life, he did not disdain to be on perfectly frank and friendly terms, taking them home in little parties to drink tea with him, and chat over artistic interests in his lodgings. (*Redgrave.*) Oddly enough—for the two men and their works were very unlike—Etty was attracted at one time by Lawrence and his studio, and the uncle, who did not spare William Etty any advantage, enabled him to become, for a term, Lawrence's private pupil.

Etty began his independent efforts in his profession with marked and protracted want of success, and he is a lively illustration of the gain of perseverance. His trials for the Royal Academy's gold and silver medals unfortunately failed. Work after work of Etty's was refused admission to the Academy and to the British Institution, till 1811, when he was twenty-four years of age. Even after his

pictures were hung, neither honour nor opulence promised to be his—and that when young Wilkie had sprung to both at a bound—for nine or ten more years. But few heard any complaint from the plain, quiet painter, who lived economically, worked indefatigably, and bided his time, contriving, while he did so, to infuse into the friends who waited with him, his own patient confidence.

In 1814, supplied with funds by his brother, Etty, then twenty-seven years of age, fulfilled a long-cherished intention of going abroad, and visited Paris and Florence, but a slight accident to his knee, combined with a (supposed) fit of home-sickness, induced him to return to England within three months; perhaps he felt he had not yet earned a right to foreign study on the bounty of his brother.

In 1820, when Etty was thirty-three years of age, his 'Coral Finders' at last made an impression on the public. The year after, the splendid colour of his 'Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus' was a still more decided hit, and, according to Leslie, 'one morning he—Etty—woke famous, after the opening of the Exhibition.' He had also found a worthy patron in Sir Francis Freeling.

In the following year, 1822, Etty went abroad in good heart—he was still but thirty-four years—and remained for eighteen months, this time visiting Rome and Naples, as well as Florence, but making his longest stay, as was natural for him who was to be the great English colourist, in Venice, which he apostrophized as 'Venice the birth-place and cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my professional

life.' He made copies from Veronese, and studied in the Academy at Venice, of which he was elected an honorary member. On Etty's return in 1824 he exhibited his 'Pandora crowned by the Seasons,' which was bought by his old master Lawrence, and he was elected an associate of the Academy; four years later, when he was forty-one years of age, he was made a full member. After his membership he still sat among the students in the Academy's schools, and on an exception being taken to the practice as beneath the dignity of a Royal Academician, Etty declared bluntly that he would sooner resign his membership than his studies.

About this time he established himself in the house in Buckingham Street, Strand, which he continued to occupy for twenty-two years.

In 1826 he tried a much larger canvas in 'The Combat—woman Pleading for the Vanquished,' which was bought by his fellow-worker Martin (the painter of high art in ideal landscapes, and such historical scenes as 'Belshazzar's Feast;' a man of genius, but crippled in the expression of his imagination, so that its effects were turgid and exaggerated). Etty's next great work was his 'Judith and Holofernes,' forming a series in three acts after the manner of a triptych, the principal subject being in the centre, the two secondary subjects in wings. The series was bought by the Royal Scottish Academy, which has also his 'Combat,' and his culminating work, 'Benaiah —he slew two lion-like men of Judah.'

Besides his many small pictures, Etty painted in all nine large pictures, but in his 'Syrens,' and his triptych of 'Joan of Arc,' the last completed when he was sixty years of age, his powers, with his health, were rapidly on the wane. In 1848 Etty's asthmatic habit of body, which had prevented him from being ever a healthy man, became so much worse that he retired in his sixty-second year from active life, to enjoy well-earned repose in his native and much-loved city of York. The repose was not long, but, before the end, a hundred and thirty of his works were collected and exhibited in his honour at the London Society of Arts, 1849, a year after nis retirement, and the old painter, simple and unassuming as ever, came up to town to be present at the exhibition, and to receive from his friends the congratulations which 'moved' him much. William Etty died the same year, 1849, at York, in the sixty-third year of his age. He received from his townsmen a public funeral, when they laid him in 'a quiet corner of the churchyard of St Olave,' almost within the shadow of the old cathedral familiar to his boyish days.

Etty was in appearance short and stout, large-headed, and much marked with small-pox. Such a man may not at the first glance look a likely victim to the tender passion, but that is because the looker-on has not fully considered the subject. In reality the guileless and soft-hearted great painter suffered repeated disappointments of the heart, which luckily seemed to be as fleeting as

they were sincere and severe, while they lasted. He remained a bachelor.

Etty had made a moderate fortune of seventeen thousand pounds, increased by the five thousand pounds for which his sketches sold after his death, but this fortune was rather the result of his regular inexpensive habits than of the high prices of his works. His 'Combat' was sold by him for three hundred pounds, while the Scotch Academy has refused two thousand pounds for it. Etty in his biography thanks the Scotch artists for their encouragement in purchasing his epic pictures,* which he must have painted in the face of the difficulties of high art as great as ever in his day. In fact, Etty's merits were and are much more strongly recognized by artists than by the public. His passion for colour, particularly in flesh tints, led him to subjects which, while he was a man of perfect purity of mind, and even bent on connecting a moral with his work, were certainly open to objection. On the other hand, a stolid prosaicness in Etty, which accompanied his love of poetry and old classic story, caused him to treat his subjects in a very earthly manner. He is said to have had even a chivalrous respect for women, whose mere beauty he commemorated. The morals which he proposed for some of his great pictures were in the 'Combat,' mercy; in 'Judith,' patriotism, self-devotion to her country, her people, and her God; in 'Benaiah,' valour, &c. &c.

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

While Etty's drawing was sometimes just and fine, it was at other times exaggerated and affected. It is for the complete power which he possessed over colour in all its magnificence that he ranks as an English Titian.

Mr Redgrave thus describes Etty's 'Judith and Holofernes:' 'In the centre picture Judith is preparing to execute her terrible vengeance upon the destroyer of her kindred. She is alone with Holofernes in his tent. There he lies stretched naked in drunken impotence on his couch; the vessels of his carouse lie empty around. Judith, in the front, stands appealing for help to her God. Perhaps the attitude may be taxed as statuesque; but consider the terrible moment represented! At the risk of her own life, and of her maiden honour, dearer to her than life, she has vowed to rid her people of their malignant enemy. The moment of the attempt is come; the sword of the victim is in her raised right hand, the left gradually gathers his long black hair in her grasp, that she may strike more steadily and more surely; the slightest cry—a groan even—the writhing of her victim in the death-struggle, may bring the watching soldiery upon her: a thin wall of canvas only is between them. She prays for help, and putting her trust in the Most High, gathers strength for the performance of her vow. Lighted by a lamp, the gloom of the tent looks obscure and terrible. Rich arms are grouped around, steel and gold inlaid; the hangings, the fruits and golden vessels of the banquet, the spread skins of the tiger and the bear, the dim blue sky of the East,

seen out of an opening of the tent, with one lone star shining; these all tend to aid the richness of the colouring and the effectiveness of the grouping.

'On the right of this picture, the wing represents the episode of the maiden waiting for her mistress. It is as finely treated as the centre. The woman is alone amid the rude soldiery, who should have watched; but the Lord has sent on them a deep sleep. There they stand, leaning on their massive spears, sleeping beside the palm-trees under which the tent is spread. And, seated at their feet, her back towards them, unwitting whether they sleep or watch, is the pale, anxious, listening maid. Is the deed done? She hears a stir within the tent. Hardly does she dare to turn her head —her fingers rise to her lip with a spontaneous hush! Will the soldiers hear? Will her mistress succeed, or must they both die? The next moment will decide; longer delay would be as fatal as failure, for the morn is rising grey over the distant town, and the watch-fires pale in its light.

'And in the left-hand picture we see that the next moment has been decisive. Judith is rushing from the tent with the head of the oppressor in her grasp. The courage which supported her in the dreadful moment has partly given way with the completion of her intent. She rushes out past the sleeping guards; the maid starting to her knees, looks at her noble mistress as one inspired; as one whose deed shall be sung with

those of Deborah and of Jael, the deliverers of her race. In the next instant they will depart, guided by the star and the watch-fires to their mountain home.'

John Constable was born in 1776 at East Bergholt in Suffolk. His father was that rural dignitary, a miller, so favoured in being associated with painters. But the elder Constable was in a different position from Etty's father, being a man of substance and wealth in his way. He had destined his son for the Church, and when young Constable's vocation for art proved insurmountable, he was able to send him to London, and enter him as a student at the Academy. This was not however till 1799, when young Constable was twenty-three years of age. Three years afterwards he exhibited his first picture, and after trying historical painting, and wasting much time on portrait painting, for which he had no genius, but which was 'the only art which he found paid,' he discovered his true walk in landscape painting.

Though Constable's excellence was native and early developed, his progress to affluence and fame proved slow, up-hill work. His landscapes were an innovation on the old landscape practice, and it required the growth of a generation to appreciate them. He had to listen with what patience he could command to innumerable strictures from art authorities on the mistaken nature of his studies, and he possessed in his early days a gallery of fine pictures on his hands waiting for purchasers. This tardiness of appreciation on the part of

the public, with the preference given to less original and nature-loving landscape painters, notably to Calcott, though it did not impair the painter's strong and steadfast confidence in his own powers, nor turn him from his true course, doubtless served to sharpen a temper distinguished in later and more successful years by its sarcastic proneness to say 'the bitterest things in a witty manner.' (*Redgrave.*) It was not till 1819, when Constable was forty-three years of age, that he was elected an associate of the Academy, and he was not promoted to the rank of full member till ten years later, when he was in middle life. Ultimately he attained both opulence and distinction in his profession.

Constable never went abroad, nor did he derive a single picture from foreign sources, though he would admire the foreign masters of landscape, and would dwell on the beauties of Ruysdael, and on the nobleness of Titian's landscapes; if he showed himself limited in his sphere, it was, at least, thoroughly English, a quality which, in addition to his great merit, did not fail, at last, to recommend him irresistibly to his countrymen.

He dwelt for many years at Hampstead, but died suddenly in London, in a house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, in 1837, when he was sixty-one years of age.

As a man, Constable was independent and estimable, apart from his minor defects of temper and stinging speech. He found a warm friend and sympathetic biographer in his fellow-artist, Leslie.

While far inferior to Turner in variety and power, and in some respects decidedly behind Gainsborough, who with Wilson was the only predecessor that Constable had cared to follow, he was possessed of great merits, great in any day, and peculiarly great in his generation. He was a faithful as well as a fond student of nature, capable not merely of seeing the earth at his feet, but of entering into atmospheric effects, and of giving them as he saw them.

He had the advantage to which I have alluded more than once, sure to tell in the end on a nation strong for good and ill in national partialities, of being the most English of landscape painters. Wilson was Italian in his proclivities. Gainsborough, though intensely English in many lights, 'was not clear of the dark masters, and of the brown-tree school;' but Constable was English from beginning to end, his faults as well his merits were all English. The criticism pronounced upon him now is—that he was somewhat narrow and tame in his art vision, and that he exaggerated, if that were possible, the moisture of our climate even to an inveterate and slightly perverse addiction to rain-charged clouds and water-laden foliage. Thus, Mr Ruskin, while praising Constable's vigorous rupture with school laws, so far indorses Fuseli's old joke of calling on the Academy porter to bring him his umbrella because he was going to see Mr Constable's pictures, and stigmatizes the showery weather in which Constable delighted—but which missed alike

'the majesty of storm and the loveliness of calm weather,' as 'great-coat weather, and nothing more.' On the other hand, Constable painted with wonderful freshness and earnestness, and in a style quite his own; his 'warm grey clouds, with rifts showing the blue sky, his flying shadows,' and contrasts of darting sunbeams, with deep blues and emerald greens. One marked individuality of his treatment was that of painting not with the sun at his back, or to the right, or to the left, or sinking in 'a dreamy mist and glow,' as Claude, Cuyp, and Turner so frequently painted it, but with the sun not only out of the picture, but high over head and in front of him, so as to bring out the glitter and sparkle of white lights on his leaves. This, the conventional critics of his day, with their acquired taste for 'fiddle brown,' called derisively 'Constable's snow;' and once, when the painter was young, and so far submissive to his elders, Chantrey, who had been a painter before he was a sculptor, took the brush out of Constable's hand on one of the old 'varnishing days' previous to the yearly exhibition, and passed a brown glaze, by way of improvement, over the honest shine of the foliage, causing Constable's pathetic complaint that his would-be friend had 'brushed away' all his dew. (*Redgrave.*)

The England which Constable painted was the England of woodlands and meadow land watered by still, slow streams, diversified by rich corn-fields, with shady country-roads between, but not broken by more than a

rough patch of heath or ferny common. Of all counties and villages he loved his native Suffolk, and his own Bergholt, doting on 'every style, and stump, and lane,' and vowing that so long as he could hold a brush he would not cease to paint them. He had also a kindly and constant inclination to depict 'mills, and dams, and weirs,' which he attributed without hesitation to his early surroundings. Constable's truthful work, although it took time to make its way, produced a great effect on English and even on French landscape painting. A gold medal was awarded to Constable on the exhibition of the 'Hay Wain' at the Paris Exhibition of 1824. The great French landscape painter Troyon is said to have been indebted to Constable's influence.

John Crome, commonly called 'Old Crome,' to distinguish him from his son, who was also a painter, was seven years older than Constable, and was born, in 1769, at Norwich. He was the son of a journeyman weaver, and was born in a mean public-house. His education must have been of the most elementary and fragmentary character. At twelve years of age he was engaged as a servant to carry out the medicines of a Norwich doctor. John Crome was then a lively and enterprising lad, who was not content with his apparent destination in life, and having, it is said, a hankering after art in its humblest walks, apprenticed himself to a house painter. Getting on in his apprenticeship, and painting signs as well as houses, Crome associated himself with another Norwich

lad of a similar turn, and the two lads lodged together and employed their leisure in sketching and painting—when they were reputed so poor, that among the stories told of Crome's shifts, it is said that he manufactured his own brushes, and 'used his mother's apron as a canvas.' In one respect he was very fortunate; Mr Redgrave tells us that, destitute as old Norwich necessarily was of all modern advantages in cheap schools and railway communication, it yet retained its picturesqueness unimpaired; lanes, river, heaths, commons continued wild and untrimmed; 'the old labourer's cottage with its thatched roof, the farms with their rural homesteads, were scattered close round the city;' villas were not, but the sleepy river, as it wound its silver links through the green meadows, or 'stretched away towards the sea, widened into lakelets called "broads," and bore on its way, inland or seaward, the picturesque barges or wherries, as they were locally called, whose tanned sails, ruddy in the sunlight, contrasted so well with the green of the landscape.' Crome soon found a kind patron in a neighbouring squire, who was himself a painter, and had a small collection of Dutch paintings, which he made free to Crome. This gentleman procured the painter drawing pupils, who enabled him to support himself and his family, for Crome had married early. He found another friend in Sir W. Beechey, the portrait painter, a Norwich man, and originally a house painter, like Crome, whose house and studio were alike open to Crome when he visited London

Crome lived and died in Norwich, teaching drawing to the last, and, according to some accounts, only painting his landscapes in his leisure hours. He sent a few of his pictures for exhibition in London, but for the most part was content to exhibit them in his own town—the racy old society of which was, from the time of Sir Thomas Browne, distinguished for its patronage of literature. In addition, Norwich was the first provincial town to establish a society for the promotion of art with regular exhibitions.

Crome was fond of convivial company and of boating, and seems to have been altogether too pleasure-loving and easy-going, in times which fostered such weakness. He is said to have become dissipated in his habits, and to have been often forced to raise money on his unfinished pictures. He died at Norwich, after a short illness, which acted sharply on a constitution impaired by Crome's early work as a house-painter, at the age of fifty-two years, in 1821.

Crome's pictures, which were comparatively little known and valued in his life-time, were almost all of scenes in the neighbourhood of Norwich, and were distinguished for their broad treatment of simple subjects, their truth, and their 'sweet colour.' Mr Redgrave quotes Crome's 'Mousehold Heath' as an illustration of how small an amount of subject may be needed for a fine picture. 'A sky, a barren heath spreading away into the far distance, a bank in the foreground, with a few weeds

. . The sky is very luminous with grand rolling clouds, accidental shadows from which are thrown over the distance and the foreground, leaving the middle distance luminous, clear, and cool, though rich and full of colour. A few thistles and large weeds in the foreground, and some small figures going away into the picture, complete this interesting work; interesting from its painter-like treatment, certainly not from its subject.'

This characteristic picture had been bought and cut into two, to form two pictures, but was re-purchased and re-united, and is now in the National Gallery.

Patrick Nasmyth was born in 1786 in Edinburgh. His father, a pupil of Allan Ramsay's, was a good landscape painter.

The young Nasmyth early played truant from school to stroll and sketch in the fields. What education he consented to receive was had in his father's studio. From an accident received in boyhood to his right hand, he painted with his left hand. Another youthful misfortune was an illness which resulted in deafness. Thus disabled and thrown in upon himself, with a tendency to take refuge from his isolation in excess and low company, Nasmyth came to London when he was in his twentieth year, and immediately attracted notice by his works. The first which he exhibited at the Royal Academy was a romantic Scotch subject, 'Loch Katrine,' but it was by English subjects of the homeliest and most familiar rustic life that he won his name as a painter. These lanes and

hedgerows, bits of commons, and village streets, with the dwarf oak in its 'contorted limbs and scrubby foliage, in preference to other trees,' were the subjects which he painted with felicitous Dutch relish, as well as accuracy, which procured for him the somewhat cockney sobriquet of the 'English Hobbema.' Not unlike Morland in his tastes, Nasmyth was not unlike the English painter in a corrupted nature and miserable fate. He was reduced to paint merely to supply his necessities, painting to the last attack of influenza, of which he died in the middle of a thunder-storm, that he was raised up in bed at his own request to watch. His death occurred in 1831, when Nasmyth was but in his forty-sixth year. (*Redgrave.*)

David Cox, the water-colour painter, was born in 1783, in Birmingham. He was the son of a blacksmith, and having broken his leg when a delicate little lad, was presented with a box of colours and a supply of paper, in which he took such delight, that on his recovery his father sent him to a drawing school. He was afterwards apprenticed to a locket painter, but losing his master, he undertook to grind colours for the scene painters at the Birmingham Theatre. In time he rose to be a scene painter himself; then a teacher of drawing and painting in water colours, diligently studying nature and those old masters whose works he could command. Eventually he painted in oil as well as in water colours. From his mother, a sensible and pious woman, he is said to have inherited the discretion and firm principles which helped

to make his life, while laborious, honourable and successful. He lived at Dulwich, then a quiet village; at Hereford, from which he often visited London; at Kensington, and at last at the village of Harborne, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, where he died in his seventy-sixth year, in 1859. He is said to have painted in water colours after the method of Gainsborough and Constable in oil painting. He was master in his own department of 'light and shade, breadth, freshness, and breezy motion;' and especially fine in his representations of 'early summer and spring bloom.' (*Redgrave.*) Mr Ruskin, in defending Cox's apparently loose and blotted handling as the only means to his end, sums up that end thus: 'the looseness, coolness, and moisture of his herbage, the rustling, crumpled freshness of his broad-leaved weeds, the play of pleasant light across his deep-heathered moor or plashing sand, the melting of fragments of white mist into the dropping blue above.' *

* A recent biography of David Cox, by N. N. Solly, has supplied many pleasant particulars of the life of the 'patient, hopeful, humorous' painter. Among these particulars are his marriage to the daughter of the widowed landlady, whom his mother had found for him; his eking out his means by the fees for the teaching not only of drawing, but of bronzing on white wood in Chinese fashion, in an academy for young ladies, during five years; his rearing his young son as an artist; his love for Haddon, Derbyshire; his longing for and withdrawal into the country near his birthplace in his age, with his dauntless enterprise in then beginning the practice of painting in oil; and his annual visits to the Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coad, with the gatherings of devoted young landscape painters, whom his gifts and goodness drew around him; and finally, his going

Samuel Prout was born in 1783 at Plymouth, and as a child gathering nuts and blackberries was sun-struck, a misfortune which affected his health throughout his life.

He showed a boyish love of drawing, and was set by his schoolmaster to make pen-and-ink sketches of his cat. As a lad, he was the companion of his townsman Haydon, as I have already mentioned, and went with him on sketching expeditions. An accidental association with Mr Britton, who brought out 'the Picturesque Beauties of England,' turned Prout's attention from shore and river scenery to the old architecture with which his name was to be intimately connected.

After lodging with Britton for the purpose of studying during two years in London, 'St Keyves Well, Cornwall,' was Prout's first work exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1804, when he was twenty-one years of age. From this time he maintained himself largely by teaching as well as painting in water colours, writing several manuals on the acquisition of his art.

Prout became a member of the Water-colour Society in 1815, when he was thirty-one years of age, and when his reputation was fast rising. The popular use of lithography greatly facilitated his career, and enabled him to publish his views in France, Switzerland, and Italy, &c. &c. The subjects for which Prout was celebrated as a painter were, after he went abroad in 1818, in search of

down to Scotland four years before his death, in order to have a subscription portrait of him painted by Watson Gordon.

health, Norman Cathedrals, and busy market-places, with their quaintly-dressed peasants and their glowing, vivid piles of fruit and vegetables; subsequently he added Venice and the other old Italian towns, with those of Germany and Bohemia, to his stores of subjects. He rarely introduced trees into his scenes. The marked exception to his usual class of paintings was his 'Indiaman Ashore,' exhibited in 1819, and supposed to be a reminiscence of the 'Dalton,' wrecked in Prout's boyhood on the rocks off Plymouth, and sketched at the time both by Prout and Haydon.

After suffering from prolonged bad health Prout died at Camberwell in 1858, at the age of sixty-eight. (*Redgrave.*)

Prout is said to be 'like Roberts' in water colours. His style was rather 'large and simple' than closely imitative. His great charm lay in a keen perception of the distinctive aspect of a scene, and in an unfailing sense of the picturesque. But Mr Ruskin combats the idea of picturesqueness being Prout's great merit, and urges—'we owe to Prout, I believe, the first perception, and certainly the only existing expression of precisely the characters which were wanting to old art; of that feeling which results from the influence among the noble lines of architecture, of the rent and the rust, the fissure, the lichen, and the weed, and from the writing upon the pages of ancient walls of the confused hieroglyphics of human history.'

CHAPTER V.

FRENCH ART—DAVID, 1748-1825—ISABEY, 1767-1855—INGRES, 1781-1867—GERICAULT, 1790-1824—VERNET, 1789-1863—DELAROCHE, 1797-1856—ARY SCHEFFER, 1795-1858—TROYON, 1813-1865.

LOUIS DAVID was born in Paris, in 1748. He was reared under the guardianship of an uncle who was an architect, and who destined the lad for the same profession, but in the mean time he attracted the notice of the court painter of the day, and was, at his request, placed in his studio, and thence transferred to the studio of a more regular teacher of painting. Louis David was eccentric always, and his mind seemed to share in a degree the distortion of his person, for the painter was mis-shapen in body. Because he had tried repeatedly and failed, in a great measure because of his own scorn for rules, to get the highest honours from the Academy, David, in a frenzy, threatened to starve himself to death. After his mad and bad project had been frustrated, and he had gained the prize he had coveted, he started with his master for Rome, and remained ardently studying the antique in Italy, during five years, in the course of which

he painted his 'Plague of St Roch.' On his return to France his style presented an entire change, from that which had been marked by the flimsy prettiness of Watteau and his followers. Not only so, the severe and spasmodic classicism which David re-introduced has always held, whether in painting, literature, or politics, for the impressible French nation, a peculiar charm, with which other styles and tones of thought, romantic and realistic, have constantly to renew their rivalry. David, on his return to the stern simplicity of ancient art, was welcomed with open arms; he was made a member of the Academy, and lodged in the Louvre, and when he went to Italy a second time, after his marriage, and returned with his picture of 'the Horatii,' in what proved the popular enthusiasm, Louis XVI., by a subtle coincidence, ordered from the young painter a companion-picture which should be that of 'Brutus.'

Immediately afterwards the revolution broke out, and David, plunged into the political excitement of the moment, was elected a member of the Convention, and was an active party in the condemnation of his former royal patron. Over such a morbid nature as David's, indeed, the awful intoxication of the period must have exercised triple power. He was in the Reign of Terror with Robespierre, and was its willing painter. Twice David was himself thrown into prison, and on one occasion, at least, he owed his release to the homage which the wildest of the 'bonnets rouges' paid to art in David's person.

Under the First Consul and Emperor David returned to his studio, and became as fervent a follower of Napoleon as he had been a fierce republican. He was rewarded by being the painter of the Empire, as he had been that of the Republic, the artistic master of its splendours, and, along with Vernet—the battle-painter, the enthusiastic delineator of Napoleon's victories, and of '*Le petit Caporal*' in every attitude of triumph. And to Napoleon personally David showed a dogged fidelity—remaining shut up in his studio when the allies entered Paris, submitting, because he could not help himself, to the Duke of Wellington's visit to the studio, but refusing haughtily to paint the conqueror of his imperial master.

With the final restoration of the Bourbons David was banished from France, and his name erased from the roll of the Institute. He took up his residence at Brussels, and spent there a long exile, during which he employed himself in painting. His friends in France had a medal struck in the painter's honour, before he died in 1825, in his seventy-eighth year, exclaiming in his last moments with reference to his painting of 'the Thermophyles' with characteristic arrogance, 'no other but myself could have conceived such a Leonidas.'* Nearly ten years afterwards his sons solicited of Louis Philippe permission to bring back the exile's body and give it a French grave. They were met by a refusal. The circumstance was the occasion of one of Béranger's lyrics.

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

David's aim was the restoration of the Greco-Roman school with its classical severity and exaltation of form.

A very different painter from Louis David, but one who was equally associated with Napoleon, was Isabey, the accomplished miniature and water-colour painter. Jean Baptiste Isabey was born at Nancy in 1767. He went to Paris in 1786, and painted lids of snuff-boxes and coat buttons. Towards the close of the reign of Louis XVI., he was presented at Versailles, and had a commission to paint a medallion portrait of Marie Antoinette. After the revolution he was introduced to the Buonaparte family, and painted a portrait of 'General Buonaparte at Malmaison,' which was much admired. Eventually Isabey was appointed *peintre de cabinet* to the Emperor, and director of the Imperial fêtes and assemblies. In the former capacity he painted upwards of two hundred miniatures of Napoleon to be given away, as presents, yearly, receiving five hundred francs for each miniature. In 1814 he painted miniatures of the strangers of distinction in Paris, not being withheld from the work by any sympathy with David's scrupulous fidelity to his master. Isabey was even sent by Talleyrand to paint the portraits of the members of the congress of Vienna, of whom he made a large-group picture. He was *peintre de cabinet* to Charles X., and honorary conservator of the public museums under Louis Philippe. At different times Isabey painted most of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe. Isabey died a veteran artist in his eighty-ninth

year, in 1855. His miniatures, full of taste and talent, are still much prized, and when exposed to sale continue to fetch considerable sums of money. Isabey's son is a clever French marine landscape painter. (*Ottley.*)

Jean Dominique Auguste Ingres was born at Montauban in 1781. He was the son of a painter who was at the same time a musician. Young Ingres studied the violin to such purpose, that at the age of thirteen years he took part in a concert in the theatre of Toulouse at a festival held in honour of the King's execution. At sixteen years Ingres entered the school of David, and no longer thought of music as a profession, though he remained a violin player, for his own delectation, to the end of his days. Ingres very soon became David's best pupil. He and the old painter Greuze were both commissioned to paint the First Consul, who declined to sit for his portrait, so that the only opportunity for obtaining a particular likeness of him afforded to the painters, was the chance of observing him as he passed through a gallery at St Cloud. But the great man also observed the painters, and said to one of his officers—'Are these the painters who are to paint my portrait? H'm! as to this one' (staring at Ingres), 'I consider him too young; as to that one' (staring at Greuze), 'he's too old.' (*Hamerton.*)

Ingres went to Rome in 1806, when he was twenty five years of age, and remained there fourteen years, till 1820 when he was in his fortieth year. For the next

four years he lived in Florence, and in 1824 he returned to Paris, and opened an atelier for pupils. Mr Hamerton has explained to the non-initiated that the French atelier of any great master is not the private atelier or studio where that master works, but another atelier hired by him and given over to his pupils, with the understanding that the master will visit it, at stated periods, and give each pupil the benefit of the master's opinion on the progress of the pupil's work; an opinion which, as it is delivered publicly in the hearing of the other pupils, clustering, in turn, round each easel at which the master stops in his progress through the large room, is beneficial to all. The defect of the system is said to be the utter absence of discipline during the intervals of the master's absence, and the scenes of noise and disorder in which the young painters have to paint.

During his long residence abroad Ingres produced many historical and religious pictures from Greek, Roman, and French history, and from the lives of the saints, among which was his 'Vow of Louis XIII.' His countrymen received him back with acclamation; he was made member of the Institute, appointed professor in the school of the Fine Arts, and had the Cross of the Legion of Honour bestowed on him. In 1827 Ingres painted his 'long circular composition,' the 'Apotheosis of Homer,' for the ceiling of the Louvre, which his admirers have regarded as one of his master-pieces.

In 1829, when Ingres was in his forty-ninth year, he

went again to Rome to fill the post of director to the French Academy there, and continued in the congenial city of the Cæsars and of the triumphs of Michael Angelo, till 1841, when the painter again returned to his native country, a man of sixty years of age, but still not near the end of his long and illustrious career.

Ingres married twice, and Mr Hamerton tells us * how much the first Madame Ingres did to secure to her husband the uninterrupted tranquillity which was so helpful to his success in art; how she transacted all the business part of the sale of the portraits in pencil, by which, while he was still a poor and unknown man, he had to maintain himself and his household; how she stood between her husband and his employers, taking upon herself the worry of such details, and guarded his privacy and his precious moments of time. I am sorry to have to add that Mr Hamerton also records that Ingres, in spite of his wife's generous wisdom in throwing herself into the breach in his affairs, was, 'like other men who have been obstinately devoted to a single idea,' 'personally disagreeable.' All the portraits of him convey this impression; they have a look of bad temper, which may be nothing more than 'an extreme development of will.' The same authority has the idea that Ingres' success was due to 'extraordinary will,' and not to extraordinary intellect; that his gift had been developed by 'intense labour, and owed much of its development to its extreme narrowness.' The

* *Contemporary French Painters.*

secret of success in this instance being 'concentration, and the patience to hammer for sixty-five years on one nail.' That Ingres was very successful even in a worldly point of view, is proved by the fact of his long list of honours—as 'senator; great officer of the Legion of Honour; knight of the order of civil merit, Prussia; commander of the order of St Josephe of Tuscany; knight Grand Cross of the order of Guadaloupe; member of the Institute of France, of the academies of Florence, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Berlin, Vienna; and that he lived to see a picture of his sold for £3680.' (*Hamerton.*) Ingres died in 1867, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

Ingres' artistic faculty was absorbed in the classical school of painting; indeed he recognized no other school. He was as thoroughly, though less outwardly, Greco-Roman in intellectual bias as those fellow-pupils of his in the school of David, whom Mr Hamerton describes as promenading the streets of Paris towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the one instance, with bare sandalled feet, blue mantle, and white tunic; and in the other, in a complete Phrygian dress. In any other country save France, Ingres would have been struggling hopelessly against the stream; even in France, where classical proclivities have once and again predominated, he had to submit to see a considerable re-action, and to form one of a highly respected school, but by no means the only school of French art.

His great historical paintings, which show the hand of

a master, are also hard and artificial; but the last term is in no sense a reproach to Ingres' work, for his aim was not nature, but art, high art; and the landscape introduced into his pictures, in order to be in keeping, is rendered studiously artificial, just as my readers can understand that there are poems in which the descriptive passages must needs give back such enchanted rocks, woods, and waters, as may suit the light that 'never was on sea or land' of this earth.

Among Ingres' great paintings are his 'Œdipus,' 'Stratonice,' and 'Vow of Louis XIII.'

Jean Louis Géricault and Eugène Delacroix led the French re-action against classical painting, and formed the romantic school which is said to have had its origin in the poetry of Goethe, Scott, and Byron. Jean Louis Géricault was born at Rouen, in 1790, and was the pupil, first of one of the Vernets, and afterwards of Guèrin, who was a distinguished pupil of David's, and of the extreme classical school. Géricault, however, rebelled against classicism, and entered his best protest against it in his great picture of a shipwreck, 'The Raft of the Medusa,' which is now in the Louvre. He painted this in assertion of his own instincts, and in defiance of the fiat of his master, who had pronounced Géricault incapable of painting. 'A state of isolation' his position is justly defined, and it might have also been called a state of mutiny till he accomplished his protest, and enlisted a crowd of followers on the side of simple, and natural, if too physical power.

His picture has come to be regarded as 'one of the principal attractions' of the French portion of the gallery. The results of the terrible shipwreck with its living and dead victims are only too signally effective, and seem made to shake, if not to overthrow, traditional art. They are like the rough expression of the living present, beside the most scholarly fruit of the dead past. Géricault was not thirty when he painted 'The Raft of the Medusa;' he died five years after its exhibition, when he was only thirty-four years of age.

Horace Vernet, or Emile Jean Horace Vernet, was born in Paris, in 1789. He was the son of a race of painters, like the old families of the Caracci, the Bassani, or the Holbeins. He may be said to have been born a painter, and to have taken to it as other children take to play. When he was but eleven years he drew a tulip, for which he was given twenty-four sous; and when a lad of thirteen, the famous battle-painter of future days was able to earn his livelihood by painting. At twenty, by his father's advice, in order to deter him from a military career, young Vernet married, and took upon himself the cares of a family, and he contrived to make, in his own way, progress, and to prosper through great political changes, and a long life. As early as 1814, when he was a young man of five-and-twenty, he received from Napoleon I. the Cross of the Legion of Honour; before he was forty he was elected a member of the Institute. Two years later, in 1828, he was appointed Director of the

French Academy at Rome, in which he resided for nine years, and then returned to France. In 1844, when he was yet in the prime of life, his daughter was married worthily to another great French painter, Paul Delaroche, but her death in the year after her mar riage threw the first heavy cloud over the genial temper of her father.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1855 Vernet was awarded a Grand Medal of honour. He had exhibited on the occasion twenty-two pictures, including several of his most famous battle-pieces.

Vernet was a typical Frenchman, brave, frank, kindly, good-humoured, and innocently vain, with immense powers of work, and a wonderful memory, to which he trusted, in place of subjecting himself to the restraint and delay involved in the use of a model. He painted well, with peculiar rapidity, so that 'the public had hardly finished reading the last news of the combats when the artist (returned in many cases from witnessing the scenes) had placed them on the canvas, and offered them to the popular gaze.' He was fond of the soldiers whom he so often painted. They would call him 'Colonel,' a title which he liked, and to which he had the claim of, being a Colonel in the National Guards. He was thus enabled to appear in uniform on occasions.

Besides his battles of the great Napoleon, Vernet illustrated Louis Philippe's war in Algiers, and the other military events of the Citizen King's reign, in a series of

pictures, for which a whole gallery, called the Constantine Gallery, at Versailles, was reserved. The painter worked on great canvases, the largest of modern times, almost as large as Tintoret's, laying every detail on his canvas at once, and 'where his brush had once been there it went no more.' He was said to be perfectly independent of interruption in his work, which he could do amidst 'any amount of disturbance.' 'His studio was a regular lounge, where idlers chattered and smoked, and fenced and sang, and played or brayed the French horn all day long.' The explanation given is, that in Vernet there was no aspiration.

Horace Vernet died at Paris in 1863, in his seventy-fifth year.

Vernet properly belonged as little to the romantic school as to the classical school. He was more of a realist. He had great talents rather than genius, being notable for a certain kind of imagination. 'He had well-developed technical ability; a store of knowledge of men and animals—of the horse, above all; the faculty of grouping very cleverly large bodies of men; a genuine sympathy with, and an inexhaustible animation in, the representation of martial action, which were calculated to make his pictures very effective. He was not a good colourist, as an habitual modern battle-painter could hardly be. He had little perception of, or desire to portray, individual character in fine and delicate details; these were foreign to the practical salient fire of his general traits.' It seems

a true criticism of Horace Vernet's work, that which considers it, able and vigorous as it was, but a 'commemoration of military events,' 'an art for barracks.' (*Hamerton.*)

While in Rome Horace Vernet forsook, for a season, the representation of battles, in which his soul delighted, and painted his 'Raphael and Michael Angelo meeting on the steps of the Vatican,' in which he introduced his daughter, who married Paul Delaroche, in the character of a Roman peasant. This picture, with some of Vernet's finest work, in the 'Barrière de Clichy,' and the 'Massacre of the Mamelukes,' was lodged in the Luxembourg.

It could not be in reference to the picture of Vernet's which represents 'Joseph Vernet (the grandfather of Horace, if I mistake not) lashed to the mast of a vessel, and sketching a storm,' but in reference to another picture of a total wreck, that an anecdote is told of Horace Vernet's craving for accuracy, and of the readiness of resource by which he gratified it. The painter wished to represent a shipwrecked sailor reduced to his shirt, and drenched with spray, clinging to a fragment of a wreck, but he could not be satisfied that his art was giving the soaked and clinging linen, as he is said to have been in the habit of giving, with curious fidelity, the folds and creases of regimental cloth. In his difficulty he induced a younger brother to divest himself of the necessary clothes, to mount and stretch himself on a temporary erection of sparred wood, and to submit to be plentifully

watered at intervals from a watering-can, till the painter was convinced that he had caught the dank limpness of wet linen.

Vernet was never particularly successful when he departed from his native element in art, which may be held to include his 'Mazeppa;' and he was least successful in sacred art. His battles of 'Jemappes,' 'Wagram,' of the 'Taking of La Smala of Abdel Kader,' with such pictures as his 'Dog of the Regiment,' and his 'Wounded Trumpeter,' are his really representative works.

Paul Delaroche was born at Paris in 1797. His baptismal name was Hippolyte, but he was called by his family Paul, and from the year 1827 his signature to his pictures was Paul Delaroche—a signature now become world renowned. His father was an official valuator of the works of art offered to the Mont-de-Piété, while his uncle was curator of the engravings in the Paris library, so that the lad breathed early an atmosphere of art. The effects of such an atmosphere were shared by an elder brother, who, along with Paul, sought to be a painter, and with regard to this brother's right of choice, Paul decided to confine himself to landscape painting, but the early abandonment by Jules Delaroche of the profession of art, enabled the true painter, Paul, to widen his field indefinitely. Finally he fixed on historic art as his career, and entered the atelier of Gros, a well-known leader of the classic school.

While still a pupil of Gros's, Delaroche received

a commission from the Duchess of Orleans, the future Queen Amalie, to paint for her a 'Descent from the Cross,' which was to be placed in the chapel of the Palais Royal. Contrary to the etiquette of the ateliers, Delaroche accepted the commission, and worked at it without the knowledge of Gros. On its completion the young painter had the courage and frankness to ask his master to come and look at his work. The master refused to visit a pupil's atelier, but forgave the offence so far, as to bid the pupil bring the work to the master's atelier, when he might have his opinion. To the credit of both master and pupil, when Delaroche complied with the stipulation, Gros praised generously all that was praiseworthy in the picture.

But Delaroche of all painters was least likely to be held fast by the classic school, and while endeavouring to found a school of his own, which should be distinct from the dramatic school of Géricault and Delacroix, he retained no more of the classic school's austerity than what was necessary for his careful and correct rendering of a simple purpose, in which expression of human feeling was always the most powerful element.

Delaroche's first picture which drew attention was 'Joas rescued by Josabeth,' exhibited in 1822, when the painter was twenty-five years of age. Two years later he executed his picture of 'Jean d'Arc examined in prison by the Cardinal of Winchester,' which

is as well known by engravings in England as in France. Indeed Delaroche, by the bent of his genius, quite as much as by his fondness for English subjects, shares with Ary Scheffer a wide English popularity. In 1827, when the painter was thirty years of age, he obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Four years later Delaroche produced his 'Children of Edward IV. in the Tower,' which induced a French poet to write a tragedy on the pathetic old story. that is said to be also the origin of the ancient ballad —long sacred to nursery literature, of 'The Babes in the Wood.' The following year, 1832, Delaroche, in his thirty-sixth year, became a member of the Institute, and exhibited what judges hold a still finer work than that of 'The Princes in the Tower,' his 'Cromwell looking on Charles I. in his coffin.'

In 1833 the painter suffered a great disappointment. He had received a commission to decorate the church of the Madeleine, and had made preparatory studies for the work during a year and a half, when he was prevented from going on with his task. It was small compensation to the enthusiastic painter that he was appointed professor to the School of Fine Arts.

In 1835, when Delaroche was nearing his fortieth year, he re-visited Italy, where he had before resided for a year and a half; and during the visit in 1835 the painter allied himself closely with his great countryman and fellow-painter, who was only eight years Delaroche's senior, by

marrying, as I have already mentioned, the beautiful and beloved daughter of Horace Vernet, who was taken from her husband and father by death in the course of twelve months. Never were men or Frenchmen more unlike than the father and son-in-law, so near an age, who had been thus temporarily united in one family circle. For the mercurial gaiety and confidence, with its bustle and love of society, and for the man of the world in Horace Vernet, one found in his son-in-law Paul Delaroche a quiet man, grave to melancholy, loving to work alone, indifferent to the attractions of the world, and not very solicitous of worldly gain even after he had fairly earned it.

In 1837 Delaroche had the gratification of being called on to paint the amphitheatre of the School of the Fine Arts, and gave four years' strenuous effort to the work. Contrary to the example of his great predecessors, he did not have recourse to allegory, but contented himself with introducing groups of great painters, sculptors, and architects, to the number of seventy-five figures, of every age and country, looking down on the achievements and rewards of their successors. This novel treatment of his Hémicycle by Delaroche has been variously regarded by various authorities; some have viewed it as a proof of his poverty of invention out of his chosen historic field; others have maintained that the innovation is a sign of the artist's originality as well as practicality of conception.

An instance of Paul Delaroche's inaccessibility to the

temptations of avarice is given by Ottley in connection with this Hémicycle. The original order given for the work by the Minister of the Interior, was that it should consist of twenty-four figures, of which Delaroche submitted a sketch, to be finished in a year, and for which he was to receive a payment of three thousand pounds. The twenty-four figures grew under Delaroche's hand to seventy-five in number, and the time to be spent in the work extended to four years. A proposal to make a corresponding increase of the remuneration was intimated to the painter. But he answered — perhaps with a recollection of the speech of Ghirlandajo, in his day, and if with something of the perennially youthful, grand air, nearly inseparable from the Frenchman in the circumstances, still, certainly, with much dignified moderation and singleness of heart—'No, of my own will I did what I have done, and I shall receive nothing beyond the stipulated sum.' He added, 'and I shall be amply paid for my labour, inasmuch as I have learned more from the execution of this work than by all my studies that preceded it.'

After the revolution of 1848, Delaroche is said to have steadfastly declined commissions for similar work in the Museum at Versailles, the Louvre, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Palais de Justice, having reference in his refusal to the undeserved neglect into which the government had suffered many of his fellow-artists to sink.*

* Ottley.

In 1855, when Paul Delaroche was in his fifty-ninth year, by an accidental fire his Hémicycle, in the School of the Fine Arts, was almost completely destroyed, without disturbing the equanimity of the painter; he was only eager to have a fresh opportunity to correct the faults which he was constantly seeing in his work, and to do it all over again in order that he might do it better than he had done it before.

But another hand was to restore the Hémicycle of Delaroche; a disease which had been neglected in its earlier approaches, wasted his strength in the short space of three weeks. 'Stay, don't go to-night,' he begged of a favourite pupil on the last night of his life, and towards morning, when the faithful watcher left the room for a moment, he returned to find his master dead.* Paul Delaroche died, in 1856, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

In token of Delaroche's inclination to take English subjects for his work, I may name, in addition to the examples given, his 'Death of Queen Elizabeth,' his 'Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' and his 'Strafford on his way to the Scaffold,' the two last shown in this year's Exhibition of the Works of Old Masters. His famous French subjects, 'Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhone,' 'Cardinal Mazarin Dying,' 'The Death of the Duke of Guise,' 'Marie Antoinette after hearing her Sentence,' 'Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau,' and 'General Bonaparte Passing the Alps,' were not rendered with more feeling

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

Three other pictures of Delaroche's are widely known by engravings, 'St Cecilia playing on the Organ, supported by Angels,' 'Moses saved from the Nile,' and a girl martyr floating on the Tiber, with an aureole above her head. Celebrated pictures of his, still more distinctly sacred, are 'The Virgin while Jesus is led to Execution,' and 'The Virgin contemplating the Crown of Thorns;' he was engaged on a picture of 'The Death of the Virgin' when he was seized with his last illness.

It is alleged of Delaroche that he had more of poetic sensibility than of genuine poetry in his nature, that there was no subtle thought in his pictures, and that while he gave too great a prominence to human over artistic feeling in his work, he sought the inspiration of his pathos, for the most part, in royal and noble misfortunes which were so patent as to be hackneyed,* and well nigh common-place in their open breadth of contrast. But Delaroche's work, if simple, was noble, and was as far removed from vulgar stage-trick as from double meaning of delicate under-current or exquisite half-hidden irony. And it is said also of Delaroche, that 'while we have many better painters, better draughtsmen, finer colourists, more dexterous masters of chiaroscuro, more learned archæologists, and more masterly executants, no other man is known who has surpassed him in illustration and dramatic power.' Delaroche was a slow, painstaking worker, making studies and often wax models of his groups.

* Hamerton.

I should like to describe, as far as I can from memory and from an engraving, the 'Princes in the Tower.' The two unhappy little lads sit together on the bed where they are to be murdered. The elder, just proclaimed Edward V., in his mourning black velvet mantle, with his fair hair cut short across the brow, and hanging down in wavy locks on his shoulders, in a fashion that the renewal of an old mode has made familiar to us, has been beguiling the weary time, while he tries to play the man, by reading in a great book which he holds open, but he glances from it jealously to the door, attracted there by a slight noise. The same noise causes a dog, an old playfellow, and the last faithful follower of the king's sons, to rise and prick one ear, while it stretches forward to gaze suspiciously in the same direction. The poor young Duke of York, in his crimson hose and pointed shoon, jerkin and velvet bonnet, makes no pretence of being man or prince, but is only a wan and weary little boy, so crushed by misfortune, that terror itself is extinguished in him, and only his desperate weariness and his want of his mother is perceptible, where he sits with his hands clasped, and resting for support on his elder brother's shoulder, his heavily-drooping head leaning also on that of his youthful protector. Nothing can exceed the air of innocent helplessness, even in the sad watchful expression of the elder brother, and the useless warning given by the roused dog, with the haunting presage of a great and most cruel crime, which pervades the whole group.

Ary Scheffer was born in 1795 at Dort. His father was a German and a painter; his mother, who was the good genius of her son's life, was a Dutch lady. Ary Scheffer showed his love of art when a child in dabbling with paint and brushes in his father's studio. His father died when Ary Scheffer was about fifteen years of age, and his mother, desirous to give him and his two brothers the best education in her power, after sending Ary, her eldest son, to a school at Lille, removed to Paris and settled there, enduring courageously many privations, in order to promote the welfare of her sons, and finding her chief happiness in them. Henri, the second son, as well as Ary chose to be a painter, and the good mother cheered herself by copying—as she was able to do, with some success, her sons' best pictures. By the time Ary was eighteen years of age he had begun to join to his artistic studies the labour of painting industriously simple, kindly genre pictures, such as the 'Baptism,' 'The Soldier's Widow,' 'The Convalescent Mother,' for the better support of his own mother and family. Such pictures, if they possess any merit, find a ready sale; and in France, where art had just passed from petrifying classic trammels, familiar domestic pictures were particularly welcome.

Ary Scheffer received an introduction to Lafayette, and went in 1818, when the painter was twenty-three years of age, to the Chateau de la Grange to paint its master—at the time when Lady Morgan visited La

Grange, and made her sketches of its household, for the benefit of the English world. An important effect of Ary Scheffer's connection with Lafayette may be traced in the influence by which the impulsive painter became an Orleanist—to the extent of joining with his two brothers, at the risk of their liberties, if not of their lives, in the plots which preceded the revolution of 1830. Another result was the heroic element beginning to appear and gradually to predominate over the domestic in Ary Scheffer's pictures. Thus, in 1819, he exhibited 'The Devotion of the Burghers of Calais;' in 1822, 'St Louis attacked by the Plague visiting the Sick;' in 1824, 'Gaston de Foix found dead at Ravenna;' in 1827, 'The Death of Jean D'Arc;' in 1828, 'An Episode of the Retreat from Russia' (with which I think my readers must be familiar by engravings). Ary Scheffer showed also at this time an inclination to English, or rather Scotch subjects, which has not been rare in French artists, but which it is rather curious to find in a man who, half in jest, half in earnest, disliked England and the English. Ary Scheffer confessed with regard to England to an English woman—'I do not like England—that is, the English. They are such proud, insolent, scornful, conceited people! looking upon themselves as superior to all the rest of the world!' and in the seizure from his last illness, which overtook him in London, he kept continually crying out—'I shall die of this heavy London air.' Yet among the early pictures by Ary Scheffer we find one from a scene in the 'Anti-

quary;' a second, from a scene in 'The Heart of Midlothian;' and a third, from 'Macbeth;' a fourth, a famous picture after the artist had begun to know and exercise his power, is from an English source—Byron's 'Giaour.' But before he painted the last, Ary Scheffer had vindicated his German origin by beginning the series of pictures from Faust, which the painter continued at intervals to the end of his life, that proved how Goethe's great poem had enthralled and absorbed his countryman.

In 1826, when Ary Scheffer was thirty-one years of age, began his close and affectionate personal connection with many members of the Orleans family. Louis Philippe, still Duke of Orleans, was resident at Neuilly, where Ary Scheffer was engaged to go in order to teach drawing and painting to the younger members of the large household. With the future king, though the painter was destined to be associated with the two great public events of Louis Philippe's life, Ary Scheffer seems never to have been on very cordial terms, and indeed the two men's characters had no points of sympathy; but with the future Queen Amalie and her eldest son, and with Princess Marie, Ary Scheffer entered into the friendliest relations, which he loyally acknowledged till his death.

Mrs Grote gives a lively account of the episode by which, as it happened, when Louis Philippe was called to the throne, in 1830, Ary Scheffer was one of the two men who carried the requisition from the Hôtel de Ville to

Neuilly; how M. Thiers called at the painter's house, and summoned him to be his associate, for this reason among others, that Scheffer was known to keep good horses in his stable, and only on horseback could the messengers surmount the barricades on their way; how Scheffer hastened to mount one of his horses, but had to borrow for his companion, 'who was no horseman,' a small nimble nag; how Scheffer leaped his horse over the barricade, and M. Thiers was aided by the mob, who laughed at him, whom they called 'le petit commis,' in his white stockings, and shoes, and spectacles, and his bad horsemanship, to scramble over the same obstacles; how the 'blouses' beyond the city walls elected themselves the two gentlemen's escort, and M. Thiers transmitted his all-important *mandat* to Scheffer's breast-pocket as a safer receptacle than his own; how Neuilly was at last reached, and the summons to be a king delivered.* And now M. Thiers, 'le petit commis,' is once more, at the time I write, in December, 1872, guiding the destinies of France.

In the course of the long interval of upwards of forty years, there occurred another strange coinciding episode in reference to Ary Scheffer and the Orleans family. In 1848, on the morning of February the 24th, when Louis Philippe was in the act of abdicating, Scheffer, then a middle-aged man, a captain of the National Guard, was in the garden of the Tuileries. A

* Mrs Grote's *Life of Ary Scheffer.*

voice, which he did not at first recognize, called to him from an open window of the palace. When he obeyed the summons, he found the speaker to be his old and constant friend, the Queen, who told him in few words that the King had abdicated, and asked him for his escort and the support of his uniform to the royal carriages. At the Grille which opens into the Place de la Concorde, where a mass of people were assembled, no royal carriages were to be found, but two ordinary 'remises' were within hail, and were brought up to the spot. Scheffer, aware that concealment was impossible, had the presence of mind to take off his schako, and waving it in the air, to call out to the people—'Le roi part—vive le roi!' The people offered no resistance, but there were few cheers, while Scheffer assisted the King and Queen and various members of the family into the remises. Afterwards, Scheffer conducted the Duchess of Orleans and her two sons to the Chamber of Deputies, to which the Duchess appealed in vain, in order to secure the right of succession to her son.

Within the space of the eighteen years between Louis Philippe's ascending and quitting the throne, Scheffer had been sent with the Duke of Orleans to Antwerp, where the Prince went to study fortification; and the painter had received cordial patronage from both the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The Princess Marie Scheffer had first known as a warm-hearted, wild child, then as an eager intellectual girl, and at last as a noble woman, receiving, in

common with her brother, the Duke of Orleans, the last touch of tender consecration, from an early death. Ary Scheffer, in some reminiscences which he has left of Princess Marie, tells with much simplicity and naïveté the manner in which master and pupil worked together, until the master grew a little tired of correcting the bad drawing of the clever pupil's precocious designs, and suggested that she should try modelling, which would be new to both. In the very first attempt, Scheffer became convinced of the Princess's genius, and thenceforth proudly and generously chronicles her progress in her quiet palace studio, where she worked with him (forsaking the grand fêtes which were occupying court and courtiers), and the little amount of assistance which he rendered her, till she accomplished the figure of 'Jeanne d'Arc watching her Armour,' which remains Princess Marie's true monument.

The return of the painter Ingres from Italy to Paris had produced a great effect on Scheffer as an artist, and after adding to the names of the poets whose works he had illustrated, that of Dante, Scheffer's genius begun to take a higher flight still. The death of his much-cherished mother in 1839 probably gave a bent to this flight, for about 1841 he painted his 'Annunciation to the Shepherds;' in 1842, his 'Suffer Little Children to come unto Me;' in 1844 appeared his 'Magi;' and in 1847 his 'Holy Women.'

The last picture he did not exhibit publicly, nor did

he again send pictures to an exhibition. The morbid reserve and impatience of the multitude, which in the end formed marked features in his character, began to show themselves. He had arrived at the epoch which the French call that of *désillusionnement*. The death of the Duke of Orleans was one of many blows to Scheffer, though, as has been indicated, he continued to keep up his intercourse with the Royal family, having it extended to another generation, since he was employed to give art lessons to the little Comte de Paris. Still Scheffer drew back more and more within a narrowing circle of intimate admiring friends, who came to him in his house, Rue Chaptal, where he spent the greater part of his life, and which Mrs Grote has described to us. The house and grounds included 'two spacious ateliers, two plots of flower-garden, together with good stabling and "remises." A large branching cedar tree shaded the "cour," the approach to which was closed by gates.' In addition, Scheffer had a country-house called the 'Pavillon Roquilaure,' with 'a shady and spacious garden,' at Orgenteuil, a village six or seven miles from Paris. Whoever would see those of Ary Scheffer's pictures which were not in the possession of private purchasers, must gain admission to his studio, a process by no means easy, for, besides his irritable aversion to strangers, he disliked being interrupted at his work, and as years went on and other changes befell France and Paris, and a new dynasty reigned there, he worked all day long, hating to go

abroad and so much as witness political results which he detested, yet was powerless to prevent.

In 1849 Scheffer visited the countries of his mother and father, Holland and Germany, being specially welcomed at the Courts of Belgium and the Netherlands, and feeling, while he looked at the masterpieces of the Dutch painters, a little more content with his own gift, since, with all their perfection of realization and execution, he had something which they wanted.

On the death of Louis Philippe, in 1850, Ary Scheffer conquered the repugnance which he always experienced and expressed towards England, and visited the country in order to be present at Louis Philippe's funeral. On the occasion of this visit Ary Scheffer went to the British Museum and saw, to his great delight, the Elgin Marbles, though he charged their removal from Greece as a 'theft' on Lord Elgin's part.

The same year, when Ary Scheffer was in his fifty-sixth year, he married the widow of his friend, General Baudrand. This lady had much love and admiration for her husband, but it is said that, in consequence of the foolish narrowness of her exacting regard, and her jealousy of Ary Scheffer's other friends, and his very profession, she did not bring much peace to the hearth of the sensitive painter. Unfortunately for both husband and wife, too, her health was exceedingly delicate, so that having watched devotedly by the death-bed of a younger brother, and having had his own health

seriously impaired by the charge which he had taken upon himself, Ary Scheffer was called to a second anxious vigil. On the death of his brother, Scheffer had adopted that brother's son—another 'Ary,' or Ariel Scheffer, but it did not seem that the excessive indulgence which Scheffer bestowed on this child was likely to produce desirable fruits.

In 1854 Scheffer painted, what are among his finest works, 'The Ruth and Naomi,' 'The Magdalene in ecstacy,' 'The Groanings,' and 'The Temptation.'

In 1856 Madame Scheffer's long ill health ended in death, in her husband's arms; but he had a daughter left to him, and her care and affection ministered to and solaced his last years, and the melancholy of spirit which, in the end, beset him.

In 1851 Scheffer was tempted to visit England a second time, in order to be present at the Manchester Art Exhibition, when he frankly declared his wonder at, and enjoyment of, the English School of Painting, particularly in its power of colour. Ary Scheffer took this opportunity of fulfilling a promise which he had made to paint the old Queen Amalie.

He was to give yet another proof of his faithful attachment to his kind and constant friends of the Orleans family, when, in spite of the very precarious state of his own health, from a recent attack of heart complaint, and of the remonstrances of his friends and physicians, he came for a third time to England to

attend the late Duchess of Orleans' funeral, and returned a dying man to France, to follow her to the grave in the course of a few weeks. Ary Scheffer died in his own house on the 15th of June, 1858. He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Though a popular, as well as a diligent painter, he left very little fortune. His generosity, indiscriminate and inordinate, had never been stinted, since the days of his youth, when he was regarded as not only 'the father of the family,' but 'the holder of a stock purse into which all might dip their hands when they wanted money.' It has been said of Ary Scheffer as an artist, that he was German by birth and French by education. It may be said of him as a man, that on a German's enthusiastic dreaminess was grafted a Frenchman's sentimentality, which we are accustomed to regard as not always entirely wholesome. These natural tendencies of Scheffer were intensified by the political and patriotic disappointments which he experienced, the life he led, the friends he lost, the failure of his health, and, above all, by the nature of his faith. So far as we can judge of it, for one may draw a mistaken conclusion from his life, it does appear that this man—good, with a strong sense of duty, kind to the poor, fond of children, —would have been saved from much of the morbid sensibility which ate into his heart and life, and of the dreams of an ideal perfection which only tormented and discouraged him, by a clearer faith at once more

practical and human, and nearer to the divine, that would have kept him from the isolation which was, to a certain extent, fatal to him. We read, that after having made the standard works of France, England, Germany, and Italy his study, in the original, during many winter evenings, the books of the Old Testament were more frequently in his hands than any other, for the last years of his life, because 'the study of pastoral, primitive, rude forms of society, with the touching episodes here and there occurring in the history of those early peoples, had an unfading attraction for Scheffer,' while 'it was from the New Testament that the larger number of his sacred compositions were taken, for he loved to dwell upon the humanizing influences and devotional feelings, connected with the mission of Jesus Christ, whose ideal lineaments it was ever his loftiest ambition to portray.'* But was there not something lamentably wanting in this reverent, earnest man's faith (unless, indeed, we prefer to account for the facts by a very exceptional physical condition) which left him weary, depressed, and captious?

In the portrait sketch of him Scheffer is an anxious, almost harassed looking man. His hair has receded from his forehead, his brows are knit, his mouth, unconcealed by his moustache, is rather large, with the lips turned out, as other lips are turned in. The same peculiarity appears in an exaggerated form in the portrait of Benozzo Gozzoli, an old Italian painter, and a pupil of Fra Angelico's.

* Mrs Grote, *Life of Ary Scheffer.*

Ary Scheffer's faults as an artist lay in his inadequate execution with reference to drawing, and particularly to colouring; his merits belonged to his poet temperament, and its power of fervent expression, while it may be that the acknowledged defects of the temperament in a tendency to extravagance and mysticism also qualify the merits of the pictures. His best works are his 'Augustine with his mother Monica,' in which one need not go far to see traces of the relation between Scheffer and his own mother. I do not doubt that my readers have seen the widely spread photographs of this picture, where the mother in her depth of spiritual foresight is almost transported to heaven while yet on earth; and the young, ardent son hesitates between the nearly overwhelming influence of his mother's convictions and his own tumultuous doubts and passions. I think the original of this picture is in the possession of the Orleans family, and so is the original of another noble picture, that of 'Ruth and Naomi.' Scheffer's 'Magdalene clinging to the foot of the Cross,' is almost as well known by photographs as his 'Augustine and Monica.' His Faust pictures, particularly 'Margaret in the Garden' and 'Margaret at the Church,' have also made a wide impression. Perhaps one of Ary Scheffer's most characteristic pictures is that singular picture called 'The Groanings,' which Mrs Grote thus describes:

'The sentiment which is shadowed forth in this allegory is supposed to teach us that mortal sorrows

and passions become purified and refined, in proportion as the beings reflected from them recede from this earth. At foot are seen various heads, mostly of rather ordinary stamp; as the group ascends heavenwards the countenances assume a more radiant aspect, until towards the higher portion of the picture the personages floating in space appear as it were spiritualized, in virtue of their approach to the "mansions of the blest." Looking attentively at the group, you discern figures already made familiar to memory from having been introduced in former compositions. Among them the artist's own sainted mother, under the figure of St Monica, Beatrice, Dante, and others.'

In this picture the thought at least is consoling, but other sacred pictures of Ary Scheffer's are so full of his own sadness, that it is remarked that the impression left even by the 'Christ Consolateur,' is that of profound melancholy. At the 'solemn, impressive, colourless' picture of 'Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalene after his resurrection,' the painter was working at the time of his death, and he left it uncompleted.

I am glad to have been able to give these details of Ary Scheffer and his pictures, because, so far as I can judge, by the prevalence of photographs of his works in England, his pictures, more than those of any French painter except Delaroche, have taken hold of the English imagination.

Ary Scheffer's younger brother Henri was a painter of

some repute, though of far less ability than his brother. His most famous work was 'Charlotte Corday protected by the members of the sections from the popular fury.'

To those who judge of French landscape painters by the bits of strangely, however artfully, manipulated landscape which appear in the background of the painters of the classic school, and to whom even the great popularity of Rosa Bonheur has not come as a revelation, Constantine Troyon and his merits ought to be specially mentioned.

Constantine Troyon was born at Sèvres in 1813, and spent much of his youth as a porcelain painter. Later he studied in the atelier of Riocreux, and the knowledge which he acquired there, together with the loving study which he had already given to nature, induced him to become a landscape painter. In 1833, while he was still but twenty years of age, he exhibited his first pictures, among them 'A nook in the Park of St Cloud;' and for a number of years he produced 'landscapes' taken from the neighbourhood of Paris, which have long been held in high estimation, and have passed into various private art collections in France. His 'Oxen Ploughing' was bought by government. His 'Valley of the Touque' was exhibited with several other pictures by Troyon at the great Paris Exhibition of 1855. He had already been elected a member of the Academy of Amsterdam, and had received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Constantine Troyon died in his fifty-third year, in 1865.

He was a man of great industry, and though not avaricious, he made a fortune of a million of francs. He had always a bewildering number of pictures on hand, working on forty or fifty at different stages.

Troyon has been called the 'Lafontaine of Painting.' Mr Hamerton asserts that the comparison has been made very incorrectly, since, though animal life entered largely into Troyon's landscapes, it was animal life pure and simple, without even the dash of human feeling which Landseer gives to his animals, and which Lafontaine dealt in no stinted measure to the brutes of his fables. Accused of inaccurate drawing in his life-time, Troyon was acknowledged after his death to have been laboriously correct in his studies—only that he might be bolder and freer in his pictures.* His distinctive characteristic was what the French call *tonalité*, and Mr Hamerton has Anglicized into tonality, and explained the word as meaning, not what we call the tone of a picture, but rather its gamut of tones. He has further illustrated the meaning by referring to the key of an air in music. The air may be transposed from one key to another, but cannot be played on a jumble of keys; on the contrary, the key once chosen, the musician must abide by it till the air is played out. English painters are accused of being, in the mass, indifferent to this tonality—or abiding by the key struck in a picture, while they indulge in brilliant hits and effective contrasts. Again, it is said that 'with Troyon tonality is everything,' and that

* *Contemporary French Painters.*

it is the 'rich results' and the 'fused harmonious synthesis' of much severe separate study. For this tonality the painter sacrificed all meretricious brilliance, until he worked in 'so low a key,' that his 'colour is often soiled with blackness; yet he was a colourist, and has reached noble results in quiet hues.' The tones of grey in Troyon's 'Ferry Boat' have been pronounced 'as fine as anything in modern art, not excepting the best works of Turner.' In his 'Oxen going to Work,' the same critic (*Hamerton*) says: 'We have a page of rustic description as good as anything in literature—of fresh and misty morning air, of rough illimitable land, of mighty oxen marching slowly to their toil.'

CHAPTER VI

MODERN GERMAN ART — OVERBECK, 1789-1869 — CORNELIUS, 1784-1867—KAULBACH, 1805—BENDEMANN, 1811, &c.

WITH the remarkable men of whose lives and works I am going to write, a new era of art began in Germany. The movement arose in Rome early in the nineteenth century. At that time there was a colony of young German artists established in the Eternal City, men single-hearted, united by common gifts and a common enthusiasm. They were not without its extravagance, however, since one mode of the expression of the artists' principles was their adopting a primitive costume, and wearing their hair flowing over their shoulders, by which practice they provoked from their neighbours the nickname of 'Nazarites.' But the young Germans did much more than be guilty of this boyish mummery, they laboured from morning till night at developing their art and vindicating their theories. Their chief theory was the earliest manifestation of what we have learned, without much consideration of the meaning of the word, to call præ-Raphaelitism.

These Germans held that 'Christian art' had died out with the decline of religious faith in the successors of Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, and their scholars; since Michael Angelo, Raphael, and their contemporaries had combined in the revival or re-assertion of classical, that is to say, Pagan art. The Germans proposed to recover this lost religious art, by setting themselves sedulously and sympathetically to cultivate the 'asceticism, symbolism, pale colour, and calm symmetrical arrangement' of the early masters, even to a modified imitation of the 'attenuated forms and quaint drawing' which characterized these Christian fathers of art. In acknowledgment also of the fact, that their examples had drawn and painted under the promptings of devout lives, and under the discipline of Church authority, several of these German students, as a necessary introduction to their work, solemnly joined the Roman Catholic Church.

It is hard to judge of such a movement apart from its influences—exaggerated and fantastic as they may appear to us, in many lights—and impossible and undesirable as it is for the present generation to attempt to retrace the course of time, and live again the very life of its forefathers. There was this great root of noble truth at the bottom of the belief, that every worker worthy of the name must be consecrated to his work by a deep conviction of its truth and living power, and by a life in some degree in keeping with that conviction. It is my part to show how this band of reformers worked out its views, abiding by

them, or partly casting them aside, and re-moulding what was left of them in new visions, in the course of various lives and experiences.

At the head of these young Germans in Rome, who cast their challenge without fear or doubt at the art dogmas of the last three centuries, was Friederich Overbeck, who was born at Lübeck in 1789. He studied art in Venice, and proceeded to Rome in 1810, when he was twenty-one years of age; having already adopted the opinions of Friedrich Schlegel. He lodged at that time in an old convent in the company of his countryman, Peter Von Cornelius, who was then his chosen friend and constant associate. At the end of every week the two young painters showed each other the product, in both cases, of the week's zealous labour, with a tacit understanding that each should 'pronounce in sincerity' on the attainment of the other. (*Ottley.*)

The work which stamped Overbeck as a genuine reformer, and as thoroughly imbued with the profound reverence and the lofty aspirations of his guides, was the large painting of 'Christ entering Jerusalem,' painted for the *Marienkirche* at Lübeck in 1816, when he was twenty-six years of age. Another celebrated performance of the painter's was his great representation of the 'Influence of Christianity on the Arts,' which was painted for the *Stadelische Institute* at Frankfort-am-Maine.

Overbeck devoted himself entirely to religious art, executing many large paintings both in oil and fresco,

with the subjects taken from sacred history, or purely symbolical and allegorical. In addition, he accomplished innumerable drawings and designs—all having the same inspiration.

Overbeck was elected president of the Academy of St Luke, and foreign member of the French Institute, besides being member of all the German Academies. He never left Rome; and however his followers might swerve, Overbeck adhered strictly, to the last, to the new art-faith, which he and they had first promulgated, and not only professed but practised it in an unworldly life. Overbeck died in 1869, aged eighty years.

The judgment now pronounced on Overbeck's works is the frank acknowledgment by those most opposed to him and his school, of the awe and beauty of holiness of which these paintings are full; neither does any one deny, that as a man of unquestionable genius, he showed great ability and learning in his art. The objection made to his designs in their fulfilment, is their chillness, mysticism, and growing conventionality, in which nature, as if it were unredeemed, had little part. The school of Overbeck, which, after all, was but a strong re-action, is said to be passing away, especially in Germany.

In England admiration of Overbeck—to the extent of a full consent to his theories—has been naturally held very largely by, and in a certain degree has become identified with, that party in the Church of England

which is defined by the denomination High Church.

Peter Von Cornelius, Overbeck's early friend, was born at Düsseldorf in 1784, and though his father was inspector of the Düsseldorf Gallery, the family were so poor that on the father's death the mother was urged to stop the career of Cornelius, who had already displayed a great love of drawing, as an artist, in order to apprentice him to the more practical and remunerative craft of a goldsmith. But the mother had faith in her son's genius as a painter, and young Cornelius justified the faith, by causing the loss of his father and the poverty of the family to serve only as stimulants to urge him on in the progress which was to end, not merely in independence, but in honour and renown.

In 1811, a year later than Overbeck, Cornelius, who was five years Overbeck's senior, went also to Rome, and soon joined the brotherhood of German artists, then passing to a marked extent under the influence of his younger countryman. But the very susceptibility which rendered Cornelius so open to the strange teaching of his comrade, was part of a wider and more catholic nature than that of Overbeck, a nature which in Cornelius's case was capable of receiving different impressions, and tending in various directions, throughout his long life and art-career. Even while in Rome, and under the very shadow of Overbeck, Cornelius diverged from severe religious art to his illustrations of the great German mediæval poem and collection of ballads, answering in some respects

to our 'Mort d'Arthur,' and known as the 'Niebelungenlied.'

From Rome Cornelius returned to Düsseldorf, and thence proceeded to Munich, where King Ludwig, at that time Crown Prince of Bavaria, was inaugurating his patronage of art, by his schemes for the frescoes in the art-temple of the Glyptothek. Cornelius became the ruling spirit in the new and vigorous art life of Munich. He had by that time lapsed so far from Overbeck's principles as to include profane history in his field, nay, to have recourse to the old mythology with all the instinctive ineradicable partiality of a man who, after the study of the Bible, delighted in the heroes of Homer and of the German troubadours, and next to them, in what had charmed his youth, in the 'Faust' of Goethe, and in the 'Inferno' of Dante. But it might have been an adaptation of Overbeck's views which induced Cornelius and some of his followers to accord a strong preference to work which should belong to the public and political life of their country.

At Munich, amidst an amount of work which beside that of other modern painters appears vast, the painter was indefatigably industrious, and abounded in ever fresh and gigantic designs. Cornelius decorated in the Glyptothek two large halls, called respectively the Hall of the Heroes and the Hall of the Gods, with frescoes founded on the antique. In the Pinacothek he painted the 'History of Painting.' For the church of St Louis he executed the large frescoes of 'God the Father,' 'The

Nativity,' 'The Crucifixion,' and the 'Last Judgment,' which measures alone sixty-two feet in height and thirty-two feet in width.

For the royal mausoleum of the kings of Prussia Cornelius designed what are among his masterpieces, 'The Four Riders of the Apocalypse;' and at the same time the painter executed a very different commission for the same royal employer, the silver shield which was King William's gift to his god-child, the Prince of Wales (*Ottley*).

Along with every distinction with which his country could invest him, Cornelius was elected a foreign member of the Institute of France. He died in 1867, aged 83 years.

Cornelius's specialities are instanced as the heroic grandeur and power of his creations, which are, however, not always truthful or life-like, and which are not unmingled with a certain coarseness. In some of his work at Munich, Cornelius united with him a German painter, Neureuthung, who supplemented Cornelius's qualities with that quality of grace which could not be entirely absent from the works of the greater painter, since grandeur, of which beauty is an element, cannot exist without a certain development of grace, but which in its finer, more delicate, and exquisitely correct details is missed even from what is majestic in Cornelius's work.

The English artists and art-critics generally, are not disposed to sympathize with Cornelius and his school, and hold

their work in very modified estimation. Sir Charles Eastlake writes: 'Cornelius' works have a grand conception, and a sort of condensation of the spirit of his subject, but still, something which tells better in words than in painting. I have observed that Germans and Italians are always glad to harangue and describe their pictures, and their works naturally look better and more interesting while this commentary is going on.' . . . 'The colour in these frescoes is absolutely below criticism, the expressions vulgar and exaggerated, and the forms by no means pure. A grand composition and grand general conception are the chief merits — the only merits.' . . . 'Cornelius has departed from nature without rising to a general idea; manner, caprice, vulgarity, and ugliness, are often the consequence. His designs for the Loggie of the Pinacoteca are very profound and full of meaning, even to the smallest ornaments; but who will ever see this?'

Rossetti writes: 'For the school represented by Cornelius, we profess little or no sympathy, and a respect that stops considerably short of veneration. He is a thinker, a purist, a reformer, anything but an artist. Nothing comes to him impulsively, nothing is done unconsciously and gloriously; he is never better than he knows himself, or, than every cultivated man can discover him to be. He sends [to the Paris Exhibition of 1855] a "selection of Cartoons for the Frescoes of the Porticoes of the Campo Santo in course of construction at Berlin." The seven angels of the Apocalyptic phials

are fluttering, flying, and attitudinizing; so are the four horsemen,—Plague, Famine, War, and Death. "Satan chained" is worse in the same way. In the "Descent of the New Jerusalem" there is a fine symbolic thought; the heavenly vision is seen by only two of the group of earth-dwellers, a youth, and a mother.'

Wilhelm Von Kaulbach is the greatest of Cornelius' scholars. He was born, in 1805, at a small town in Westphalia, and was the son of an engraver. With considerable difficulty in the circumstances of the family, Kaulbach was sent to the Art Academy at Düsseldorf, while Cornelius was still acting as its director, and soon attracted the attention and won the approbation of the gifted painter. When Cornelius proceeded to Munich and was appointed director of the Academy there, many of his Düsseldorf scholars, and among them Kaulbach, followed their teacher.

At Munich the young Westphalian, like so many German painters, found an eager patron in the king. King Ludwig was then presiding over the erection of the Odéon, a hall for musical and social purposes. He commissioned from Kaulbach frescoes of Apollo and the Muses in colossal proportions for the ceiling of the Odéon, and appointed him a share in the decoration of the palace garden arcades, for which Kaulbach painted 'the four principal rivers of the kingdom, and a "Bavaria," in colossal allegorical figures in fresco,' besides designing cartoons on the various virtues of a

sovereign. When the king's new palace was built, the architect engaged Kaulbach to paint the queen's throne-hall with twelve representations from Klopstock's Battle of Hermann, a commission followed by another to paint a second room in the palace, with 'a series of subjects from Goethe's poems, partly in fresco, partly in wax colour, the whole being disposed in various compartments on the walls, the ceiling, and the lunette below the latter.' At the same time he painted a series of frescoes with 'Cupid and Psyche' for the subject, in the Palace of Prince Maximilian. (*Ottley.*)

From this period of Kaulbach's life, is said to date his gradual estrangement from many of his brother artists, and his widening divergence from the school of Cornelius. Kaulbach's aspiration was to represent every contrasting aspect of humanity, not only its grand heroic side, but its peaceful domestic capacity, and its fatal facility of wandering into error and vice. In this aspiration he was not contented with his essays in the dignified abstract manner of Cornelius, but coveted a closer familiarity with life, desiring, among other means to his end, to become a more earnest and truer colourist. His elders of the school of Cornelius, who were devoted to the central thought in a picture, and inclined to despise any anxiety over details, and who were particularly contemptuous of the cultivation of colour as an important feature in art, regarded Kaulbach as worse than a heretic, a renegade from their principles. Unmoved by their

condemnation, Kaulbach, who had become absorbed in his pursuit of art, and who had been leading a secluded life in Munich, given up to working out his convictions, repaired to Venice for the better study of colouring, and at last visited Rome, spending a year there, but no longer, like his German predecessors, entirely subjected to the influence of Overbeck. When I say not entirely, I refer to the question of religious consecration, and to the different question of style, for surely Overbeck's visionary spirit was not altogether absent from the younger son of the Fatherland, when he attained his first great success at Rome in his famous picture, 'Battle of the Spectres.' This strange and weird picture originated in a thoroughly German story of a three days' battle between the Huns and the Romans, which ended in the slaughter of the combatants, when their spirits renewed the battle, with the power of prolonging it throughout all time. Kaulbach had drawn a sketch of the 'Spectre Battle,' which procured for him a commission to paint the picture. He went so far as to paint it in 'a sort of monochrome,' when it was seen by the intended buyer, who was so fascinated by it in its transition state, that he desired to retain the picture as it was.

Kaulbach's gifts had become widely recognized. The Dresden Academy offered him its directorship; but King Ludwig of Bavaria, sedulous to retain his early and now distinguished protégé in his service, appointed him the Bavarian court painter. He became a member of the

academies of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, corresponding member of the Paris Institute, and Knight of the order of St Michael.

For the King of Bavaria Kaulbach painted in oils his splendid 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' in which he displayed, along with noble composition, correctly studied colouring. The union did not fail to impress his fellow-painters, while it procured from the King of Prussia a commission to paint in fresco, for the new museum in Berlin, a series of representations from the overthrow of the Jewish nation to the dawn of Christianity. The series commences with 'The Dispersion of the nations at the Building of the Tower of Babel,' which the painter treated by associating the event with the crimes of Nimrod, and by depicting the destruction of the tyrant, and the anarchy which he left behind him—out of which sprang the first approach to the colonization of the world under the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Another picture showed 'the life of ancient Hellas,' when poetry, art, and patriotism reigned triumphant. A third picture gave the tumultuous life of the middle ages subsequent to the Crusades. A fourth picture dealt with the great conflict of the Reformation times. (*Ottley.*)

Kaulbach betrayed no want of originality and vigour, even in his early adherence to the exaltation and severity of aim demanded by Cornelius. On the contrary, there was some foundation for a charge of occasional violence of effect in the painter. 'No one would deny the power

and bold invention of Kaulbach; but he too loads his composition with system and abstruse intention. He keeps his eyes wider open than Cornelius and Overbeck to what real men and women look like, and his first notion of character and action is generally vivid; but he determines to be truer than truth, stronger than strength, and livelier than life, and ends by giving you a characteristico-academic abstract when you had bargained for a human being. Unencumbered by German traditions and the incubus of the grandeur of the old masters, Kaulbach might have continued to this day the genius which nature made him, and which he showed himself in such works as "the Madhouse;" as it is, he labours with huge thoughts, and secures the acclamation of Europe, and chiefly of Germany, for every step he strays further from true achievement in art. At least his steps are the strides of a lusty man, not the mincing of a coxcomb, nor the shuffling of a monk.' (*Rossetti.*)

Edward Bendemann was born in 1811 at Berlin. He went, when he was sixteen years of age, to Düsseldorf to pursue his art studies, and in the following year, 1828, painted a portrait of his grandmother, which attracted attention, and won some celebrity for the young lad. In 1830, when he was still under twenty years of age, he went to Italy, and remained there for a year. On his return to Düsseldorf, at the age of twenty years, Bendemann began his well-known picture of 'The Sorrowing Jews in Exile,' in illustration of the verse:—

'By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept.'

This picture was exhibited in the following year at the Berlin Exhibition, and from its own great merits of pathetic sentiment, fine individual figures, and good painting, and from the circumstance that its painter was a native of Berlin, and a young man of twenty-one years of age, created a great sensation. This picture, which has been engraved, is now at Cologne. In addition to small pictures Bendemann painted in 1836 his 'Jeremiah amidst the ruins of Jerusalem,' which is the property of the King of Prussia.

But in the new era of art in Germany, Bendemann was not satisfied with confining his efforts to easel pictures, and he was soon summoned by the King of Saxony, and commissioned to execute frescoes for three rooms in the Royal Castle at Dresden. For the Throne Room he designed a frieze painted on a gold ground running round the room, and intended to show in one continuous design, with a Christian moral, human life from birth to death. Over the throne he designed an emblematic figure of 'Saxonia,' attended by eight figures of law-givers and kings living before the Christian era, and eight similar figures belonging to later periods.

He designed further, four large historical pictures from the life of Henry the Fowler, in which the four distinct classes of peasantry, citizens, knights, and clergy were introduced, and appeared as four single figures opposite the figure of 'Saxonia;' smaller designs, painted

'brown on brown' on the 'socle of the walls,' had reference to the pictures beneath which the smaller designs were placed. 'The subjects of the paintings in the concert and ball rooms are taken from the ancient world.' This room has also a frieze exemplifying human life from birth to death, "conceived in the spirit of the antique." It is painted in monochrome on a blue ground, and is broken up by coloured pictures of mythological figures, the graces, the muses, the gods of Olympus. On the mural surfaces between the windows, the Arts are personified in figures larger than life; on the one side, Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture; on the other side, Dancing, Music, and the Drama. Over the one door is the figure of Poetry, and over the opposite door a group of three children, representing the three Greek races.' The execution of these designs was delayed for some time in consequence of Bendemann's eyes having suffered by exhalations from the lime. These designs were to be followed by four pictures—of processions of 'Apollo with the Virgins to Delphi,' and of Bacchus, of the Feast of Thetis, and the Feast of Alexander at Susa; illustrating epic and lyric poetry among the Doric and Ismian races, with the commencement of the glory of Greece. The consummation of the strivings of humanity in the early pagan world, and in the world of the Christian middle ages in a heavenly Jerusalem, was to be the theme of a third room, connecting the two preceding rooms.

The mere accounts of these great fresco works

of the modern German painters, may remind my readers a little of the forgotten allegories of Thornhill, and still more of the later symbolism of Barry, of Fuseli, and of Blake. But we must take it into consideration that these modern Germans have come thoroughly furnished to their work by profound thought, learning, and training, which combine to place that work as far above the rash passionate efforts of Barry, and the more learned, but still vehement and halting, undertakings of Fuseli, and the erratic half-mad dreams which the half-mad genius Blake dreamt, as we must rank the honourable struggles against 'fearful odds' of Barry, Fuseli, and Blake, after high art in England, above the facile, soulless painting, in the fashion of the day, which enabled Thornhill to contract to paint by the yard, and left him a rich man. The German painters may be held to stand midway up that steep path which has, more or less, baffled modern painters, but which the great old masters trod to the summit, where they sit crowned with earthly immortality.

The easel picture of Bendemann's more mature years, entitled the 'Shepherd and Shepherdess,' is famous. Like his fellows, he also has contributed to illustrate the dear treasure of German romance contained in the 'Niebelungenlied.' Bendemann is said to be deficient in strong delineations of fierce passion, but to excel in the expression of simple beauty and nobility.

Bendemann has been elected member of various

German academies; appointed professor of painting at the academy, Dresden, created Knight of the royal Saxon order of Civil Merit, of the Prussian order of the Red Eagle, and of the Belgian order of Leopold. (*Ottley.*)

Rethel and Steinle were students of Overbeck, and later of Cornelius. Rethel's pair of pictorial 'moralities' have received high commendation. Another German painter, Hildebrandt, has given a good German version of 'the Murder of the Princes in the Tower.'

CHAPTER VII.

MULREADY, 1786-1863—LESLIE, 1794-1859—DYCE, 1806-1864—MACLISE, 1811-1870—PHILLIP, 1817-1867—LANDSEER, 1802—STANFIELD, 1798-1867—ROBERTS, 1796-1864—HUNT, 1790-1864—LANCE, 1802-1864.

WILLIAM MULREADY was born at Ennis in 1786. His father was a leather breeches maker, who removed to Dublin, and then came to London, before the future painter was six years of age. As a boy he showed his love of art by drawing a hare, which did not require a written commentary, at the age of three years. He was educated at various Roman Catholic schools, and is said to have obtained his first introduction to a studio by sitting as a model for the young Solomon in a design of 'David and Solomon' executed for Macklin's Bible. By the aid of Banks the sculptor, he procured admission to the Academy at the age of fourteen years. His first independent efforts, which must have begun betimes, (since, like the French painter, Vernet, Mulready is said to have kept himself from his fifteenth year), were designs for children's books, such as the 'Butterfly's Ball,' and the 'Cats' Concert.'

Mulready as a mere lad was attracted to the studio of Varley the water-colour painter, then a resort of promising young painters. The doubtful consequence of Mulready's intimacy with Varley was the former's marriage before he was eighteen years of age to Varley's sister. Before he was nineteen Mulready was a father; by the time he was twenty-four years of age his family numbered four sons. In addition to the great strain to provide for a household which was thus thrown upon him in his undeveloped powers, Mulready's marriage proved as unhappy as it was imprudent. The boy and girl who were husband and wife seem to have separated by agreement before they were well man and woman, and to this separation there came no reunion. No wonder that the early manhood of the painter was one of extreme drudgery and wearing care.

Mulready soon began to follow the Dutch masters, particularly Jan Steen, but infused an English element into the essential qualities of the Dutch school. He followed more directly Wilkie, whose early success must have proved a great attraction to the struggling young artist. Mulready painted from the beginning chiefly small-sized or cabinet pictures, on which he bestowed much conscientious study, never relaxing in his care and finish, so that, like Etty, he had the honourable and enviable reputation of having continued a student during the whole half-century of his art career, and of giving to the public some of his best works among his latest.

In his experimental days, Mulready seems to have had some thoughts of embracing as his branch of the profession, landscape painting, for which he had genius. His landscapes were painted about the time that he took a house in the Mall, at Kensington Gravel Pits, and in one his house is introduced. Another landscape, 'Boys Fishing,' has received much praise, but at the time of its execution it did not meet with such encouragement as to turn Mulready from the fitter career of genre painting on which he was entering.

The first work of Mulready's which attracted notice was his 'Punch,' painted in 1812, when he was twenty-six years of age, and from that date he continued to rise in general estimation, but, above all, in the estimation of his brother artists; for, although his subjects were drawn from popular sources, the evidence of painstaking and culture in his style, was addressed to a higher than a popular audience. In 1815, three years after the painting of 'Punch,' when Mulready was in his thirtieth year, he was elected an associate, and three months later a member of the Academy, a rare instance of rapid promotion by the voice of his fellows.

Neither then, nor at a later period, was he free from the heavy burden of his early manhood. Even when he had gained competence as well as eminence, he was never induced to go abroad, unless it were in flying visits to the French coast. Mr Redgrave states that in his later years Mulready rather took pride, as men do come

to take pride in their deficiencies, in not having left his own country, and in not being indebted in his art to foreign travel.

After his 'Idle Boys,' which was the apparent cause of Mulready's election as an associate of the Academy, and his 'Fight interrupted,' he painted in succession, with higher and higher degrees of excellence of its kind, in a transition from the Dutch school to a school of his own, his 'Dog of Two Minds,' 'Wolf and Lamb,' 'Careless Messenger,' and 'Travelling Druggist,' and his 'Interior of an English Cottage,' which has more poetry and simple pathos than Mulready's pictures usually possess. (*Redgrave.*)

In 1827, a little over his fortieth year, Mulready moved from his other house at Kensington to No. 1, Linden Grove, Bayswater, which had been newly built, and where the architect had erected a studio for the painter according to his wishes. This house continued his home for thirty-six years, down, indeed, to his death.

In 1837, when Mulready was over fifty years of age, he painted his illustrations of Shakespeare in 'The Seven Ages,' and of original poetry in 'First Love,' and 'The Sonnet.' Three years later he fell on what was to him a yet happier vein. He executed a series of twenty drawings on wood, taken from the Vicar of Wakefield. These drawings, when engraved, were so much admired, that they not only procured Mulready commissions, but proved the originals of some of his best pictures

In 1848, there was an exhibition of Mulready's works in the rooms of the Society of Arts, and in 1864, the year following his death, there was a second exhibition of his pictures at Kensington which had been associated with some of his earliest successes in landscape—'Keston,' 'The Cottage,' and 'Gravel Pits.'

William Mulready lived to attain a high place in his profession, but the evil effects of his marriage—the one fatal mistake of his history—continued to be felt throughout his life. His desolate home, no doubt, helped to render him the reserved, isolated man he was, and probably his abiding by what he called 'the old faith,' in days when political opinion ran high against it, contributed to the same result. His children, whom he had left to themselves, did not grow up so as to add to their father's credit and happiness, though one son lived with Mulready, and was with his father when he died. Mr Redgrave gives us a pathetic little anecdote of some pen-and-ink sketches which were found after Mulready's death, but which had been executed by him upwards of thirty-six years before, when he proposed to remove to Linden Grove. Then he had minutely sketched his rooms and their very furniture, with the trees and shrubs which he meant to plant in his grounds. He had occupied the house, and planted the trees and shrubs, leaving them, however, unpruned and neglected, but, with ample means, he had not had the heart to buy the furniture, and the house had remained bare as when he went to it.

Mulready had little of the typical Irishman in him; he was plain, plodding, and painstaking to the utmost degree. At the age of seventy-five years, he resumed a practice of taking pen-and-ink sketches of heads and hands, saying that he had got out of the way of it, and it did not do to forget these things. But his nationality might show itself in what was the comfort of his life, not only his prosecution of art to the end, but his sanguine dream that he was going on to greater successes than he had yet achieved on those larger canvases which he had ready prepared, but for which his art, with an absence of ideality in its technical excellence, was quite unsuited. (*Redgrave.*) William Mulready died, somewhat suddenly, in his seventy-eighth year, in 1863.

As an artist Mulready has been classed with Leslie, to whom we turn next, in what seems, on the whole, a just definition.

But first I must say something of what has always been the tendency—healthful in one sense, perilous in another—of English art. My readers are aware how English art, beginning with Hogarth, took a distinctly (however broadly and powerfully) secular and homely line, eschewing what is called high art in sacred, imaginative, and historical pieces, with something like cynical contempt. One must remember that such high art as was attempted was so stilted and feeble as to provoke the contempt of all plain, earnest men as being sham and humbug. There was a little reaction in Sir Joshua and Gainsborough's time,

but it did not go further than an appreciation of the grand high art of old, and a craving for greater refinement in every-day subjects. Barry and Blake, partially armed as they were, warred with the common-place in vain. In the next generation David Scott in Scotland, and in England Haydon and Martin, and to a certain extent Etty, renewed the war with no better result, and were contrasted with Wilkie, who quickly and, as it were, easily attained eminence, by the gifts which enabled him to depict with dramatic humour the common life of a nation. In the present day the war continues to wage with victory invariably inclining to one side. The origin of this helplessness of modern high art, except in exceptional instances, to win wide sympathy, is complex and manifold in its nature. It is not merely that the wings of art are clipped, and that it cannot take the flights which it once achieved gloriously. To whatever extent the execution of the modern painters may fall short of that of the great old masters, and however modern—with all the faults, as well as all the merits of introverted, over elaborate and over subtle thought—the compositions may be, still, here and there—as in the German painting of Overbeck, the French of Ary Scheffer, the English of Holman Hunt—there has been proof that art is at least capable of expanding its wings and rising to its old lofty sources of inspiration. In those cases there has not been a lack of response in the people to the painters' appeal. Neither is it by any means entirely because art, in Protestant

England, never found a field in churches and chapels, that there has been so little high art even attempted in England, because we shall find that high art, so far as excellence is concerned, has declined equally in Roman Catholic countries. But whatever the cause, the fact remains the same.

In Mulready's day, while there was a disposition in young artists to follow in the footsteps of Wilkie, there was, in the case of Mulready and Leslie, at least, sufficient original genius to remodel the disposition, and to pervade it so far with their respective individualities, as to avoid flooding the world with 'cottage interiors,' which have no special meaning, and with exaggerated representations of familiar life, that have more in them of bathos or of farce than of pathos or of comedy.

It is said, with truth, that Mulready had as little of the Hibernian in him for an artist as he had for a man. His marked artistic attributes were accuracy, with technical power and harmony, and considerable native humour. His defect was in his imagination. On one of Mulready's pictures Mr Ruskin commented with severity, but not without cause: 'Without exception, the least interesting piece of good painting I have seen in my life. I call it a "piece of painting," not a "picture," because the artist's mind has evidently fixed throughout on his modes of work, not on his subject—if subject it can be called ("The Young Brother"). Is it not sorrowful to see all this labour and artificial knowledge appointed by a

command issued from the grave, to paint—and employed for a couple of years in painting—for the perpetual possession and contemplation of the English people, the ill-laced bodice of an untidy girl? Yet the picture will be a valuable one, perhaps the most forcible illustration ever given of the frivolous application of great powers.' Mulready's best and most famous pictures were his 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' and his 'Whistonian Controversy,' both from the Vicar of Wakefield, and his 'Idle Boys.' His 'Bathers,' and his 'Child and Lascars,' are known for their special technical merits.

In the 'Choosing of the Wedding Gown,' the sweet, modest young bride puzzling over the brocades with a high sense of the importance of the question, and with the precocious, but quite womanly, forethought which causes her to make her choice turn on the qualities that wear well, is a very pleasant figure.

In dogs—one of which figures in the 'Choosing of the Wedding Gown,' Mulready was held to excel.

The public has the opportunity of seeing many of Mulready's pictures, as the Vernon collection has four, the Sheepshank's collection no less than twenty-one, including the 'Choosing of the Wedding Gown,' all lodged at Kensington. Mulready was famous among modern artists for his beautiful cartoons and life studies. These he drew on straw-coloured paper with red chalk, putting in the shadows and grey tints with black chalk. (*Redgrave.*)

Charles Robert Leslie was born in London, 1794

He was American by descent, his father and mother having been natives of Maryland, counting kin with original British settlers. Robert Leslie, the father, was engaged as a painter, and clock and watchmaker, in Philadelphia, but had taken a voyage to England on business, and brought his family with him. On the occasion of their visit, which was of several years' duration, Charles Leslie was born. The watchmaker and his family returned to Philadelphia, and after a voyage of more than seven months, he found that his affairs had fallen into great disorder, a discovery which caused his death, leaving Leslie, not yet ten years of age, the eldest of a young family under the charge of a widowed mother. The widow opened a boarding house for the support of her family, while her eldest daughter went out as a drawing teacher. The professors of the college at Philadelphia admitted the young Leslie lads to the college classes at reduced fees, and uncles and aunts, who had comfortable and pleasant farmers' and millers' homesteads on the Brandywine, welcomed the boys with homely kindness, for the summer holidays.

At fourteen years of age, Charles Leslie was bent on being a painter, but by the anxious care of his mother he was apprenticed to a firm of booksellers and publishers, to the head of which his apprentice's ineradicable propensity for art at first gave little satisfaction. Eventually, however, the man of business afforded liberal assistance to his subordinate.

The occasion of the visit of Cooke the tragedian to Philadelphia, when the bookseller's apprentice was able to make a telling sketch of the actor, caused the kindly conversion of the master to the lad's art-interest. By the aid of the business men who attended the Exchange Office House, Leslie was enabled to proceed to Europe to prosecute his studies. He came to England in 1811, when he was seventeen years of age, bringing, of course, letters of introduction to his countryman, West.

Leslie and another American lad, two years older, took lodgings together, and started, by devoting 'their days to painting, and their evenings to the Royal Academy,' to which Leslie was admitted a student in 1813, when he was in his twentieth year. As a farther advantage the studios of West, and of the American painter, Allston, then in London, were open to Leslie. He was permitted to see his seniors' work in progress, and was encouraged and helped by their advice and friendship, for the lonely lad had brought with him the cheerful, amiable temper, as well as the enthusiasm for his profession, which had so speedily broken down opposition, and procured him influential friends beyond the Atlantic. He studied the Townley Marbles in the British Museum, and rose at six in the morning to accompany his American companion to Burlington House, to join him in the study of the Elgin Marbles then lodged there. (*Redgrave.*) For Leslie put little value on any outside help, which was not supplemented by personal diligence; indeed, he went so far as to depre

cate all education save self-education, and was wont to speak of the 'wise neglect' of Fuseli which made such men as Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon, and did not render them 'all alike by teaching.' (*Redgrave.*)

In order to gain an immediate livelihood, Leslie practised portrait painting; he was also induced, probably by the example of West, to try high art, in 'Saul and the Witch of Endor;' but he very soon, almost as soon as Wilkie, found his proper vocation in genre painting. In 1817, when Leslie was twenty-three years of age, he visited Paris, Brussels, and Antwerp, studying the old masters. This was one of Leslie's few visits to the continent; like Mulready, he never went to Italy.

As early as 1819, when Leslie was no more than twenty-five years of age, he painted for an American merchant, and exhibited in the Academy, his 'Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church,' which was at once received with great approbation—making his way clear. This was the first of a long series of pictures peculiarly acceptable to the public, because they were spirited and lovely illustrations of popular subjects, and both illustrations and subjects, while they were certainly not below, were, with equal certainty, not far above, the general intelligence of a fairly cultivated public. A list of Leslie's best-known subjects will show my meaning: 'May-day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;' 'Sancho Panza and the Duchess;' 'Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown' (in this in-

stance there is a slight departure from the usual rôle, for you will observe that Leslie's subjects, while moderately intellectual, are for the most part cheerful as his own temper, and not even darkened by the shadow of a tragedy); 'Dinner at Page's House;' 'Uncle Toby and the Widow.' Leslie's intimacy with his countryman Washington Irving, whose Sketch Book Leslie illustrated, is judged, probably with perfect correctness, to have been the influence which directed the painter to the pages of Addison—greatly admired by Washington Irving—for inspiration, since Leslie drew his inspiration mainly from books. This distinction between him and Mulready, who, unless in the Vicar of Wakefield pictures, painted his genre pictures from his own observation of real life, is pointed out both by Mr Palgrave and Mr Redgrave; while the former indicates the demarcation between Wilkie and the two younger men, produced by the facts that though Wilkie was broader and more national, Mulready and Leslie were more individual, and doubtless, as a consequence of another generation, more conventionally refined. Mr Redgrave dwells a little on the danger to Leslie of interpreting books, since a divergence in the interpretation of the ordinary reader from that of the painter might be fatal to the latter's success. But such characters as Leslie painted from 'the Spectator,' 'Don Quixote,' and 'the Merry Wives of Windsor,' &c. &c., have for the most part an acceptation which is widely acknowledged. A somewhat similar career in art, only with Sir

Walter Scott's novels as the source whence the subjects were drawn, was pursued in Scotland by Robert Scott Lauder, and his brother James Eckford Lauder.

Leslie corresponded regularly with his American relations, and for a time looked forward to his return to America, but his art friends and his good prospects in England proved too strong for this intention. In 1821, when he was twenty-seven years of age, Leslie was elected an associate of the Academy, and five years later he became a full member. The accident of his taking the place of another painter summoned hurriedly to sketch the features of a dying child introduced Leslie to the pictorial glories of Petworth, and the friendly patronage of Lord Egremont, for whom he painted 'Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess,' one of the most admired of Leslie's pictures, and one which secured his worldly success, enabling him to make in 1824, at thirty years of age, a happy marriage with a young English beauty, belonging to a bevy of six sisters, named Stone, whose personal charms provoked their grotesque classification by some would-be wit of their circle, as 'the six precious Stones.' *

But though Leslie was settled in England and married to an English wife, he did not lose his American sympathies. He was given throughout his life to fast friendships, which even influenced his art, and his greatest friends for years were his countrymen—the pleasant,

* Redgrave.

witty author, Washington Irving, and the clever, vain, hare-brained painter, Newton, to whose ability in colouring Leslie's inferiority in that respect owed improvement. The three young Americans seem to have been inseparable, visiting together in a circle of Americans resident in this country, frequenting the two studios, running off in a trio on light-hearted expeditions, dining many a time frugally, but merrily, at the York Chop House, in Wardour Street, which Mr Redgrave tells us is, or was till lately, still extant, and where generations of young painters have, in succession, been served.

But Leslie did not need to go beyond his own home for peace and relaxation. He was a man of domestic tastes and warm affections, and in his wife, with their children, to whom he was tenderly attached, rising round him, he found the sweetest solace after work, as well as one of the best incentives to honourable ambition. But the interests of these children, and the strength of old ties, broke up this English home for a time, and tempted Leslie to revive his old project of returning to America.

In 1833, when the painter was nearly forty years of age, he accepted the appointment offered to him by the American Government of Professor of Drawing to the Military Academy of West Point, on the Hudson, and made the somewhat rash venture of resigning his known and fair opportunities in England, for a return to long-left interests and new and untried resources. The experi

ment did not prove successful. His duties were irksome, his English wife did not like America, the very climate seemed to the naturalized Englishman to have undergone a change from the days of his hardy boyhood, and within the short space of six months Leslie returned with his family to his adopted country. The brief leave-taking and coming back, form two of the principal events in Leslie's happy and prosperous career. Short as the interval was during which they occurred, it included the catastrophe of the declared insanity of poor Newton the painter. In the room of the regard whose object had passed beyond its reach, Leslie developed a faithful friendship—not the less affectionate on account of the ruggedness of the friend, for Constable the painter, who in his turn exerted a marked effect on the sympathetic mind of Leslie, and thenceforth Constable's cool greys and vivid greens became prominent where Newton's brilliant rainbow hues had prevailed in the chosen interpreter of Cervantes, Sterne, and Shakespeare, in their lighter scenes.

Before Leslie took his trial trip to America, he had painted for the Marquis of Westminster a family picture known as the 'Grosvenor family.' A few years later he painted another portrait-piece for Lord Holland, 'The Library at Holland House,' introducing portraits of Lord and Lady Holland. In 1838, Leslie painted for the Queen her 'Coronation,' in which the maiden Queen, and the fair young members of the English aristocracy, figure very gracefully. In 1841, he executed a similar com-

mission, with the 'Christening of the Princess Royal' for his subject.

Leslie was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy in 1848, and held the appointment till failing health forced him to resign it in 1851. Leslie's much-loved children, both while young and after they had grown to manhood and womanhood, are said to have supplied him with many a hint for childish playfulness, girlish shyness, and the elastic vigour of young manhood. The death of one of these children, a cherished daughter and young bride, who faded suddenly and died in her early prime, is said to have proved at last Leslie's death-blow. She died in March, 1859. Her father, after struggling in vain with his depression, sank of a complaint, from which no fatal result had at first been apprehended, and died in his house in St John's Wood, London, in the May of the same year, 1859, aged sixty-four years. On a slip of paper attached to his will Leslie had written, 'I trust I may die as I now am, in the entire belief of the Christian religion, as I understand it from the books of the New Testament, that is, as a direct revelation of the will and goodness of God towards the world by Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Judge of the world.' (*Redgrave.*)

Leslie has left a successor to his name and art, whose nymph-like maidens are a farther development of the love of the beautiful.

Leslie's merits as a painter seem to belong largely to the well-balanced, sunny, humorous nature of the man.

His defective art education was never altogether supplemented; he owed little or nothing to foreign study; and he seemed to draw well rather from his innate sense of harmony, grace, and beauty, than from accurate knowledge. He was deficient as a colourist. He used simple modes and mediums in mixing his colours; and there was one advantage in the medium (which was in the end pure linseed oil), that it has kept his pictures in good preservation. He did not paint landscape well. His sphere, or else the taste of the public where he was concerned, was so limited that, even when he diverged from Sterne to Swift, or ventured on such an innovation as painting 'Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown,' or 'Columbus and the Egg,' his judges held that he had overstepped his powers, and that there was a falling off in his attainment. Yet few modern painters have given greater delight than Leslie gave. He was so good within his range. His sense of beauty was very true, and very pure and delicate as well as true. His appreciation of humour must have been equally keen, while his good sense and good taste prevented him from being guilty of the least exaggeration or burlesque in his representations of what was comedy. and not farce. He could do what seems a rare endowment in modern days, draw a nice line between comedy and farce.

Here is Mr Redgrave's cordial version of 'Sancho Panza and the Duchess':—'How lovely is the Duchess

how perfectly at her ease, how truly one of Nature's gentlewomen, as she sits listening to Sancho's tale What a round, full form! The light of a happy smile in her eyes; the amused satire of her dimpling mouth, pleased at the simplicity of the peasant squire, who takes her into his confidence, and binds her to secrecy, as to his master's escapades, putting his finger to his nose as he tells his tale. Contrasted with the rare beauty of the lady, and serving as its foil, is the stately frigid duenna, drawn up to her full height, her hands crossed in front, her keen, observant eye seeing all that is going on, but no smile is ever likely to twinkle there, nor to part her thin, dry lips. What a contrast to the laughing black damsel on the opposite side of the picture, who grins and shows a mouthful of teeth, at the unconscious assurance of the garlic-loving Sancho in relating his adventures to her noble mistress.'

One of the versions of this picture, which Leslie painted more than once, is in the gallery at Kensington, where Leslie as well as Mulready is well represented, from his pictures having formed part of the Vernon and the Sheepshanks' collections, now the property of the nation. Leslie's lectures while professor were published as a 'Handbook for Young Painters.' He wrote the Life of Constable, and left an uncompleted memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Leslie's 'Autobiographical Recollections' were edited by Mr Tom Taylor.

William Dyce was born in 1806 in Aberdeen, where

his father was a physician. Young Dyce graduated, and took the degree of Master of Arts at Mareschal College, Aberdeen, when he was but sixteen years of age. He went to Edinburgh, and in his seventeenth year became a student of the Royal Scottish Academy, but shortly afterwards came up to London and entered as a probationer the school of the Royal Academy. Still dissatisfied with the instruction which he was receiving, and having the command of means to serve his purpose, Dyce went in his nineteenth year to Italy, and the future extent of his art learning, together with the large measure in which he was imbued with the highest Italian art, is attributed to his having come thus early, with his faculties fresh as well as capable, in contact with the chefs-d'œuvres of the best old masters. In addition, Dyce became intimately acquainted with, and deeply enamoured of, mural or wall art, in itself—with its decorative aspect, and the value of the arabesques, which form a subordinate but necessary part of a great whole. His first stay in Rome did not last longer than a year, but on his return home he showed the distinct bent which his mind had taken by preparing a set of arabesque designs, and transferring them to a room in his father's house in Aberdeen.

In the following year, 1827, when he was twenty-one years of age, he exhibited his first work—classical without fail—'Bacchus nursed by the Nymphs of Nyssa,' in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, and shortly afterwards went back to Rome, remaining there on this occasion three

years, and devoting himself to the study of frescoes and wall decorations. When Dyce came back to Edinburgh he was the most scholarly of the British painters of his generation, and one on whom the purity and dignity of high art, even in the quiet elegance of its simplest accessories, had made an ineffaceable impression.

Dyce was compelled to resort for a time to portrait painting as the most profitable branch of his profession, while he was elected an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, but his picture of the 'Descent of Venus,' sent to the London Royal Academy's exhibition in 1836, attracted much attention, and about the same time his share in a pamphlet on schools of design, with their importance to manufacture, was the means of his being appointed secretary and director of the new school of design at Somerset House, and of his being sent abroad to furnish a report on similar French and German schools. Dyce was then thirty-three years of age. He was well qualified for the post to which he had been nominated, but a certain impracticability and want of tact in the man began to show itself, and to render it difficult for other men to work with him; and when his duties threatened to encroach on the time which he had destined for other aims, he resigned his office, in 1843.

In 1844, when he was thirty-eight years of age, he exhibited his very scholarly, and in many respects fine, picture of 'King Joash shooting the Arrow of Deliverance,' and had its merits acknowledged by his immediate

election as an associate of the Royal Academy; four years later he was elected a full member.

An important era in English art seemed heralded when the Royal Commission sat on the proposal of decorating the New Houses of Parliament, and when they chose fresco as the means of decoration, and invited artists to send in cartoons, in that competition in which Haydon's failure proved the last drop in his cup of misery.

Naturally Dyce competed, and naturally, too, he was the first man chosen for the work, and had the task appointed him of painting the 'Baptism of King Ethelbert,' in one of six compartments in the House of Lords. I need not repeat here that painting in fresco is painting on plaster—in this case wet plaster, the colours being chemically imbedded and drying with the wall. But I may add that not the least of the difficulties of the work, in such a climate as ours, is the necessity for the process being completed bit by bit, and yet each bit at once. In spite of a thousand obstacles, disadvantages, and prejudices, occasioned by the novelty of the work, the unsuitability of the chief surroundings, and the ignorance of the spectators, Dyce's work was found so far satisfactory that he was again employed to a larger extent in the same undertaking. He was to decorate the Queen's Robing Room with the legend of King Arthur. The time stipulated for his work was six years, during which he was to get eight hundred a year in payment. As a further mark of

the approval of the Prince Consort, who was at the head of the Royal Commission, Dyce received orders to paint the staircase at Osborne with a fresco of 'Neptune giving the Empire of the Sea to Britannia,' and to fill one of the lunettes in the Prince Consort's summer-house in the gardens at Buckingham Palace.

But the country was either not adapted or was not ripe for fresco painting. The few frescoes which were completed by Dyce and the other painters chosen for the work, began to fade almost as soon as they were painted. A suggestion was offered to substitute stereo-chrome, or the water-glass mode of painting, for fresco. While an investigation was being made into the merits of this new process, (which Mr Redgrave describes as painting in water-colours, to which 'a silica surface is given by means of a fine syringe,') and after the mode was approved of, endless delays and misunderstandings occurred. Other artists employed requested leave to resign their commissions. In the mean time Dyce had again consented to be a master in the government school of design, and had again given up the post. He had designed and executed in fresco the decorative and mural paintings for the little church of All Saints in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. But his principal occupation had been preparing the cartoons for the fresco in the Queen's Robing Room, on a subject which was not entirely of his selection, and which did not meet his taste. He had undertaken to discharge his task in eight years, and had been paid up

the sums awarded for the work, which, however, in the higher remuneration that art was already receiving, were no longer commensurate with the skill and trouble—not to say genius—demanded by the undertaking. The painter also discovered that he had miscalculated the time required for the execution of the commission, particularly when ill health rendered him incapable of pushing it on to a termination. The House of Commons censured Dyce, and then censured the commission for submitting to his non-fulfilment of an acknowledged obligation. In the bitterness which ensued, Dyce offered to throw up his commission, and refund the sums which he had received in pre-payment. In the mean time illness consumed his strength, and he died with the question still unsettled, in 1864, in his fifty-ninth year. (*Redgrave.*) Dyce's originality did not prove equal to his thorough cultivation, and appeared even to be so far crushed by it; he was dogmatic and very likely one-sided in the application of his principles. But he was a man with a high and noble idea of his calling, and capable of work—fine in its severity of simplicity.

Daniel Maclise was born in 1811, at Cork. His father was a Scotchman who had borne the name of Macleish, and been an Ensign in the Elgin Fencibles, but who had thrown up his ensigncy and entered into trade in Cork, where he married and settled. Young Maclise, in spite of a preference for art, was placed in a bank, which he left at the age of sixteen to follow his natural calling

trusting to his pencil for a livelihood. He was a student in the Cork School of Art while maintaining himself by the sale of his drawings. (I think it is of Maclise as a lad in a bookseller's shop during Sir Walter Scott's visit to Ireland that the story is told of Sir Walter's entering the shop, and having his likeness so cleverly caught by the unsuspected artist, that it was for sale on the following day in the same shop, to the great amusement of the kindly literary king.)

Maclise came to London in 1828, when he was no more than seventeen years of age, and entered the Royal Academy as a student, carrying off in succession all its medals. In 1830 Maclise made his way to Paris, and studied in the art galleries there. His first oil pictures were 'Mokanna Unveiling,' and 'All Hallow Eve,' exhibited at the British Institution and the Royal Academy; the former in 1833, when Maclise was twenty-two years of age, and both regarded as works of promise. In the mean time the young painter was earning his bread by drawing for the booksellers, and painting portraits. In 1834 and 1835 he exhibited his 'Captain Rock,' and 'Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,' showing marked improvement, and forming in the latter case so decided a success, that Maclise was elected an associate of the Academy at the age of twenty-four years; five years later, immediately after the exhibition of his 'Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall,' he was elected a full member. To a certain extent, and with a wider range, Maclise followed Mulready and Leslie in genre painting, in his popular

subjects from the Vicar of Wakefield and Gil Blas, Shakespeare and Scott. Along with David Roberts Maclise illustrated Bulwer's 'Pilgrims of the Rhine.' But gradually he gave himself more and more to historical painting on large canvases crowded with figures, in which his success was more doubtful.

Under the auspices of the Royal commission Maclise, who had already painted a fresco of 'Sabrina releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair,' for the Prince's Summer-house in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, was selected to paint 'the Marriage of Eva and Strongbow' for the Painted Chamber in the New Houses of Parliament. On account of the disadvantages of the situation agreed upon for the picture, he begged to be released from his engagement, and had appointed to him, in its stead, a commission for a fresco in the Royal Gallery, for which he was to receive a thousand pounds. This fresco, and another by Maclise, 'the Spirit of Justice' and 'the Spirit of Chivalry,' which of all the work executed for the commission had given the most general satisfaction, led to more work of the same kind; and to the journeys of Maclise, who was dissatisfied with what he feared was the destructive tendency of frescoes, to Italy in 1855, to examine the earlier frescoes there; and to Germany, to inquire into the stereo-chromy or water-glass painting, which was recommended by the Prince Consort, as the process adopted by Kaulbach in the paintings in the Berlin Museum.

Satisfied with the result of his inquiries, Maclise painted according to the last method the large picture, forty-five feet in length by thirteen feet in height: 'The meeting between Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo,' of which his 'Death of Nelson at Trafalgar' was the companion picture in another compartment in the Royal Gallery.

Maclise devoted the later years of his life to these immense works. He died in 1870, aged fifty-nine years. Like many another artist, he had strayed into the neighbouring region of poetry and written a few sonnets.

Maclise was a man of undoubted original genius and of an earnest and laborious life. He never married, but had his house presided over by his sisters, once famous for their beauty, with the children of one of the sisters completing the family circle. His intimacy with the great novelist, Charles Dickens, and the social meetings and gay excursions into which the intimacy led, have been but lately brought prominently before us.

Maclise is said to have been very far-sighted, and to have prided himself on drawing remote objects with a clearness impossible to more restricted eyes. His power as a draughtsman greatly exceeded his power as a colourist. His faults as a painter are enumerated by Mr Rossetti after he has passed a high eulogy on Maclise's picture of the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blücher,' and preparatory to an acknowledgment of how successfully the painter has combated these faults in his mural work. The serious defects cited are 'hard leaden colour, metal-

lic surface and texture, an ideal of beauty too fatally tending towards the barber's dummy, and a staring, parading, attitudinizing treatment of incident and character.' . . . But in the 'Waterloo picture' the critic proceeds to give his testimony, 'all this is so far corrected as to be scarcely in any way traceable;' and he goes on to commend the 'solid, satisfactory colour [grievously faded], the masterly, well-balanced style,' as he has already declared that 'the work is without exaggeration a fit object for national pride,' and that by it Maclise has 'set an indisputable seal upon all the brilliant promise and vivid aspirations of his career.'

This picture was certainly a Herculean undertaking. Here are some of its features. 'In the centre of the picture Blücher, eager and fresh, wrings hard the hand of Wel lington, who looks, as a great captain should look after a hard-fought field, worn, dauntless, self-sustained, more sad than exultant. The difference in the parts borne by the two generals is indicated even in so small a point as the military travelling-cap of the Prussian, contrasting with the cocked hat of the Englishman. Wellington sits his bay Copenhagen; his sword, bridle, and field-glass, are taken from the objects themselves. By him are mounted Lord Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, General Somerset, and the Honourable Henry Percy, who carried home the despatches and the captured eagles. Besides these are a few of the Life Guards, and of the first regiment of the Horse Guards Blue, being nearly all the survivors of that corps. They preserve a thoroughly military demean-

our. One holds aloft the tattered banner of the Blues, carried through the Peninsula, and now in Chelsea Hospital; one, a Life Guard and a prominent foremost figure, having played all the day the fierce match with Death, is now relapsing almost into the jaunty stiffness of the parade-ground. By Blücher are Gneisenau, to whom the pursuit was more especially confided, Nostedt, Bülow, Ziethen, and a Black Brunswicker, in his dusky green uniform, and his death's-head cap, bearing his naked blackish sword. . . . With these foreign officers are the British officers attached to the Prussian army, Colonel Vandeleur, and Sir Hussey Vivian, who rides a white charger snuffing at the face of a dead French carabineer, an incident which is of no small pictorial importance in bringing together the multifarious elements of so enormous a composition. Next to this left central group is another, occupying a considerable space, admirably painted, and again subserving unity of interest,—the Prussian band playing with a will (as one may well conceive they did) "God save the King," in honour of their British allies.

Right between Wellington and Blücher come the white shattered walls of the Belle Alliance, flanked by a deserted dove-house. Two of the pigeons lie dead upon the roof of the main building; others are resuming their wonted self-possession. The crescent moon stands white behind a cloud over Sir Hussey Vivian's head, and a few stars are coming out to the right in a sky which has scarcely assumed its twilight aspect, subsiding into a yellow horizon

over the back-ground heights, along which French soldiers, escaping with artillery, are attacked pell-mell by the English. . . . A Prussian surgeon feels the pulse of an Englishman; a Prussian hospital orderly carries off a French artillery officer not yet beyond hope. An English orderly binds up the leg of a colour-sergeant of Foot Guards, whose set face of pain and endurance tells his agony and his fortitude. The officer in command of a French gun lies across it dead, along with a carabineer. Above these are two Irish soldiers, Connaught Rangers. They have both been wounded, as arm in sling and bandaged head bear witness; they are cheering the Duke with frantic pride of victory and nationality combined. . . . A Highland piper lies dead in front; his wounded right arm is held by a tourniquet; he has been blowing his pipes till the last breath choked in his throat. His naked breast bears a locket with the hair of his Highland sweetheart. Then come another couple of dead Frenchmen, cuirassier and carabineer, the former with sword half-drawn from the scabbard; an English soldier next, dead or dying, his "Brown Bess" with him to the end. Behind these is a Frenchman, possibly unwounded, though confused among the dying and the dead. . . . A vacant space towards the centre of the fore-ground has been made use of to show the trampled relics of dog-rose and dock-weed, the cast shoe of an artillery-horse, and the impress of it stamped deep into the clayey soil, where the animal had strained and struggled to drag on its load.

Between the very legs of Copenhagen are an Imperial Guard and another Frenchman, dead.

'Just to the rear of the charger come three wounded men of the Life Guards, waving their swords in martial welcome to the Prussians; their trumpeter lies lifeless, with a drum stove in, and the wheel of an ammunition waggon near him. A wounded officer of Lancers is attended by the regimental doctor, who gives him a tumbler of Hollands and water, and by a drummer with the medicine case; a serjeant of Foot Guards sustains his head. Farther back is the leading episode of the epic—the "young gallant Howard" of "Childe Harold" borne dead in the arms of the soldiers of the three nations —one of the 42nd Highlanders, an English Foot Guard, and an Irish Fusileer.... In front is a chesnut horse, with glazed eye, and the sharp-set ear, now relaxing in death. His rider, a French Imperial Guard, is a corpse also. An Enniskillen dragoon is hard by, attended by a comrade. Behind is a smaller group of a Flemish soldier passed on through his last agony into the world of spirits by a friar, who has that hard aspect which may tell as much of long converse with pain and sorrow as of any natural want of sympathy. A nun and a vivandière are both by, the latter with a satchel full of epaulets, orders, and other knicknacks, taken from the victims of the battle; a baby reaches over to enjoy their glitter. A smaller kindred group appears of a Frenchman and an Englishman dead side by side, whom two peasant-women are rifling.' (*Rossetti.*)

John Phillip was born in 1817, in Aberdeen, and by the time he was fifteen years of age was practising drawing with the desire of being a painter. Apparently his relations thwarted his wishes, for in 1834, when he was seventeen years of age, he left home without leave asked or obtained, and worked for his passage on board a coasting vessel from Aberdeen to London, for the purpose of visiting the Royal Academy's exhibition. (*Ottley.*) According to another account 'he paid his passage with the likeness of the "Brig Manly."' After a week's stay in London, which deepened his predilections, the adventurous young artist went quietly home, where he shortly afterwards painted a 'Scotch Interior,' which was seen and admired by Lord Panmure. Through this nobleman's liberality young Phillip was enabled to return to London to study art. He became a student of the Royal Academy in 1837, when he was twenty years of age. Two years later he was again in Scotland painting portraits for his maintenance. But in 1841, when Phillip was twenty-four years of age, he removed finally to London, where he soon attracted notice by his clever treatment of such Scotch subjects as 'The Catechism,'* 'The Baptism,' 'The Free Kirk,' and especially by the 'Drawing for the Militia.'

In 1851, when Phillip was thirty-four years of age, he was driven by a severe illness to take the step which proved to him a short road to prosperity. He went to

* Exhibited in 1847, when Phillip was thirty.—*Spectator.*

Spain and remained there for one year. Since Wilkie's day more than one young English artist had sought inspiration at the source which he had proclaimed to be so rich and fertilizing, but on none did Spain produce the effect which it wrought on John Phillip. His natural vigour was thenceforth displayed with an entire change of spirit and colour, which, as the change partook largely of the fervid sunshine and ripe luxuriance of the south, acted like a charm on an English public to whom such qualities have all the wistful fascination of the unknown.* Phillip's rise to fame and fortune when he had not begun his art career by taking them by storm, was thenceforth rapid beyond precedent.

In 1852 Phillip returned from Spain, and in the following year he exhibited his 'Visit to the Gypsy Quarters,' striking the first blow with a new and potent weapon. In 1854 he painted his 'Andalusian Letter-writer' for the Queen. In 1856 he went again to Spain, and painted his 'Prayer of Faith shall save the Sick,' a still more striking picture, and one appealing to deeper feeling. The year after his second return, in 1857, when Phillip was forty years of age, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and two years later he became a full member. In 1860 he paid his last visit to Spain, and the same year he exhibited the picture which had been a royal commission, it is said reluctantly

* Among the realistic influences which Spain brought to bear on Phillip, critics include the example of Velasquez.

accepted by him, so triumphant was his success with his Spanish subjects, 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal.'

For ten years Phillip continued to use the stores of his Spanish sketch-book, selling his pictures as rapidly as he painted them, at prices till then, with, perhaps, one exception, among modern painters unheard of. Mr Rossetti quotes the rumour that for 'some dozen' of Spanish pictures Phillip received from two dealers, the sum of twenty thousand pounds. It was vain for critics to protest that the pictures—the colours of which were so glowing, that they caused the colours of all other pictures to look tame and dull in comparison—were deficient in the very highest excellence, and that even their great merits were linked to faults—their gorgeousness was allied to vulgarity, and their dramatic strength to bravura. The tide of popularity—generally so one-sided, was too strong to be turned. There came no abatement to the flood of praise and patronage, until the premature death of the painter—whose hearth had been overshadowed by a domestic affliction—in 1867, at fifty years of age.

Phillip's prominent faults were an amount of coarseness and an absence of subtlety in his work. (The contrary opinion has been expressed that Phillip, 'with a nice discrimination of character,' had 'a subtlety in its expression which belongs to him alone.'—*Spectator*.) His merits were those of native vigour, and of the acquisition of a rich and mellow if exaggerated type of form and colour. His attainments tempted many young

painters to follow his footsteps, but the faults of Phillip are more easily acquired than his merits.

I retain a vivid remembrance of a picture of Phillip's which I may have seen first eight or nine years ago. It was founded on a Spanish belief that the death of a baptized child, while still an infant incapable of actual sin, ought to be hailed, not with mourning, but with rejoicing, since the child's salvation is secure. In accordance with this belief the practice prevailed of the neighbours of the bereaved parents assembling before the house which death had entered, and summoning its reluctant inmates with songs and dances to join in the expression of gratitude for the child's deliverance. Phillip's picture ('The Spanish Wake') represented the interior of a room with a despairing mother beside a livid little corpse, over which burns a lamp in its niche. Through the open door in the street without, is seen a festive jubilant crowd swinging tambourines and castanets; from the crowd a young woman, with a rose in her hair, has detached herself, and is striving in vain with eager gestures to rouse the mother and win from her a signal of sympathy with the rejoicing, while a man, probably the child's father, stands pressing his hand on the bowed down mother's shoulder, with the same kindly though mistaken purpose.*

Sir Edwin Landseer† is a veteran artist, and ranks

* A fine and characteristic picture of Phillip's is that of young Murillo studying and exhibiting his picture to village priest and peasant connoisseurs, amidst the glowing fruit of a Seville market.

† Lately dead.

with the past as well as the present generation. He was born, in 1802, in London. His father was a well-known engraver, whose sons, inheriting his artistic tastes, became in turn either engravers or painters. The youngest of these sons displayed a great love of art, together with a keen interest in animals from his earliest childhood, so that he was taken out by the proud father, who was already giving him regular instruction, to sketch living horses and cattle, in the fields, with little more than baby hands. Some of Landseer's wonderful sketches made at five, seven, and ten years of age are shown among the drawings exhibited at Kensington. In 1816, at the age of fourteen, the lad became a student in the Royal Academy, and contributed to public exhibitions. Two years later, when he was sixteen, he painted his 'Dogs Fighting,' which was exhibited, and bought by Sir George Beaumont, and engraved by the elder Landseer.

But the success of this juvenile work was far surpassed by that of 'The Dogs of St Gothard Discovering a Traveller in the Snow,' which was exhibited in 1820, when Landseer was eighteen years of age, and having been engraved by his father became one of the most popular prints of the day. In Landseer's case precocious talent was not so fatal as it is apt to prove, but his circumstances were peculiar, ensuring him constant instruction from his infancy, instruction which he supplemented by becoming the pupil of Haydon, when Land

seer applied himself with great energy and industry to profit by his master's lessons, one of which was, aptly enough, that of dissecting a dead lion, and enthusiastically mastering its anatomy. Neither is it beyond contradiction, that the great animal painter, with all his power and ability, may not have been injured, rather than lastingly benefited, by success too early won.

In 1826, as soon as he had attained the prescribed age of twenty-four years, Landseer was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; four years later he became an Academician. From the date of a visit to the Highlands in 1826 he is said to have thrown aside his carefully and minutely finished work for the bold and free style in which he has continued to win laurels for fully forty years.* With his early visit to the Highlands also may be connected his preference for deer as the subjects of his pencil, evinced not only in his famous 'Children of the Mist,' 'Seeking Sanctuary,' 'Night,' and 'Morning,' but in innumerable examples of mountain scenery, peopled by the denizens of the old forests. Along with deer Landseer has 'possessed' horses and dogs to the fullest extent. In a lower, though still in a high degree, he has established his mastery over the other forms of animal life.

One great distinction between Landseer and other animal painters, in their treatment of animals, is the amount of human sentiment and sympathy which, rightly

* In his age Landseer returned to carefully finished work.

or wrongly, Landseer has given to his animals; but this infused human element has not interfered with the finest perception of animal nature, whether in the high-bred cherished race-horse, or in its wretched cab-drawing brother, in fleet greyhound and sleek spaniel, or in sagacious sheep-dog and faithful terrier, in monkey or in wolf, in lion or in hare.

Landseer has, in addition, an established reputation as a figure-painter, three of his most popular works being 'A Dialogue at Waterloo' (the Duke of Wellington pointing out the scene of the incidents of the battle to the Marchioness of Douro), 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' and the 'Return from Hunting.'

Landseer has been distinguished for his masterly handling of his art, and the expertness with which he has been able to paint—a consequence, probably, of his early initiation into the mysteries and practice of the manual part of his profession, just as pianists acquire their execution by being set to 'run up and down' scales on little pianos as soon as they can speak. Of Landseer it is recorded that (while painting slowly in recent years) 'he has been known to paint, from the first outlining to the last touch of the brush, and of the size of life, a dog and birds, the head and body of a fallow deer, or a fox examining a trap, in a couple of hours, yet in neither instance having any appearance of incompleteness.' *

Landseer, who received much favour from the Queen,

* *Imperial Biographical Dictionary.*

painted in fresco 'Comus,' for the Queen's summer-house. His life-size chalk drawings are well known. In conjunction with Baron Marochetti, he originated the lions in Trafalgar Square.

Landseer received the honour of knighthood from the Queen in 1850. At the French Exhibition of 1855 he was awarded the only large gold medal given to an English painter.

The old man of seventy may well look back with satisfaction on the long list of his works, from the 'St Gothard Mastiffs discovering the Lost Traveller' of 1820, to the 'Man Proposes and God Disposes' (two Polar Bears coming upon the relics of Sir John Franklin's Expedition) of 1864. In a country such as ours, where the love of field sports and of a hardy open-air life fosters a warm attachment to animals, Landseer's gifts have naturally met with full recognition, besides the high prices which his pictures fetch. (The 'Man Proposes and God Disposes' was sold for two thousand five hundred guineas, and another picture exhibited in the same year, 'the Piper and Pair of Nutcrackers,' for a thousand guineas.*) His pictures have been largely engraved, and have commanded a wide sale. Hardly a house which owns an engraving is without one of a picture by Landseer. There is the less reason for pointing out the painter's excellencies. One peculiarity in Landseer's work has been commented upon: it is that 'he has seldom or ever

* Ottley.

painted an animal in decided movement; it is always in repose, or at the moment of arrested action.' This peculiarity may have something to do with the complaint often brought against the Trafalgar Square lions, that these kings of beasts look quiet to placidity.

The National Gallery has fourteen of Landseer's pictures, including 'The Dialogue at Waterloo,' and 'Alexander and Diogenes.' And there are sixteen 'Landseers' in the Sheepshank collection at Kensington; among them the 'Drover's Departure,' and the 'Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' With regard to the last, I shall quote Mr Ruskin, as I have so often quoted him already, not because I hold that he is beyond error, but because he, of all critics, supplies the most perfect word pictures to illustrate my text, and because his opinions are so thoughtful and suggestive that they must awaken new ideas even in his opponents. 'Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen:—the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds,

the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopeless ness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the Man of Mind.'

Clarkson Stanfield was born in 1798 at Sunderland. He was brought up to a sea-faring life, and on board ship met Douglas Jerrold, who got up plays for the sailors after the fashion of his father, the manager of the theatre at Deptford. For the young sailor Jerrold's plays, the other young sailor, Stanfield, painted the scenes. Years after, the amateur play-writer and scene-painter met as eminent professional dramatist and scene-painter at Drury Lane. (*Ottley.*)

Eventually Stanfield left scene-painting, which he brought to great perfection, to become a landscape and marine painter of no mean merit. His first large picture, 'Wreckers off Fort Rouge,' was exhibited at the British Institution in 1827, the same year that he exhib-

ited 'A Calm' at the Royal Academy. Stanfield was then in his thirtieth year. He was elected an associate of the Academy five years later, in 1832, and three years later, in 1835, he became a full member.

Stanfield visited the continent frequently, and showed that he could not only paint land as well as water, but land so varied as that presented by the low banks of Dutch canals in their monotony—still gloriously picturesque, by the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the sunny champagne country of France. The painter was commissioned in 1830 to paint a series of large pictures for the Marquis of Lansdowne's banqueting-room at Bowood, and in 1834 he had an order from the Duchess of Sutherland to paint a series of views in Venice to be hung at Trentham. A series of forty views in the British Channel and on the coast of France, called 'Stanfield's Coast-scenery,' was engraved.

Stanfield, as well as Maclise and the great actor Macready, formed a trio that Foster's Life of Dickens has shown to the world as intimately associated with the novelist in his happiest years. Stanfield died in 1867, at the age of sixty-nine years.

Among Stanfield's most famous pictures are the 'Abandoned,' the 'Battle of Trafalgar,' painted for the United Service Club; the 'Castle of Ischia,' one of the three pictures sent by him to the French Exhibition of 1855; and the 'Victory towed into Gibraltar after the Battle of Trafalgar,' painted for Sir S. Morton Peto.

As an example of the price given for Stanfield's pictures Ottley quotes that his 'Beilstein on the Moselle' was sold, in 1863, for fifteen hundred guineas, and his 'Castle of Ischia,' in 1865, for twelve hundred and seventy guineas. The National Gallery has four 'Stanfields,' partly marine pictures, partly landscapes.

Stanfield's youth in a coast town, and his brief experience as a sailor, were of great advantage to his art. Another advantage he derived from his practice as a scene painter, because, as it happened, Stanfield was gifted with the very qualities which were least likely to be injured by stage effects. His genius was shown in power restrained—almost to being fettered; there was the utmost moderation and good sense in whatever he painted. It does sound surprising that one of the painters who began his art, and followed it for years, in ministering to spectacular gratification, was not only counted the most realistic of our landscape painters, but with his strength so well broken in, that the breaking-in was blamed for savouring of tameness.

Stanfield learned from scene painting freedom, but of the evils of license or staginess he learnt none, unless, indeed, that in the violence of reaction he suffered from the opposite danger of coldness and a shade of conventionality. Yet his sea was spoken and written of with enthusiasm as 'the true, salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea,' in opposition to 'green waves sixty feet high with cauliflower breakers;' and he was declared not only the

best painter of a wave, but the best painter of a cloud, a rock, a mountain, since Turner.

David Roberts, whose field lay as far apart from Stanfield's as one landscape painter's could lie from another, had a history, in one important respect, similar to Stanfield's. David Roberts was born in 1796, at Stockbridge, Edinburgh. Roberts, whose family were in humble circumstances, had the fair education of a Scotch lad, and was then apprenticed to a decorator and house painter for seven years. He completed his apprenticeship, signalizing himself in it by his skill in picking out mouldings, and dashing in friezes, and immediately after his time of probation was expired, joined a party of strolling players, undertaking to act as their scene-painter.

Beyond what he had learnt in house-painting, he had not received a regular lesson in art since he had left the Trustees' Academy, a week after entering it, having done no more than copy two hands, preferring, with the natural self-reliance of the man, to trust to his 'ready hand,' and what 'rough knowledge' he could already claim, and for anything farther, 'taking nature for his mistress and teacher.' One unfortunate consequence of Roberts's connection with the strolling players was his marriage, which proved an unsuitable, unhappy connection, with one of the troop.

In 1820, when Roberts was twenty-four years of age, he had risen so far in his profession as to be engaged in

scene-painting for the Glasgow and Edinburgh theatres. A little later he found employment at Drury Lane, of which, in 1822, he was appointed scene-painter. In this capacity he was distinguished for the rapidity as well as the success of his work. But we are told 'scene-painting would not content him,' and very likely the life of the theatre was distasteful to the gruff reserved Scotchman, neither could its associations with his youth have been altogether agreeable to him. He sent pictures to the Edinburgh Exhibition, and to the exhibitions of various English societies, and at last, after going to France and finding the architectural subjects to which he was attached with something like passion, in the towns of Normandy, he exhibited for the first time in the Royal Academy in 1826, when he was in his thirty-first year, 'a View of Rouen Cathedral.'

Roberts's love for architecture never wavered, and in order to gratify it and perfect himself in the art in which he was fast rising, he travelled and drew in France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Morocco, and Holland.

In 1838, when Roberts was forty-two years of age, he was elected an associate of the Academy. The same year, unencumbered as he was with family ties, save in the person of one daughter, and having, but for her, a solitary hearth, since he had early separated from his wife, Roberts set out on more distant expeditions to Egypt and Syria, where his diligence and devotion in making a large number of fine sketches requiring the

utmost care and pains, under every disadvantage of climate and circumstance, deserved and obtained great praise. In 1841 he was elected an Academician.

For the next eight or ten years, during which he was at the height of his reputation, he painted nearly exclusively Eastern subjects, among the best known, 'The Greek Church of the Holy Nativity of Bethlehem,' 'Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, with the Return of the Pilgrims,' 'Ruins of the Island of Philoë, Nubia,' 'Gateway of the Great Temple, Baalbec,' 'Pyramids, Ghizeh, Sunset.'

In 1851, when Roberts was fifty-five years of age, he wandered, in search of fresh ruins and temples, for the first time to Italy; and during almost another decade his pencil and brush were satisfied with illustrating Roman and mediæval architecture in Italy. It was not till age was creeping on him, Mr Redgrave writes, that Roberts sought his subjects near home. He began a series of views of 'London from the River Thames,' of which he exhibited in 1862 several views, among them 'The South Elevation of the New Palace at Westminster,' 'Westminster Bridge, embracing St Paul's, Somerset House, and the Temple,' 'The Embarkation of the Lord Mayor from Blackfriars Bridge.' The following year he exhibited additional views of the series, at which he was still working, in 1864, when, having painted during the morning, and being, apparently, in his usual health, he walked out in the afternoon, was seized in Berners

Street with an apoplectic attack, and was carried home and died the same evening.

Roberts was a blunt, dogged man, standing to a certain extent by himself in his world, but he was held in much respect by his brother artists, and in firm regard by his friends. His only daughter had been spared to grow up and cheer his decline of life. She had married before her father's death. Roberts published in lithography 'Picturesque Sketches in Spain,' 'Sketches in the Holy Land and Syria,' and 'Italy,' &c. &c., which commanded a large sale, while his pictures were also popular. From both sources the painter realized a considerable fortune. The exhibition and sale after his death of the contents of his studio, which consisted of seventy-three oil paintings and sketches, and eight hundred water-colour drawings and sketches, brought sixteen thousand pounds. The National Gallery has two of Roberts's pictures, 'The Interior of the Cathedral, Burgos,' and 'The Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St Paul's, Antwerp.' Roberts was member of several foreign Academies.

From his early occupation as scene-painter, Roberts borrowed broad effects, which saved him alike from trifling minuteness and servile imitation. In other respects he was less entirely free from lingering traces of his theatrical work than Stanfield showed himself. Roberts's work was uniformly scenic, made up of buildings and street-scenes, and although he knew how to vary and animate it, by the introduction of numerous characteristic figures, they

were apt to partake of the grouping of stage-processions. He cared little for the influences of the sky and the hour, as if he thought his cathedrals and temple-gates independent of the shifting hues born of the sun-rise or the sun-set, of the golden mist of a brooding heat, or the lowering darkness of a storm. Thus there is said to be a monotony in his excellence, which for many years knew no gradation in kind, and no change of style. But he loved the buildings which he was content to paint, loved every vaulted arch and wreathed pillar, down to the individual stones of the pavement, and rendered them with rare fidelity and grace.

William Henry Hunt was born in 1790 at Belton Street, Long Acre, London, in a labyrinth of wretched alleys not far from the birth-place of Turner. His father was a tin-plate worker, and it was only the son's sickliness which induced the father to consent to young Hunt, at sixteen, renouncing the learning of a profitable trade, for art, by becoming an apprentice for a term of seven years to Varley the water-colour painter.

At Varley's Hunt met Mulready, who advised the lad to become a student of the Royal Academy, where he had a fellow-pupil and friend in Linnel, the well-known landscape painter. While Hunt was in his apprenticeship he was introduced to Dr Munro, one of the king's physicians, and an enthusiastic lover and patron of art, at whose country house, at Bushy, Hunt met Turner, Eridge, Hearne, and the doctor's son, a

young artist (the three last of whom are buried side by side in Bushy churchyard). Hunt visited Dr Munro at his town house in the Adelphi, and would stay for a month at a time at Bushy, contributing to Dr Munro's portfolio at the rate of seven and sixpence a day. While in the neighbourhood of Bushy sketching, Hunt encountered the Earl of Essex, and was commissioned to take views in the park and grounds of Cashiobury.

Hunt's first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy was 'a scene near Hounslow,' in 1807, when he was seventeen years of age. He continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy's Exhibition, his progress in life being marked by the successive changes of his address from his master Varley's, back to his father's house, then to Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, and Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square, till he settled, on account of his health, at Hastings. He was connected with the 'Society of Painters in Water-colours' from its establishment, and was elected one of its associate members in 1824, when he was thirty-four years of age, becoming a full member three years later.

It is said of Hunt, that 'from the beginning he painted with all his might, sketching loyally what he saw, making portraits of everything he selected as worth painting, and selecting wisely.' What Hunt saw included landscapes, figures, fruit, and flowers. He was fond of rustic life and common familiar things, but treated the homeliest object with a delicate perception of its merits which

removed it from vulgarity. Among his subjects are 'the Attack,' a country boy about to feast on a huge pie, 'the Defeat,' the same lad overcome with sleep when the feast is ended, and 'the Brown Study,' a mulatto boy struggling to overcome a sum in addition. Hunt's fruit and flowers were wonders of loving fidelity and exquisite colour. Of his 'Study of Hyacinths,' 'he boasted that each of its leaves was a portrait,' yet nothing of the kind can be less formal or more idealized into perfection than those flowers. His 'Plums' formed another triumph. Still finer were his 'Study of Gold'—a smoked Pilchard; his 'Study of Rose-grey'—a mushroom, and his 'Dead Humming-Bird,' of which it is said that 'it glows with turquoise, blue, green, and gold, and even from the farthest side of the room sparkles marvellously.'

When eleven of the painter's works were shown in the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855, the French painters hailed them with delighted acclamation.

Hunt did not marry; he led a quiet domestic life, living for many years at Hastings, painting, in spite of his infirmities as a confirmed invalid, many hours every day, beginning early in the morning, breaking off to dine at one o'clock, and then resuming his work till dusk. At an average drawing he worked for fully a fortnight or eighteen days, even with the advantage of good weather and long days. (*Ottley.*) By dint of great care, under Providence, his life was prolonged to a little more than the three-score and ten years of man's allotted span; and he painted

with little or no diminution of his power till within a few days of his death. He caught a severe cold from attending the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water-colours in order to examine the drawings of the candidates for membership, and died in 1864, at the age of seventy-four years.

William Hunt's merits as a painter, against which there were few counter-balancing faults, except what lay necessarily in his limited range of art, were his absolute truthfulness without prosaicness or mere photographing; 'the splendour of colour,' which he did not so much impart to common objects, but taught men to distinguish that it was their portion, if one had only eyes to see it; and a 'remarkable power of rendering the effect of daylight on the surface of objects, a power equal to that of the Dutch painter De Hooghe.' (*Redgrave.*)

My space will not permit me to give sketches of other landscape painters—such as Creswick, Harding, Copley Fielding, and Robson, whose green leaves, misty blue hills, and silvery lakes, are dear to the lovers of nature and art; but I must say a word on the English painter of still life *per se.*

George Lance was born in 1802 at the old manor-house of Little Easton, in Essex. His father had been an officer in a regiment of light horse, and was afterwards an adjutant in the Essex Yeomanry, and an inspector of the horse patrol, which rid the great roads of their footpads.

George Lance was sent to Leeds to be a manufacturer,

but on his own urgent entreaty, was allowed to give up the attempt, and going to London he became a pupil of Haydon's. Mr Redgrave tells the story that Lance had visited the British Museum, and, seeing a lad drawing from the Elgin marbles, with the words written on his copy 'Pupil of Haydon,' inquired eagerly whether Haydon would take other pupils. He was conducted by the lad, a brother of Sir Edwin Landseer's, to the painter. On the new comer's making a modest statement of his wish, with a hesitating inquiry as to terms, Haydon, with the impulsiveness—half generosity, half bluster, which was so much a part of him, exclaimed—'Terms, my little fellow! when I take pupils I never look at the fathers' purses. Bring me some of your work, and if I think they promise success I will take you for nothing.'

Haydon did become the master of Lance, and in Haydon's studio, and as a student of the Royal Academy, he learnt what could be learnt of art. But the high art which Haydon taught was not congenial to his young pupil, and by a happy accident he found a more suitable field for his gift. Having been sent to paint some still life to improve his skill, the work was admired and bought by Sir George Beaumont, and commissions for the same description of work followed from the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duke of Bedford. (For the Duke of Bedford Lance painted afterwards a great fruit piece to adorn a summer-house at Woburn, on the occasion of the visit of William IV.)

Lance became a painter of still life, and as such he was famous, not merely for his fruit and flowers, but for the adjuncts of glass, plate, and draperies, while his dead game were even more valued. Mr Redgrave mentions two pictures by Lance, out of his usual course, which gave indication of a capacity for higher walks of art—'Melancthon's first misgivings of Rome,' and the 'Seneschal.' George Lance died in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead in 1864, at the age of sixty-two years. He has left a daughter who paints in her father's style. Lance was occasionally blamed for exaggeration of colour, for which, however, he had real feeling, while his delineation was delicate and his grouping agreeable.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLMAN HUNT, 1827—MILLAIS, 1829—WATTS, 1818—LEIGHTON, 1830—FRITH, 1819—ALMA TADEMA, FAED, 1826—NOEL PATON, 1823—HARVEY, 1806—HOOK, 1819—LINNEL, 1792—MASON, WHISTLER, SAM BOUGH, LEWIS, 1805—WATSON GORDON, 1798-1864—THORBURN, 1818—JOHANNA WELLS, 1831-1861—HENRIETTA WARD, MARGARET CARPENTER, 1793—J. B., MARTHA AND ANNIE MUTRIE, CRUIKSHANK, 1792—LEECH, 1817-1864.

ART criticism, always difficult, becomes doubly difficult and well nigh invidious when directed against contemporary artists. The critic is too near the conflict, its noise deafens and dazzles him, and personal partialities and prejudices slide in, and further upset the balance. But without a reference, so often carefully avoided, to the work of the present day, the simplest history of art is not complete. I can but record the names of a few of the leaders, and try to give an idea of their work, leaving my readers to become familiar with it for themselves, as they are sure to do, and to form, as well as they can, their own fair judgment on its merits. But first I must write a few more words of the art-movement which occurred in this country some thirty years ago. Præ-raphaelitism in Germany, led by Overbeck and Cornelius, was followed by the same thing in England, but it was Præ-raphael-

itism with a difference. One of its advocates states its nature, and marks the agreement and the disagreement between the English and the German Præ-raphaelitism.

In both cases the movement was a revolt against long-established conventional rules, and a return to that period in art, when, beyond such natural or positive laws as were inevitably known, every man was a law unto himself, and sought on his own account to penetrate the secrets of nature.

But the German painters were content to return to an early school and to propose to develop it, in its reverence and simplicity; they did not believe that it had been developed, but on the contrary, that it had been widely departed from by the great painters of the Michael Angelo era.

The English painters proposed likewise to return to the school of Orcagna, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, in recovering the old painters' earnest, independent spirit; but farther the English painters would not follow these old masters any more than the later masters, the English painters would bend and sue to nature herself, while they—her latest scholars—would not refuse to avail themselves of every discovery of perspective or chiaroscuro, which, in fact, belonged to the laws of nature. Again, the religious element which was so prominent in the beginning in the German movement, formed no integral part of the English movement. The English painters bound themselves to be severely true to their main thought, re-

jecting all meretricious embellishments, to be faithful to nature under every aspect, until, while the painters did not forbid to themselves the privilege of selection, they should discover in her most disparaged forms a thousand forgotten or never perceived beauties. But these English painters never, so far as I can discover, proposed for themselves a peculiar religious atmosphere, or objected to secular, if they objected to pagan subjects.

The three young painters who were at the head of this movement were Rossetti (who does not exhibit his pictures publicly), Holman Hunt, and Millais. Like all pioneers they met with much wonder, incredulity, ridicule, and opposition, and, indeed, the proposed reformation, after the fashion of reformations, was thrust in several instances to extremity, while the young reformers succumbed, to some extent, to the very dangers which their champions had anticipated for them—of pushing on their war with conventionality till they were tempted to despise the precious fruits of experience; of indulging in over-minuteness and want of due subordination in the laborious finish of their details; and, what was likely to be more offensive still to the mass of mankind, of showing a morbid preference for bizarre, ugly, and repulsive subjects. While the painters were more or less guilty of these eccentricities, many sensational stories were told of the young men's art creed and the sacrifices which it compelled, among them that Holman Hunt had

travelled to Palestine for the sole purpose of painting a real eastern goat in a real eastern wilderness, and that Millais had spent three months in copying a veritable lichen-tinted wall for the wall in his 'Huguenot.'

Time brought its remedy for the violence of the art rupture and the errors into which its promoters had been betrayed, until all that is said seriously of Præraphaelitism to-day, is a general acknowledgment that it has had its mission, and done good to art, influencing it widely to the ends of greater truthfulness and greater individuality, and of greater simplicity and earnestness, in the hands of gifted men. At the same time its excesses, even its marked features, have disappeared, to a great extent, from the works of its founders, who have out-grown mannerism; and, finally, other painters, not of the Præraphaelite school, of sufficient eminence, have risen to counteract some of its teaching.

William Holman Hunt was born, in 1827, in London. He was a student of the Royal Academy. His first exhibited picture was in the Royal Academy's Exhibition of 1846, when he was nineteen years of age. Three or four years later, about 1850, he took his stand as a Præraphaelite in his 'Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the persecution of the Druids.' His most famous pictures since have been, in 1854, his 'Light of the World' (a noble allegory, in which the Saviour stands, lantern in hand, at a closed door, under a star-lit sky); in 1856, after the painter's visit to the East,

'The Scape-goat,' another pathetic allegory as read by the light of the Old Testament law; and in 1860, when the painter was in his thirty-fourth year, after four years' study and labour, 'Christ discovered in the Temple,' which thousands flocked to see, not only in London but in every town where it was exhibited, for the public's verdict on it was, that whatever its imperfections, it was the one modern English picture which thrilled the spectators as with a glimpse of the divine.

Among Holman Hunt's pictures of lower import are his 'Hireling Shepherd,' 'Awakened Conscience,' and 'Isabella and the Pot of Basil.' After the Prince of Wales's marriage the painter exhibited 'London Bridge as illuminated and decorated on the occasion of the entry of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark on March 7, 1863.'

This year Holman Hunt has completed a sacred picture, of Christ in the carpenter's shop, 'The Shadow of Death' (sold for ten thousand pounds).

Of the picture, 'Christ in the Temple' (which I am glad to say, to the honour of such taste as may be found for high art in England, was sold for five thousand pounds*) I shall quote Dean Alford's description:—'There it hangs before us' (he is writing of an engraving), 'but without its glorious colour, as Holman Hunt gave it forth from the years' study of his earnest soul. I wish you could have seen the picture all aglow with those wonderful hues; somewhat, perhaps, too rainbow-like and

* Ottley.

shifty in gleams, but yet no tint without meaning, and all conspiring to one of the most glorious effects.

'It was some such assembly as the painter has there represented. The grand old rabbi, whose winters mounted to a century, their snowy marks on his scanty beard, and their film over his sightless eyes; how he clasps the great scroll of the law, the study of his life, and the fathomless well of his ripened wisdom. The aged compeer at his side, laying his hand on his arm, is setting forth to him the reason why the wise and holy talk of the young peasant from Galilee has of a sudden ceased. And next him is a young teacher, his face full of intelligence, his brow contracted with anxious thought as over some answer from which the very soul of righteousness has looked forth, or over some question which the collective wisdom of rabbidom was all too poor to furnish with a reply. And so we pass on, to some faces which look secular, and even some which seem, but probably are not, void of meaning, till our eyes reach the right-hand, or principal group of the picture.

'And here, what shall we say? I know that tastes differ among us on this group; I know also that my own feeling has not been always the same about it: but I also feel that the artist had immense difficulties to contend with, and that he surmounted them not by pandering to conventionality, but by patiently studying and then idealizing nature. Let us take them in inverse order and importance.

'The figure and expression of Joseph are, to me, faultless. There is no assumption of importance in them, as neither ought there to be; but the great joy of having found Him who had been lost is mingled with a serene satisfaction at the place and employ in which He has been found; and thus this manly peaceful face sets, as it were, the tone of the group.

'Of the Blessed Mother more must be said: more which may call, and which may be called, in question.

'The expression is as of one earnestly and passionately pleading; as we might imagine her to have done, had we been told expressly that she did not. The account given in St Luke certainly does not lead us to think that she thus earnestly and closely whispered in the ear of her Son. There is in that narrative a majesty of motherhood which I fail to discover here. Perhaps it may be said, that the artist has altogether *translated* the narrative into detail; that the saying in St Luke is that to which all her dealing with Him amounted, rather than any one portion of it; that we can hardly imagine the joy of finding, the intense interest in the situation, the desire to win Him back again — all venting themselves in those few and balanced words; and that though the Evangelist is faithful to the summary of the fact, the artist has seized on one of the expressions of nature of which that summary was made up. It may be so. Painting, we know, is tied to a moment, and must give an outward act done. His

tory is tied merely to truth, and truth may be the total of a great many acts.

'But now we come to speak of the figure of the Holy Child himself, and I hardly know how to praise this too highly. It seems to me to have just that mingled look of human boyhood and divine yearning for higher things than human, which we should expect, but look for in vain, in any representation of the youthful Jesus. It is found in the Infant of the Madonna del Sisto, and as has been said, in one or two other of Raphael's; and, as far as I know, in those only. That the earnest desire to be "among His Father's matters" is here somewhat prominent, is hardly to be blamed: but none can say that the rising resolution to check that desire, and to go down to Nazareth and be obedient to them, is not also abundantly expressed. There is one little incident of the Lord's posture which has always struck me as very beautiful; the playing of the right hand with the buckle of the band. It exactly expresses the meeting of two currents of feeling. One can see in this, as in the face, the truant interest in the disputation of the doctors, wavering before the strong return of self-denying duty; while, at the same time, there look out wonderfully from the eyes, the thoughts that come from otherwhere than this our earth.

'Of the accessories of the picture it is, after this, hardly worth while to speak. According to the artist, it is evidently full day. Workmen are shaping a stone outside. A beggar is laid at the gate to ask alms of them that

come in. Now, I had in my own mind always imagined it evening; "After three days they found Him in the Temple." Whether the doctors had the custom of sitting on there till the evening, I am not sufficiently acquainted with Jewish practices to be able to say; but the "after three days" seems to point this way. Perhaps the wonderful understanding and answers of the Divine Boy may have kept the dignified conclave beyond its ordinary time of sitting.'

John Everett Millais was born in 1829 at Southampton. His early youth was spent in France and the Channel Islands. His love of art showed itself betimes, and at nine years of age he won a medal for drawing from the Society of Arts. In 1840, when he was only eleven years of age, he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and distinguished himself in the schools—getting the silver medal in each.

In 1846, the same year that Holman Hunt exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy's Exhibition, Millais, then in his eighteenth year, exhibited at the same place, his 'Pizarro seizing the Men of Peru.' In 1847 he obtained the gold medal awarded for historical painting, and his picture—'The Tribe of Benjamin seizing the Daughters of Shiloh,' was exhibited at the British Institution in the following year.

Shortly afterwards Millais and his two coadjutors, with other young painters, entered into what was called, with some affectation, 'the Brotherhood of the Præ-raphaelites.

Millais' first picture, illustrating the school, which attracted much attention, was exhibited in 1850, when he was twenty-one years of age, and was his 'Christ in the House of his Parents,' commonly called 'The Carpenter's Shop,' where the wonderful rendering of details divided the feelings of the judges, with what seemed to them a painful and even repulsive treatment of the subject—the child Jesus having wounded his hand with a nail, his mother kneels to bind up the wound, St Joseph pauses in his work, the child John the Baptist advances with a bowl of water, while St Elizabeth and another figure are in the background.

But the painter's first really popular picture was his 'Huguenot on St Bartholomew's Day refusing to shelter himself from danger by wearing the Roman Catholic badge,' exhibited two years later, in 1852. In 1853, at the earliest prescribed age, twenty-four years, the painter was elected an associate of the Academy. With various degrees of success and favour Millais painted afterwards, among other pictures, his 'Ophelia,' 'Order of Release,' and 'Rescue' (a fireman bearing children out of a burning house, and restoring them to the arms of their mother), a picture on which severe strictures were pronounced, because of the crimson tint supposed to be given by the fire, and because of the drawing of the figures, but which is not the less a fine picture.

In 1856, when Millais was twenty-seven years of age, he struck a new chord with his 'Autumn Leaves,' a group of

children gathering and burning fallen leaves, in which his critics acknowledged much grace and poetry, and in which there were strong indications of the excellence in landscape painting which he has since attained. Several pictures of more doubtful or less valued merit followed, until again, in 1860, the painter, in his thirty-first year, renewed the impression made by his 'Huguenot,' in a picture somewhat similar in character, that of the 'Black Brunswicker.' This picture was followed by a succession of pictures of children in groups or singly, with an occasional picture of graver, but not very great, interest, except it might be in technical merits.

In 1864, four years after being elected an associate, Millais became a full member of the Academy. In 1865 he painted another picture of some importance, 'The Romans leaving Britain.' In 1871 he electrified once more the art-loving public by the unsurpassable truth of his 'Chill October,' a landscape picture—the exquisitely subdued tone of which is one great element of its strength. In 1872 Millais had another triumph—this time technical, since the picture called 'Hearts are Trumps,' with all its splendid handling and colouring, especially in the flesh tints, is but the representation of three fair English women (Misses Armstrong) playing whist with a dummy.

Of the 'Huguenot' and the 'Black Brunswicker' I should like to give some idea to those who may not have seen the pictures. The incident of the 'Huguenot' picture is founded on the order of the Duc de Guise, that

each good Catholic should on the eve of St Bartholomew bind a strip of white linen round his arm, as a badge to be known by. The couple in the picture present a Huguenot lover, who in his loyal integrity and stanch faith refuses to permit the woman he loves to bind round his arm the white silk kerchief which may appear the Roman Catholic badge, and enable him, while his brethren perish, to escape under the token of their enemy. As he clasps her to his breast, he plucks off the kerchief; at the same time the rose in her bosom falls, shedding its leaves.

In the 'Black Brunswicker,' the lover, one of a body of fierce zealots sworn neither to give nor take quarter in the wars against Napoleon, and whose badge is the death's-head in their helmets, takes a long, last farewell, in which there is the very bitterness of anguish, of his mistress. Her different political faith, which may add to the pain of the hour, seems to be implied by the portrait of Napoleon on the wall. The white satin dress which the lady wears is reckoned almost equal to the white satin of Terburg.

George Frederick Watts was born in 1818 in London, and he first exhibited in 1837, when he was in his twentieth year. He began his career in art as a historical painter. During the sitting of the commission for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, Watts, in 1843, when he was twenty-five years of age, sent in his cartoon of 'Caractacus' to the competition proposed by the commissioners, and got a three-hundred pounds prize. In the subsequent

competition he gained one of the first-class prizes of five hundred pounds for his cartoon of 'Alfred inciting the Saxons to Maritime Enterprise;' and he was commissioned to paint 'St George and the Dragon' for the Houses of Parliament. He painted also a large fresco 'illustrative of the History of Justice,' in the New Hall of Lincoln's Inn.

But it is by his mythological and ideal subjects, and above all by his portraits, that the painter has won a great name among his brother artists and in the outer world. His 'Daphne' has been pronounced 'perfectly admirable; his 'Diana and Endymion' worthy of his 'Daphne;' his 'Study with the peacock's feathers' of 'extraordinary merit and beauty.'

Watts's portraits include those of Mr Tennyson, Sir John Lawrence, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, but whether of distinguished men, or of men and women utterly unknown to the world, these portraits stand out in 'strong relief' from the portraits by the painter's contemporaries, redeeming portrait painting from the charge of decline in our days. 'Classic,' 'thoughtful,' 'powerful,' 'rich,' 'luminous,' full of 'character and expression,' 'very tender and beautiful' in the painting, are terms exhausting the vocabulary of art, applied by critics to the qualities in Watts's portraits. The painter's admirers believe that they see in him many of the excellencies of Titian and Tintoret. By a fancy—whether it might be that he regarded portrait painting as a descent in art, whether that he wished to try his skill in a new field anonymously, some

of the painter's early portraits are signed, not 'G. F. Watts,' but 'F. W. George.' Watts is a member of the Royal Academy.

Frederick Leighton was born in 1830 at Scarborough. He was taken abroad in his childhood, and was brought to Rome, where he received lessons in drawing from an Italian painter, in his thirteenth and fourteenth years. In his fifteenth year he became a student of the Royal Academy, Berlin, studying in the following years at Florence, Frankfort-am-Maine, Brussels, and Paris, and again at Frankfort, where he worked under Steinle, a pupil of Overbeck's. Finally he resided several seasons in Rome, where he painted his picture 'Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence,' described in the catalogue thus :— 'Cimabue's celebrated Madonna is carried in procession through the streets of Florence. In front of the Madonna, and crowned with laurels, walks Cimabue himself with his pupil Giotto ; behind it Arnofo di Lappo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Nicolo Pisano, Buffalmacco, and Simone Memmi ; in the corner, Dante.' This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy's Exhibition, London, in 1855, when Leighton was twenty-five years of age. The effect of such a picture, painted by a young man of twenty-five, whom Mr Rossetti calls 'a born artist,' and who was full of the learning of the foreign schools, while he was unknown in England, was naturally great. The picture was at once bought by the Queen.

Leighton returned to Paris, and remained there for

four years, profiting by the counsels of Ary Scheffer and Robert-Fleury. Eventually Leighton settled in London, where he had exhibited in 1856 his 'Triumph of Music' — Orpheus playing his viol in the gloomy regions of Pluto for the purpose of winning back Eurydice to earth. Other pictures of Leighton are, a 'Reminiscence of Algiers,' 'Paris on his wedding morning finds Juliet apparently lifeless,' 'The Star of Bethlehem' (one of the Magi from the terrace of his house stands looking at the star in the East; the lower part of the picture indicates a revel which he may be supposed to have just left); 'Michael Angelo nursing his dying servant,' 'Helen of Troy,' and 'Dante in Exile.'

Leighton was long engaged upon a mural painting over the altar of the church of Lyndhurst, Hants. He has worked to a considerable extent in book illustrations and wood engravings. (*Ottley.*) He is a member of the Royal Academy.

Leighton is believed to have introduced much foreign, especially French, influence into the modern English school of art. Unlike the Præ-raphaelites, he is brimful of the learning of the schools, to which the passion and poetry that are ascribed to him may have given fresh life. His pictures are said to be painted 'conventionally, monotonously, but with a deliberate conventionality and monotony;' a 'something like measured rhythmic utterance of words,' which does not prevent the painting from being at the same time arbitrary and fantastic, while the

colouring is sometimes brilliant and beautiful, sometimes violent and hard, and always—like the handling, strange and individual in midst of the pervading scholarliness. Taking the pictures altogether, their evidence of high cultivation, their half weird strangeness, their intensity of feeling, it is easy to understand that they must have a peculiar fascination for a certain order of minds. (*Rossetti.*)

William Powell Frith is as unlike Leighton as one artist can be unlike another. Frith was born in 1819, near Ripon, Yorkshire. He learned drawing in the art school at Bloomsbury, presided over by Mr Sass, several of whose pupils have become eminent painters. Frith was a student of the Royal Academy, in 1837, when he was eighteen years of age. Two years later he first exhibited a picture, that of the head of one of Mr Sass's children, at the British Institution. In 1840, when the painter was twenty-one years of age, he exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of 'Malvolio before the Countess Olivia,' which attracted much notice.

In 1845, when Frith was twenty-six years of age, his 'Village Pastor,' from The Deserted Village, was still more admired, and gained the painter his election as an associate member of the Academy. At this time, he seemed to be walking in the footsteps of Leslie, and painted in succession such pictures as 'The Parting Interview of Leicester and the Countess Amy,' 'Measuring Heights,' from the Vicar of Wakefield, 'An

English Merry-making a hundred years ago,' 'The Coming of Age,' 'Pope making love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' &c. &c. In 1853, when he was thirty-four years of age, Frith was elected a Royal Academician.

In the following year Frith struck on the vein of the familiar humours of a great English crowd, in which he may be said to walk alone, for Hogarth's election crowds had strict unity among dramatic episodes, in stories—the morals of which were one of their strongest points. Frith's 'Life at the Sea-side, Ramsgate,' was but a lively version of a huge cockney, rather than motley, gathering, of which he made, with the greatest skill, all that could be made. The picture of the good citizens of London taking their annual holiday was warmly welcomed, and was bought by the Queen. Frith's 'Derby Day,' belonging to 1858, was a vivid realization of a great popular spectacle, executed with wonderful fidelity and niceness of finish. It became at once very popular, and was the picture of the year, 'in the same sense,' Mr Rossetti observes, 'as the Derby Day is the event of the year to sight-seers and people in search of amusement.'

The painter, with occasional deviations, followed up his advantage by a large picture, which involved two years' labour, and was completed in 1862, 'The Railway Station.' It was commissioned for the joint purpose of exhibition and engraving by a well-known picture-dealer who, according to a report quoted by Mr Rossetti, gave the painter as the price of his work,

nine thousand one hundred and eighty-seven pounds ten shillings, and we find in Ottley that the dealer was no loser by the transaction, since he re-sold the picture with his list of subscribers for the engraving, for sixteen thousand pounds.

Another large painting of Frith's, and on this occasion with, perhaps, more of Hogarthian motive in its throng of figures, was his 'Homburg.'

The painter had from her Majesty a commission to paint the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, receiving for the picture three thousand guineas, and for the sale of the copyright to a dealer, five thousand guineas.

Frith is universally acknowledged to have a remarkable faculty for grouping a multitude of people so as to include 'variety, incident, easy and thoughtful disposition,' and to treat his masses with sparkling brilliance, relieved by dashes of popular sentiment.* It is impossible for me to find space to record all the innumerable, telling details of even one of his large pictures. After all, and it is their chief merit, you may see them any day, if not on the race-course, at the railway station, or the sea-side. I shall do better to quote Mr Ruskin's characteristic summing-up of the Derby Day. 'I am not sure how much power is involved in the production of such a picture as this; great ability there is assuredly—long and careful study—considerable humour—untiring industry; all of

* 'Sparkle without depth is a criticism pronounced on Frith's work.

them qualities entitled to high praise, which I doubt not they will receive from the delighted public. It is also quite proper and desirable that this English carnival should be painted; and of the entirely popular manner of painting, which, however, we must remember, is necessarily, because popular, stooping and restricted, I have never seen an abler example. The drawing of the distant figures seems to me especially dexterous and admirable; but it is very difficult to characterize the picture in accurate general terms. It is a kind of cross between John Leech and Wilkie, with a dash of daguerreotype here and there, and some pretty seasoning with Dickens' sentiment.'

Alma Tadéma, a native of Friesland, while still giving the address, Rue de Palais, Brussels, exhibited in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, 1870, three small pictures: 'Un Intérieur romain,' 'Un Amateur romain' (empire), and 'Un Jongleur,' which immediately drew the attention of the artists to the unknown foreign painter by magnificent points in the painting of the pictures. At the Academy's Exhibition of 1872, the painter, already settled in London, exhibited two pictures: 'A Roman Emperor' and 'Grand Chamberlain to his Majesty Sesostris the Great.' The first of these was sufficient to establish a reputation. The 'Roman Emperor' was Claudius hidden behind the curtain, and found by the Prætorian guards, when, having murdered Caligula and his family, the soldiers rush back the next day, to discover if any mem-

ber of the Imperial family survive, in order to drag him away and proclaim him emperor. The ghastliness of the situation, with the grandeur and sumptuousness of the surroundings (surely the painter had learnt a lesson in the school of the French painter Gérôme), the thrill of power conveyed by the whole picture, the depth and richness of the colouring, with the careful learned finish of details, could not fail to make a deep impression. But it may serve better to show the nature of Alma Tadéma's claims, if I quote a description of another of his pictures from the *Athenæum*:—

'The "Fête Intime" of Alma Tadéma. The scene is a private garden, separated from the court-yard of the house to which it belongs by a wall, shoulder high, on which is painted, in an archaic mode, a representation of a sacrifice, and its accompanying dance, in honour of bearded Dionysus; over the wall one sees the columns or peristyle of the mansion, its eaves, and a long range of *antefixæ* of the roof, trees, &c. On our side of the wall is a marble table, bearing in front a Dionysiac bas-relief, and on its top a noble archaic hydria, and a scarcely less precious two-handled vase, of a date nearer than that of its fellow to the time of the scene before us. Standing on a leopard-skin is a bronze tripod, exhaling fumes from its brazier; a youth, instinct with Bacchic fury, chants and dances round it; he is clad in a robe of warm white; his feet are bare; his head is crowned with ivy; he lifts aloft a giant cluster of purple grapes; with a burning torch in

his left hand, he bounds about the tripod in joyful ecstasy, and is accompanied in his course by a girl, whose golden hair is enclosed by blue fillets. She bears a thyrsus with its fir-cone, and steps joyously and gracefully to the cadences of her companion's song, and the clashing of cymbals in the hands of one who follows him about the tripod, also dancing; the cymbal-player is likewise crowned with ivy; he makes his instruments clash as he springs, and their edges are brought to kiss sharply. At the back stand two girls, players on the double and single pipes, performing responsively to the youth's loud chanting; and a third damsel, who is seated, with a tambourine on her knees, which with back-handed blows she taps to time. Below a bench lies a stout old fellow, the Silenus of this celebration; cylix and vase in hand, he has succumbed while serving the god but too well. The brilliancy of the colouring of this picture, the spirited design, and the charm which it owes to archæological research, are qualities common to most of M. Alma Tadéma's pictures, but not less precious on that account. The artist has bestowed more pains than usual on its execution, so that the result is splendid and solid in a high degree. It is one of the most original of modern works.'

Thomas Faed was born in 1826, at Burley Mill, Kircudbrightshire, Scotland. His father was an engineer and mill-wright. Thomas Faed's elder brother, John, was a painter of fair repute in Edinburgh, able to offer a home to his younger brother while he studied in the

School of Design under Sir W. Allan. In 1849, when he was twenty-three years of age, Faed had become an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and exhibited the picture of 'Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford,' which was afterwards engraved. Three years later he settled in London.

In 1855, Faed exhibited his 'Mitherless Bairn,' the first of his rustic scenes which attracted much attention. The picture was condemned by Mr Ruskin as 'common-place Wilkieism,' yet made its mark in the line which the painter has since followed somewhat monotonously, but with the decided encouragement of the public, since his 'Sunday in the Back Woods' was bought by the late Mr Holdsworth for nine hundred guineas, and re-sold for thirteen hundred and ten guineas. (*Ottley.*) Faed was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1861, when he was thirty-five years of age.

One of Faed's best pictures is 'From Dawn to Sunset,' the death-bed of an aged peasant, whose gaunt hand is stretched out on the counterpane; by the bed sits the son, a middle-aged care-worn labouring man; around him are another generation of children of various ages, from the unconscious infant in its mother's arms, to the eager half-awed 'haflins' arriving from school, and bringing with them the medicine, which comes too late. The picture, which is honestly and harmoniously painted, is full of homely pathos and solemn simple feeling.

Sir J. Noel Paton was born in 1823 at Dunfermline,

Fifeshire, Scotland. His father was a pattern designer, and was his son's early teacher. The painter was afterwards a student, first of the Royal Scottish Academy, and afterwards of the Royal Academy, London. At the Westminster Hall competition of cartoons so often alluded to, Noel Paton's cartoon, 'The Spirit of Religion,' gained a two-hundred pounds prize in 1845, when he was twenty-two years of age; and two years later his oil painting of the 'Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania'—in which, besides the king and queen, a multitude of tiny figures float in air, dive into flower-cups, nestle

'Under the blossom which hangs from the bough'—

—won one of the three-hundred pound prizes.

The painter lingered in fairy-land not only in his companion picture of the 'Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' painted in 1849, and bought (and put in the Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh) by the Scottish Academy for seven hundred pounds, but in his 'Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of Fairyland,' his 'Nicker the Soulless,' &c. &c.

Noel Paton's most approved pictures have, probably, been 'In Memoriam,' an episode of the Indian war, where a group of fugitives taking refuge in a cellar, by a desperate impulse gather round one brave woman at the crisis when either their foes or their deliverers are heard approaching; and his 'Home from the Crimea,' where a weary wounded soldier has returned from the wars, and is welcomed by his young wife and aged

mother. This picture, of which the engraving must be familiar to many, was bought by the Queen.

Noel Paton was knighted in 1867. Like not a few of his artist brethren, the painter has sought to be a poet also, and has published poems. Sir Noel Paton's brother is a landscape painter of some reputation, while his sister, Mrs D. O. Hill, has mastered great difficulties in becoming a sculptor in established practice.

Sir George Harvey was born, in 1806, at St Ninian's, Fifeshire. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, when he spent all his spare time in drawing. He entered the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, as a student, when he was eighteen years of age, in 1824, and made rapid progress in art. He became an associate of the Scottish Academy at its foundation two years later, in 1826, and a full member in 1829, when he was twenty-three years of age. He is now President of the Scottish Academy.

Harvey's paintings were from the first popular in Scotland, while their extreme sobriety gave them a cold effect in English eyes, delaying and limiting his popularity in England. His subjects, too, have been more akin to Scottish than to English taste, having been largely taken from the histories of the Covenanters and the Puritans. But through every obstacle, those who look for the qualities, see in the painter's pictures manly earnestness and thoughtfulness, and true poetic feeling well if gravely expressed. His 'Covenanters Preaching,' 'Bunyan with his blind daughter

selling laces at the door of Bedford Gaol,' 'Battle of Drumclog,' 'First reading of the Bible in the Crypt of St Paul's,' and 'Highland Funeral,' are among his best pictures.*

James Clarke Hook was born, in 1819, in London. His father was a judge at Sierra Leone, and his mother a daughter of Dr Clarke, the Bible Commentator. (*Ottley.*) Hook entered the Royal Academy in 1836, when he was seventeen years of age, and gained medals in the schools. Having won the gold medal by his picture of 'The Finding of the Body of Harold,' Hook tried historical painting.

In 1846, when Hook was twenty-seven years of age, he got the Academy's three years' travelling pension, and started for Italy, but he did not remain the allotted term abroad. He returned to England, resigning half the pension. Hook was elected an associate of the Academy, in 1850, when he was thirty years of age; ten years later he became an Academician.

From 1850 Hook has practised painting scenes from country, and especially from coast life, in Cornwall, the latter in his hands inexpressibly fresh and life-like, as well as skilful. His 'Coast-Boy Gathering Eggs,' his 'Luff-Boy,' which Mr Ruskin pronounced 'a glorious picture, most glorious,' and which created a wonderful sensation; and since them his 'Jolly as a Sand Boy,' his 'Oyster

* Among Scotch painters Erskine Nicol has made a mark by the life-like humour and pathos of his work.

"severals" of Hampshire,' and his 'Between Tides,' are enough to remind us that we are islanders by birth, and that the sea being part of our inheritance, we awake to claim it, when we are presented with such a reminder of its restless waves and breezy skies as Hook can offer.

John Linnel is the veteran head of a family of painters. He was born in 1792, in London. He was a pupil of Benjamin West's, and of Varley's, and a fellow-pupil of William Hunt's. He began in his profession by being a portrait and miniature painter, and by practising engraving, but gradually devoted his attention to landscape painting, in which he has won so honourable a name. He first exhibited a picture in the Royal Academy in 1807, when he was but fifteen years of age. The following year he gained the Royal Academy's premium of fifty pounds in a competition with Chalon.

John Linnel's sons, J. T. Linnel, T. G. Linnel, and W. Linnel, have inherited largely their father's gifts, and the name of Linnel, in connection with landscape painting, is not likely to die out in the land. The merits of the Linnels are said to be breadth of treatment, along with faithful study of nature, power over atmospheric effects, and great feeling for colouring. The fault found with the artists is too uniform a preference for 'warm glowing atmospheres,' with an occasional tendency to exaggeration in colouring. But the results of these labours in English landscape are very delightful—above all to English eyes, in such pictures as the famous 'Barley

Harvest,' 'The Timber Waggon,' 'Under the Hawthorn,' 'At Work in the Wood,' 'Haying and Playing.'

One is glad to think that the appreciation of such art is general, and that the painters meet their reward—not only in its higher, but in its lower form, of ample prices.

Of George Mason, lately dead, I can write little more than that he was a native of Staffordshire; that he studied as a physician before taking up art for his profession; that he went to Rome, and painted there some good pictures, notably, 'Ploughing in the Salt Marshes of the Campagna;' that he returned to England, struggled for years with bad health, and died, leaving about two hundred pictures and sketches.* These pictures are very limited in their subjects, and very quiet in their treatment—which he modified after his return to England, but they have been held by some of the most cultivated lovers of art to be so exquisite in certain qualities of 'pastoral beauty and pastoral rest,' that their collection and separate exhibition this year (1873) have been fully warranted. The reproach is brought against these pictures, that they form 'all one dream,' and so it may be and yet be a marvellously delicate and tender dream. The *Spectator*, along with other authorities, defends Mason's right to lasting recognition as a true painter, even while allowing that he saw generally neither what was

* After Mason had exhibited for ten years, he was elected (along with G. F. Watts) an associate of the Academy, in 1868.

'intense, nor grand, nor bitter in human life,' only what was 'sweet,' and even that, only when sweetness was associated with a 'tenderness of pathos.'

As an instance of the extreme simplicity and even slightness of George Mason's subjects, I may mention the pictures, 'Only a Shower,' 'The Clothes Line,' 'The Gander,' 'Girls dancing by the Sea.' Their charm does not lie in the realism with which he has painted these scenes, though, according to the *Spectator*, he has given in them 'the life of the Midlands,' with a truthfulness which even George Eliot has not exceeded in her writings—but it is the idealism that he has put into his fields, and commons, and country roads, with their primitive groups, that renders them, while perfectly true, perfectly idyllic.

Mason has had a little more scope, and therefore has probably attained his greatest excellence in the eyes of his admirers, in 'A Farm House in Warwickshire,' 'The Harvest Moon' (a 'band of harvesters with jagged-edged, dark, steel-blue scythes lifted against the quiet evening sky'), and 'The Evening Hymn,' 'Staffordshire Mill-girls pacing home abreast after their work, singing as they pace, as the Staffordshire custom is.' In the last picture the painter has not only preserved a good local custom, but he has retained entire the appropriate Staffordshire costume of 'the long child's pinafore' still worn by the elder girls, and of the 'mill-hoods.'

Whistler, an American painter, a native of Balti-

more, early signalized himself by his experiments in colours. He received a French art training before he established himself in this country. He is known both for his etchings and paintings; the former receive nearly unqualified praise, the latter have been alternately abused and lauded. But even his severest critics seem inclined, in these later days, to allow Whistler exceptional achievements, however fitful or marred, in colour. Mr Rossetti assigns to the stranger from beyond the Atlantic, and from Parisian studios, with his preference for 'shore-life, river-life, barge-life, for everything which hints of old wherries, jetties, piers, rigging, bow-windows overlooking reaches of the peopled stream,' an intuitive possession of the scenery of the Thames. 'Never before,' writes the critic of Whistler's picture of 'Wapping,' 'was that familiar scene so triumphantly painted; and he cites a similar picture, 'Old Battersea Bridge,' and says of it, 'with a mud shore and a river-side group, boats ready for launching, a grey sky, and greyer river, the side-long bridge crossed by carts and passengers, shows one way of treating these simple materials to perfection, whether composition, tone, truth, or originality is in demand.' (The painter is not always thus subdued in colour, neither is he always as blank as in the two pictures, entitled, oddly, 'The White Girl' and 'The Little White Girl.' He exhibited lately three pictures of river and coast scenes, named respectively, 'A Nocturne in crimson and gold,' 'A Nocturne in blue and

silver,' and a 'Symphony in grey and green,' and whether or not they were less agreeably *bizarre* in their modes than in their names, the two first were studies of glowing and delicate colour.) Of an earlier picture exhibited nine years ago, the 'Lange Lize of the six marks' (a Chinese woman painting a blue vase), Mr Rossetti went so far as to declare, that it was 'the most delightful piece of colour on the walls' of that year's exhibition.

Among Scottish landscape painters, Sam Bough has succeeded the late Horatio Maculloch, who, though little known in England, held for many years among his countrymen the place of the most popular painter of the romantic scenery of Scotland. He had a bold touch for its boldness, and a considerable feeling for its romance, though in lacking Sir George Harvey's sobriety and moderation, Maculloch also lacked something of Harvey's refinement of taste, and of the master's subtleties. With a still bolder touch, Sam Bough deals with the rocks, bays, and rivers of the north. He has had somewhat of the antecedents of Stanfield and Roberts. It remains to be seen whether these will by self-training and labour lead to as desirable an end.*

John Frederick Lewis was born in 1805, in London. His father was a line-engraver, and gave his son lessons in painting. At fifteen Lewis exhibited at the British Institution his first picture, which found a purchaser. Two years afterwards, in 1822, the painter exhibited a large

* Peter Graham has recently more than divided with Sam Bough the place of foremost Scotch landscape painter.

picture of 'Deer Shooting at Belhus, Essex,' and the following year he was commissioned by George IV. to paint scenes in Windsor Forest, which he exhibited together with portraits of the King's keepers.

About this time Lewis forsook painting in oils for painting in water-colours, and in 1828, when he was twenty-three years of age, he was elected a member of the Water-colour Society. (*Ottley.*)

In the course of the next four or five years, Lewis travelled in Germany, Northern Italy, Spain, and the Mediterranean. In his foreign travel he developed the elaborately fine finish which he has given to his art. From 1834 to 1837, when he was about thirty years of age, he exhibited Spanish subjects, some of which—including the Alhambra series, he published in lithography. Returning to Italy, and proceeding to Rome, Lewis made the sketch which resulted in a 'gorgeously executed' picture of 'Easter Day at Rome, the Pope Blessing the People,' exhibited in 1841.

In the mean time Lewis had gone to Turkey, Egypt, and Asia Minor, not coming back to England till ten years later, in 1851. He then exhibited his 'Harem,' one of his most famous pictures, followed in succeeding years by similar pictures: 'An Arab Scribe,' 'The Halt in the Desert,' 'A Frank in the Desert of Mount Sinai.' The last picture was exhibited in 1856, when Lewis was fifty-one years of age.

In 1855, Lewis was elected President of the Society of

Painters in Water-colours, an office which he resigned in anticipation of his election as an associate of the Royal Academy, in 1859, when he was in his fifty-fifth year.

Shortly before the exhibition of a 'Frank in the Desert of Mount Sinai,' he had resumed painting in oils, and exhibited at the Academy, among other pictures, 'The Greeting in the Desert—Egypt,' 'A Street Scene in Cairo,' 'The Syrian Sheikh,' 'Lilies and Roses—Constantinople.' Sixty-four of his copies in water-colours of the works of the old masters, made during his early visits to Spain and Italy, were bought for the use of the students in the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he is an honorary member.

Of the 'Frank in the Desert of Mount Sinai,' Mr Ruskin wrote, that if it stands the test of time, 'it will one day be among things which men will come to England from far away to see, and will go back to their homes, saying, "I have seen it," as people come back now from Venice, saying they have seen Titian's "Peter Martyr," or from Milan, saying they have seen the "Sposalizio."' The critic declared that if the reader would take a magnifying glass and examine the details 'touch by touch,' he would find that 'any four inches' of the picture contained 'as much as an ordinary water-colour drawing,' that there was as much painting beneath the drooping fringes of the eyes of the camels as most painters would care to bestow on the whole head. He

goes on to wonder, not so much at this minuteness which is found in the work of the old Van Eycks, but at the breadth, of which, in Lewis's water-colour drawings, the minute details form part. In commenting on the labour in the sky, Mr Ruskin declares that the whole field is 'wrought gradually out with touches no larger than the filaments of a feather. It is, in fact, an embroidered sky —Penelope's web was slight work compared to it,'—and he proceeds to explain 'that the purpose was to get the peculiar look of heat, haze, and depth of colour, with light, which there is in all skies of warm climates.' The expression of the figures and faces in this picture, in which Sheikh and Frank meet by a foreground of dead game in the desert of Mount Sinai, was said to match the drawing and colouring.

Burton and Fripp, and other painters—whether of figures or landscapes—in water-colours, have established reputations, though scarcely equal to those of their predecessors, David Cox and W. Hunt.*

The late J. Greig of Edinburgh, who refused to become an associate member of the Royal Scottish Academy, when the proposal was made to him, towards the close of a career chequered with sickness, and ending prematurely, distinguished himself by the grace and harmony of his 'interiors' in water-colours. He received commissions

* Birket Foster, before becoming a water-colour painter, was honourably known by his landscape designs for book illustration.

from the Queen to paint several 'interiors' from the Old Palace of Holyrood, and from Balmoral.

Sir John Watson Gordon was born in 1798 in Edinburgh. His father was an officer in the navy. Young Gordon, after being destined to a cadetship in the Military Academy, Woolwich, entered the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, where he had Wilkie for his fellow-pupil. Like most painters, Gordon started in his profession by trying imaginative and historical painting, soon resigning it for portrait painting. In his case, the necessity which regulated the choice was a happy circumstance, for portrait painting proved unmistakeably his branch of art. He continued for many years the great Scottish portrait painter, having, in a considerable measure, the qualities of manliness, vigour, and clearness, which, from the days of Raeburn, have become identified with the best Scottish portrait painting, so as to be almost a tradition. If it is a school which is prosaic, hard, and cold, it is not extravagant, affected, weak, and washy. Gordon, like Raeburn, painted a large number of the eminent Scotchmen of his day. He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1841, when he was forty-three years of age, and he became a full member ten years later. In the previous year, 1850, he was elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy, with which he had been closely connected from its foundation; soon afterwards he was appointed limner to the Queen for Scotland, when he received knighthood.

Sir John Watson Gordon died in Edinburgh in 1864, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Robert Thorburn has shared with the late Sir W. Ross and H. T. Wells the credit of being the best modern English miniature painters. Robert Thorburn was born in 1818, at Dumfries, and educated at the High School there. A favourite amusement of his early boyhood was that of 'taking likenesses' of his brothers and sisters. At fifteen years of age, he entered the Drawing Academy of the Royal Institution, Edinburgh, and won the first prize in two successive years. In 1836, when he was eighteen years of age, he came to London, and entered the Royal Academy as a student. Being under the necessity of maintaining, not himself alone, but other members of his family, by his youthful exertions, he directed them at once to miniature painting, as the most rapidly remunerative branch of his art. In his case, also, necessity proved a good guide. Thorburn's success in miniature painting was very soon established. He exhibited miniatures in 1837 and 1838, while he was still not more than twenty years of age, and within a few years his studio was crowded with sitters of rank and position. The Queen and the Prince Consort both sat to him, the latter in 1845, the former, with two of her children, in 1848. This crowning honour to a portrait painter was conferred on Thorburn when he was in his thirty-first year. In the same year, the painter was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. In 1855, at

the Paris Universal Exhibition, he had a first-class gold medal awarded to him. Since photographs have in a great measure superseded miniatures, Thorburn paints larger portraits in oil, or draws them in chalk. His miniatures combine truth and spirit with graceful grouping and delicacy of execution.

Johanna Mary Wells, whose maiden name was Boyce, was born in 1831. After studying in the school of Mr Carey and Mr Leigh, she exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1855, when she was twenty-four years of age, the study of a woman's head called 'Elgiva.' In the same year, she went to Paris, and attended the ladies' class in the atelier of Couture, but bad health terminated her attendance there in a few weeks. In 1856, her picture of 'Rowena offering the wassail bowl to Vortigern' was rejected by the Academy. (*Ottley.*)

In 1857, when she was twenty-six years of age, she went to study in Rome, where she met and married H. T. Wells, the miniature and portrait painter. In Rome, Mrs Wells painted 'The Boys' Crusade,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1861; she exhibited in the same year 'Peep Bo,' 'The Heather Gatherer,' 'La Veneziana.' Her later works were 'The Outcast,' and 'Do I like Butter?' (a little girl putting the question by the aid of a buttercup). Mrs Wells died in child-birth in the same year, 1861, at the age of thirty years. Her short art career in miniature and genre painting was full of brilliant promise, which had

gone some length towards its fulfilment when Mr Rossetti could write of her as 'the best painter that ever handled brush with a female hand, and a truly deplorable loss in her early death,' and to predict that she 'will long probably remain the leader of our female art, and, indeed, the most richly-gifted of all women painters.'

Henrietta Ward is the wife of E. M. Ward, R.A., the genre and historical painter; the daughter of George Raphael Ward, the engraver; and the grand-daughter of James Ward, R.A., the cattle painter. Indeed, her extensive art-connections do not end there, for her uncle was Jackson the painter, her grand-uncle was William Ward, the engraver, and her grand-aunts were respectively George Morland the painter's sister and his wife. After all, the old artist families have not ceased to exist.

I may observe, in proof of the difficulty which the technicalities of art must present to women, that of all the women painters whom I have chronicled, I am not aware of one, unless it be Suor Plautilla, or Mrs Wells, with whose antecedents I am only partially acquainted, who did not overcome the difficulty, by the advantage of an early familiarity with art, from having been the daughter of a painter, or, at least, of an engraver. Mrs Henrietta Ward is a pleasantly-gifted and accomplished painter of genre, especially in its relation to child-life. Her 'Little Fritz,' and 'The First Interview of the divorced Empress Josephine with the King of Rome,' are instances in point.

Margaret Carpenter was born in 1793, at Salisbury. Her father was the painter, A. R. Geddes, A.R.A., and Margaret Geddes married in 1817, when she was twenty-four years of age, William Carpenter, afterwards keeper of the print-room of the British Museum. Mrs Carpenter died very recently, in a good old age. She practised portrait painting with ability and success. Among her portraits are those of Mr Justice Coleridge, Dr Whewell, John Gibson the sculptor, and Lady King, daughter of Lord Byron. (*Ottley.*)

J. B., the wife of a professor in a Scottish University, is known under her initials as the artist whose designs of birds and bird-life are the best of the kind since the days of Audubon and Bewick. The intimate knowledge and loving appreciation, not only of birds, but of their habits and surroundings which J. B. showed, and the genius with which she expressed her knowledge in the Book of Birds that she illustrated, made a decided impression on the art world, and was the occasion of an enthusiastic article in the *Cornhill Magazine.* J. B. has done many studies of animal life She exhibited, ten or twelve years ago, in the Royal Scottish Academy, a fire-engine and firemen, which was considered a work of great merit.

Martha Darley Mutrie and Annie Feray Mutrie are natives of Manchester. They first exhibited fruit and flower pieces at the Royal Academy in 1851 and 1853. The work of the younger sister exhibited in 1851 was

bought by the late Mr Bicknell for about twenty pounds, and re-sold at the sale of his collection in 1863 for seventy guineas. The two painters settled in London in 1854, and have continued to exhibit annually, the younger sister showing 'an apparent preference for orchids and roses.' (*Ottley.*) These ladies rank as excellent fruit and flower painters. A fault has been found with their subjects—that they are too often cultivated flowers, and that whether garden or wild flowers, they are apt to be arranged arbitrarily and artificially—not as nature planted them. Invidious critics, with a special fondness for foreign studies, have taken occasion in exalting the white stocks and the lilac of M. Fantin, to decry the roses of the Misses Mutrie, forgetting that beauty, like wisdom, is justified in all her children,—that the same earth which brings forth lilies and violets, brings forth peonies, and what the Germans call appropriately 'Turkish lilies' —tulips.

George Cruikshank was born in 1792, in Bloomsbury, London. He was the son of a caricaturist, a contemporary of the famous caricaturist Gilroy. After relinquishing an early desire for a sea-faring life, and after being disappointed in an endeavour to enter the Royal Academy as a student, George Cruikshank, on the death of his father, took his unfinished blocks and manfully resolved to do his best to support his mother, by becoming in turn a designer and engraver.

George Cruikshank's first caricatures were almost

all political satire, and it is said that to inspect them —in order, as they have been exhibited, is to walk through a curious gallery of ancient political squibs. 'Lampoons on the Fashions,' always exaggerated and often offensive, formed the next division of the old art of caricature. George Cruikshank's best work is said by Rossetti to have been done in the twenty years between 1825 and 1845 —when he was in the prime of life, and to include particularly the etchings for 'Grimm's Goblins,' 'Boz Sketches,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Jack Shepherd,' and 'The Tower of London.'

The miserable fate of an early friend is believed to have first roused in George Cruikshank the extreme antagonism towards every form of drunkenness, which ended in his becoming a convert to the Total Abstinence movement, and to his lending to the movement the energetic support of his power as an artist. About 1842, Cruikshank, then a man of fifty years of age, probably with Hogarth's example in his mind, published a series of eight prints called 'The Bottle,' which, with the addition of 'Sunday in London,' 'The Gin Trap,' and the 'Gin Juggernaut,' were meant to show the terrible effects of strong drink.

After he was well advanced in life George Cruikshank began to paint in oil, exhibiting both at the Royal Academy and the British Institution genre pictures, among them 'Tam O' Shanter,' 'Titania and Bottom the Weaver,' 'Cinderella,' 'Grimaldi Shaving,' 'Disturbing the Con-

gregation,'—the last was bought by the late Prince Consort. Finally, Cruikshank laboured for three years at a huge picture, thirteen feet four, by seven feet eight, and containing within its bounds eight hundred figures, called 'The Worship of Bacchus,' and intended to be an embodiment of his fervently held dogma of Total Abstinence. The picture was painted, indeed, for the Temperance League, to serve as a text for their discourses. Its moral is that the British drink always and everywhere, and that none can foresee what may be the end of the habit—even of moderate drinking. Rossetti writes, with justice in the name of those who differ in view from George Cruikshank, that 'the man who in his old age occupies himself for nearly three years in painting this homily upon canvas, to the most negative of results in point of art, deserves respect.'

Cruikshank's deficient education in art, unremedied by his efforts when far on in life, renders his pictures very defective. Particular faults attributed to him even as a designer, are 'want of drawing of the human figure, which he is apt to treat with the caricaturist's free-and-easy license, limp limbs and vapid old-fashioned faces,' and the tendency to exaggeration and burlesque, that constitutes him a caricaturist rather than a humourist. But as a caricaturist he has many and great merits—a wide knowledge of human nature, and a lively feeling alike for the terrible and the grotesque, with an inexhaustible fertility of invention. Over the tools employed in etching, George Cruikshank is said to possess great skill.

John Leech was born in 1817. His father kept for many years the London Coffee House, in Ludgate Hill. Young Leech was educated at the Charter House, and became a student in the Royal Academy. He exhibited several genre pictures, which did not attract attention. Some sketches of character, in 'Bell's Life in London,' were the first of Leech's work which gave promise of genius. His sketches in *Punch*, on which his fame rests, were begun in 1847, when Leech was in his thirty-first year, and were continued for eighteen years. In these sketches Leech proved himself a great humourist, who almost never passed the boundary between humour and caricature. If his satire were less triumphant than Cruik shank's, it was far broader, while it was more refined Nothing was more characteristic of Leech, and nothing was more enjoyable in his work, than the evident genial sympathy with which he entered into every phase of the many-sided English life of the hunting-field, the sea-side, the ball-room, the drawing-room, the nursery; while he faithfully represented—not without a touch of idealism, for he had, what may well belong to a humourist, but what scarcely finds place in a caricaturist, a fine feeling for beauty—the grace as well as the fresh charm of high-bred English girls, who were never better given than by Leech, so that in the immense circulation of *Punch*, Leech must have raised the standard of Englishwomen's beauty in the minds of foreigners. John Leech had also a fine appreciation of English scenery,—and in those bits of it which

he introduced into his sketches, he did it full justice, while he elevated, by their artistic completeness, the character of the sketches. (*Rossetti.*)

Very few artists, very few men of any profession, have been privileged to give the amount of pleasure which Leech conferred, in very different quarters and on very different ages—from the interiors of aristocratic clubs to the exteriors of little print-shop windows; from paterfamilias, gouty and gray-haired, to his last infant phenomenon of a grandchild; and, to the infinite honour of Leech and of the proprietors and promoters of *Punch*, it was pleasure of the most innocent description. The English *Punch* was uniformly pure, uniformly in support of what was honest and of good report, while foreign humourists soiled their pencils and their pages with evil subjects and more evil inferences.

In 1861 Leech received a commission from a Manchester firm to re-produce a great number of his Sketches, enlarged and coloured, 'upon an elastic fabric by a newly-invented mechanical process.' (*Ottley.*) These Sketches were exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and had many visitors and purchasers.

John Leech died, much lamented, at his own house in London, in 1864, when he was forty-seven years of age.

CHAPTER IX.

MODERN CONTINENTAL PAINTERS: GERÔME, 1824 — ROBERT-FLEURY, 1787 — COURBET, 1819 — HAMON, FRERE, 1819 — MEISSONIER, 1811 — DORÉ, 1832 — ROSA BONHEUR, 1822 — HENRIETTE BROWNE, ETC. ETC.

JOHN Leo Gérôme was born at Vesoul, in 1824. He was a pupil in the school of Paul Delaroche, and was admitted to the school of the Fine Arts when he was in his nineteenth year. In 1847, when Gérôme was in his twenty-fourth year, he exhibited his first picture which drew public attention—that of 'a young Greek man and woman setting cocks to fight.' The subject was, thus early in his history, characteristic of Gérôme, who has shown a decided preference for incidents either in themselves horrible or morally repulsive. The merits of the picture were also characteristic of Gérôme, being excellence of style and close imitation of the substances which were represented. After visiting Turkey and Egypt, and showing the influence of eastern travel on his art, Gérôme exhibited at the French Exhibition of 1855, when he was thirty-one years of age, the picture which gave him his place among the leading painters of France. It

was a picture of great size, and was named 'The Age of Augustus, and the Birth of Jesus Christ,' the intention of the painter being to figure the decline of paganism and the rise of Christianity. The work is said to have displayed grandeur in design and care in execution. It was bought by the French government, and procured for Gérôme the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He has painted pictures still more famous—notably his 'Duel after a Masqued Ball,' his 'Gladiators,' and his 'Slave Market.' Gérôme is represented as pleasant in manners while indomitable in will. (*Hamerton.*) As an artist his fine skill as a draughtsman is considered superior to his art as a colourist. He is believed to have great dramatic power, which he can hold under complete control; indeed, one of the fascinations of his pictures is said to be the absolute coolness with which he treats his impassioned or terrible subjects. The instances adduced by Mr Hamerton are the merchants examining the teeth of the slave-girl; and the sentinel smoking his pipe beside the severed heads of the boys at the door of the Cairo Mosque.

The following example of M. Gérôme's work is not open to the charge of repulsiveness. (It is taken from the Athenæum's critique on the 'Salon' of 1872.)

'M. Gérôme's pictures will attract all visitors. First of these is "Street Scene in Cairo." Here we have architecture in sunlight and shadow, booths or shops, a long vista of broken pavement; half a score of dogs

dozing; deep shadows in the recesses. The chief human figures are two superbly-armed and mounted Arabs, sitting in conference with a merchant who hands to one of them a bottle of cool water; a third Arab leans idly against a bulk; a tall woman, clad in dark blue, and veiled from head to foot in black, bears at her hip a basket filled with oranges, like globes of gold; astride on her shoulder, his flesh making delicious "colour" with her blue robe, sits a lively and entirely naked boy; she grasps his ankle and makes nothing of her double load. This is a charming group, exhibiting some of the noblest qualities of M. Gérôme's art. Before the mother trots an elder boy, who is naked but for a green veil streaming from his head; he bears a fresh branch of palm. Clad in light-blue, and walking behind the last, goes a tall negress, bearing a great water-jar on her head. Beyond these, two women, muffled in white from head to foot, are bargaining with the owner of a booth; men are chaffering just on the verge of the gloom which obscures more than half the interior of a nearer shop; a boy donkey-driver and his beast have brought to the door of a private house a lady who, having knocked, is reconnoitred from an upper window by a servant. There is abundance of incident in this work; but one feels that it lacks movement, and that the design would be better if it had a dominant element. However this may be, it is a precious example of delicate and elaborate workmanship; its careful drawing will be enjoyed by all lovers of form, who

will also like its sound and profoundly-studied modelling, and the faithfulness which is everywhere observable in the rendering of textures and light and shade; it has less of a certain metallic defect than is usual in this master's paintings.'

Gérôme is regarded as unsurpassed in the present day in his drawing of dogs, and perhaps in his studies of animals generally.

Robert-Fleury was born at Cologne, of French parents in 1787. He was in youth a pupil of Horace Vernet's, a friend of Géricault's, and an art-student in Rome. He shows traces of these antecedents as a historical painter in clearness, force, and 'fine technical knowledge,' though his colouring is commented upon as 'hot and dirty' (*Rossetti*), and his power of expression as that of a positivist. Robert-Fleury is a member of the Academy of Fine Arts and an officer of the Legion of Honour. (*Ottley.*) His 'Scene from St Bartholomew's Eve,' 'Procession of the League,' 'Charles V. at the Monastery of St Juste,' and 'Colloquy of Poissy in 1561,' are all well-known pictures.*

Gustave Courbet was born at Ornans in the Valley of the Doubs, in 1819. He was destined for the bar, and sent to Paris to prosecute his studies, but soon abandoned law for art. He had no regular art-education, working in a desultory manner in various ateliers, and depending

* Zamacois (now dead) is noted amongst French artists for the sardonic spirit of his pictures. Leopold Robert (also dead) was famous for his pictures of scenes from Italian life.

chiefly on self-culture; one result was the opposition which he provoked from the masters of the great ateliers, in consequence of which, together with the objection of Courbet's irregular work, he was for six years rejected as a candidate for the exhibition. A farther and more injurious result was the sense of Ishmaelitism produced in the painter, who is now regarded as the chief of the realist painters of France, for Courbet was neither to be crushed nor turned from his course. At last his original power has won its way, and he is, possibly, now in as much danger of being over-estimated as he was once of being undervalued. Courbet is said to be a plain man, without affectation in his plainness, but with such a horror of mere prettiness that it approaches to a glorification of ugliness. (He is described, however, as in person an exceptionally handsome man.) He is a great lover of Nature, and a resolute painter of what comes before his own eyes, eschewing the classical, the historical, and the high ideal in painting. Almost inevitably he is said to be a narrow-minded artist, dogged in his narrowness—having the vigour of concentration, but wanting all true proportions in the more delicate details of greater breadth and refinement. He is spoken of as fond of painting massive muscular strength in men, and even in women. One of Courbet's most famous pictures is his 'Stone Cutters,' a willing rendering of homely yet honest toil. Another work which has met at once with great admiration and severe criticism, is his 'Woman with the Parrot.'

Offended by the place which was assigned to him in the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Courbet opened a separate exhibition of his own works; while, at the exhibition of 1860 at Munich, the jury reserved an entire room for Courbet's pictures, among which his 'Deer Hunt,' and 'Hind forced to take to the Water,' were especially noticed.*

Jean Louis Hamon, pupil of Paul Delaroche. 'From Gustave Courbet to Jean Louis Hamon,' writes Mr Rossetti, 'is the stride from one pole of art to another; from a digger's tent to a lady's boudoir; from the clenched fist whose knuckles are yet red with knocking down a bullock, to a long, white, consumptive hand. Hamon is one of the most delicious of idyllic painters; the most charming of French classicists; the most child-like and child-loving of Parisians. There is just a touch in him of dandyism, which one has scarcely heart to condemn.' 'My Sister is not at Home,' 'A Girl in Charge of Children,' and 'the Orphans,' are famous and characteristic pictures by Hamon.

Edouard Frére, the younger brother of a less distinguished painter, was born at Paris in 1819. In his eighteenth year he became a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and at the same time entered the school of the Fine Arts. From the first Edouard Frére has been a genre painter, choosing

* *Painting in France.* — Hamerton. Courbet's name, as a member of the Commune who was concerned in the destruction of the great Parisian column, has recently come prominently before the public.

even specially rustic and simple subjects, and working almost always on a small canvas. He exhibited first in the Salon in 1843, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, and continued to rise in rank as a painter, receiving among other tokens of recognition, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, after the Exhibition of 1855.

Although Frére's subjects are simple, they are by no means treated in a petty manner or overloaded with accessories; he is rather reproached with the heaviness of his colouring, and the rigid exclusion of a multitude of details, along with the complete subordination of those which he introduces to his main purpose. His merits are the truth and tenderness and exceeding freshness of his pictures.

Mr Ruskin bears this high testimony to Frére's pictures: 'They have all beauty, without consciousness; dignity, without pride; lowliness, without sorrow; and religion, without fear. Severe in fidelity, yet, as if by an angel's presence, banishing all evil and pain; perfect in power, yet seeming to reach his purpose in a sweet feebleness, his hand failing him for fulness of heart. . . . . Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?' *

I am glad to say that few contemporary French painters are better known in England than Edouard Frére. Here is Mr Ruskin's description of Edouard

* Notes on the French Exhibition, 1857.

Frére's 'Prayer:'—'It needs no telling of it; surely it will speak for itself; the little bare feet kept from the stone cold by the night-gown which the mother has folded for them, bared of their rough grey stockings, as reverently, and as surely in God's presence, as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai; the close cap over the sweet, pointed, playful, waving hair, which the field winds have tossed and troubled as they do the long meadow-grass in May, and yet have not unsmoothed one wave of its silken balm, nor vexed with rude entangling one fair thread of all that her God numbers, day by day; the dear, bowed, patient face, and hands folded, and the mother's love that clasps them close in a solemn awe, lest they should part or move before her Father's blessing had been given in fulness. Return to it, and still return. It should be the last picture you look at in all the year; carrying the memory of it with you far away through the silence of the thatched villages, and the voices of the blossoming fields.'

Among Frére's well-known pictures are his 'Reading Lesson,' 'Little Mountebank,' 'Women Knitting,' 'Little Nurse,' 'Breakfast,' &c. &c.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons in 1811. He is a genre painter, like Frére, and paints in still smaller compass, his pictures being not so much cabinet as miniature versions of subjects rendered with an 'exquisite finish,' which has been likened to that of Terburg and Metzu. But not only is there finish, there is great

fidelity and 'a large grasp' of a subject in small, which is supposed to have been attained by Meissonier from his wise habit of continuing to sketch his subjects life size; as, according to the painter's dictum, no artist can paint well small what he cannot give with equal correctness large. Unfortunately Meissonier is considered to be deficient not only in what constitutes high art, but in the tenderness which distinguishes Frére's work. Meissonier's claims to fame rest on his fineness of observation, and skill of hand; and so marked are these qualities, and so uncommon the degree of excellence to which he has brought them in his very small pictures, that he has a high place of his own in modern French art. His 'Chess-players,' and his 'Little Messenger,' were his first very successful works. His 'Lecture chez Diderot' and his 'Smoker' are quoted by Mr Hamerton for their great superiority in their kind. His 'Dream' was bought by the late Emperor for twenty thousand francs, and presented to the Prince Consort.

Meissonier was created a knight of the Legion of Honour in 1846, and a Member of the Institute in 1863.

Paul Gustave Doré, whose canvasses are as huge as Meissonier's are minute, and who has had the misfortune to be hailed in the beginning of his career with extravagant praise—to be followed, in the reaction which was nearly certain to come, with well-nigh unmitigated censure, was born at Strasbourg in 1832, and is therefore more than forty years of age. He went to Paris at the

age of thirteen years, and pursued his studies in art at the Charlemagne Lyceum. In 1848, when he was but sixteen years of age, he contributed sketches to the *Journal pour Rire*, which may answer, in a fashion, to the English *Punch*, and exhibited pen sketches which attracted attention in the Salon. At the Exhibition in 1855, when he was twenty-two years of age, he exhibited his 'Battle of the Alma,' and 'Battle of Inkermann.' But he made his fame by his woodcuts and illustrations of books, especially the illustrations of Dante's 'Inferno,' though he has never ceased to aspire to eminence as a painter, and not only rents 'two large studios in Paris which are crowded with canvasses' (*Hamerton*), but has a well-known 'gallery' of his paintings open to the public in New Bond Street, London.

Doré, who has been accused of having exhausted his original resources, is declared to be among artists one of the most productive as well as assimilative (that is, capable of imbibing and reproducing in a fresh and almost individual form, the ideas of others); nevertheless, he may have drawn upon his powers to the verge of exhaustion. It is charitably allowed with regard to Doré, that if he had devoted his hours to painting, in place of being tempted aside to grow rich by woodcuts, he might by this time have done something remarkable as a painter.

Mr Hamerton holds that Doré's best pictures are his early 'Famille de Saltimbonque,' and his 'Néophyte, or young Monk, seated among his elder brethren,' of 1868,

while the same critic believes Doré to have 'a true land scape gift,' and even 'a sense of the sublimity of landscape very rare in France, but his landscape painting is wanting in refinement.' Possibly refinement is wanting in more than his landscape painting, at least that subdued moderation, which belongs to power tutored and regulated, is not found in the vividly-conceived, energetically-executed work of Doré. In 'the science of art,' he is said to be deficient; he is charged with being 'false' in chiaro-scuro, and not possessed of more than 'elementary' knowledge in form—defects which the great scale of his pictures make conspicuous; while, as an exceptional and peculiar genius working after his own methods, he gets 'as much science as he needs for his usual business of book illustration.'

With the uninitiated, and with those who look principally to the striking effect of a picture, Doré must rank high. I have selected a description of Gustave Doré's 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,' from the *Saturday Review*. '"The Conception" is certainly imposing. Christ, crowned with thorns, has left the judgment-seat, and descends alone the steep steps which lead to the cross. On either side surge to and fro the clamorous rabble that cry aloud, "Away with Him, crucify Him!" The situation is made all the more scenic by an elevated plateau, crowned with an array of classic columns, which altogether set at defiance the known topography of the Holy City. The artist throughout has striven for sensa-

tional effect, through violent contrast of colour, spasmodic action, and low, though powerful, naturalism. Vulgarity, beyond a point permissible in art, has been scarcely escaped in the attempt to depict to the life the hateful faces of revilers and scoffers. And yet there is not in the whole composition a well-studied figure; difficulties are eluded, not overcome, and just at the point where it might be needful to articulate a character accurately, the motley crowd hides the figure from view. The best study is that of the Madonna sinking under sorrow. M. Doré has taken for his exemplar Tintoretto; but savage grandeur and hectic colour are but parodies on the artist who inscribed over the door of his studio in Venice, "The drawing of Michael Angelo, with the colouring of Titian." Tintoret, in his great composition, "the Crucifixion," maintained repose and dignity, solemnity and reverence; the want of these high qualities excludes M. Doré's daring exploit from the pale of religious art.'

Rosalie or Rosa Bonheur was born at Bourdeaux, in 1822. She is the daughter of a painter, who was her first teacher in art, and one of a family of more or less distinguished artists—her brother Auguste being a painter, another brother, Isidor, a sculptor, and her sister Juliette, wife of M. Peyrol, a painter. (*Ottley.*) Rosa Bonheur has kept steadfastly to animal and landscape painting. She exhibited in 1841, when she was nineteen years of age, two small pictures, entitled 'Two Rabbits,' and 'Sheep and Goats.' Her first great work which was exhibited in

1849—the year of her father's death, when she was twenty-seven years of age,—was her 'Ploughing in the Nivernois,' of which I shall quote to you an eloquent illustration, before I have done with this sketch. This picture was placed in the Luxembourg. Four years later she won still greater fame by her 'Horse Fair,' which was engraved by Landseer.

Rosa Bonheur, assisted by her sister, acts as directress of a gratuitous School of Design for girls, committed to her charge by the City of Paris in 1849.

When a girl Rosa Bonheur kept a sheep in a Parisian apartment, and as a distinguished woman she maintains 'offices' full of the animals which are not only associated with her name, but are her familiar friends. I have read anecdotes of visits to her studio, which include tours of this city farm-yard.

Rosa Bonheur has been, from youth to middle life, a devoted student, absorbed in her art. In order to prosecute it without obstacle or interruption, she has broken through many of the restraints of society, and indulged in a thousand eccentricities. She has gone in a man's clothes to study anatomy in the shambles, and to make adventurous and dangerous excursions, when she has had to lodge for weeks in the huts of herdsmen and muleteers. She has been so careless of ordinary forms as to go with a friend to the theatre after having painted to the last moment, 'in a kind of dressing-gown, all spotted with drops of oil, and an old pair of yellow slippers; her

hair, too, loose like a man's hair, when it is allowed to grow rather long.' But however we may take exception to these liberties, and question whether they are absolutely necessary in the interest of art, we must at least rejoice that Rosa Bonheur, 'the most accomplished female who has ever lived' (*Hamerton*), is a woman of perfectly pure and unsullied character, in many respects very estimable, simple in her personal habits, kind, generous, and helpful to her neighbours.

From a photograph likeness of Rosa Bonheur, I can give you some indication of her personal appearance. She looks square built in the jacket—open, and showing a vest, above her full skirt (when full skirts were commonly worn). Her face is broad, and seems at once frank and shrewd. From the wide forehead, the hair, cut short and divided at one side like a man's, is swept back in a wave. The attitude, with one hand on the back of the chair and the other hanging down by the side, is free and careless. A litter of books, draperies, and painting implements, act as accessories.

I need hardly tell you that Rosa Bonheur is a very prosperous artist, loaded with commissions, and paid sometimes as much as eight hundred pounds for a slight water-colour sketch. One element of her success is said to have been the use which a crafty picture-dealer made once of the combination of her talent and industry with her sex. (It was so wonderful that such work should be done by a woman!) Thus beyond a certain point the

womanhood, which is so often brought forward either as an accusation of, or as a plea for, weakness, may operate advantageously in the assertion of a marvel. But the true worker, whether man or woman, wants only a fair field and no favour.

I think the estimate of Rosa Bonheur's work made by Mr Hamerton is correct, that while thoroughly workman-like, honest, earnest, and complete of its kind, it rests its claims chiefly on the qualities of memory and observation, and that, being wanting in imagination, it cannot reach to the highest art. The distinction drawn between her work and that of Landseer, while both are consummate masters of their department of art, has been frequently made, and I have already pointed it out.

Rosa Bonheur treats her animals in a simpler, Landseer in a more complicated, some hold in a more poetic, manner, and the human element as exemplified in animals is more prominent in Landseer's pictures. One might be furnished with a hundred examples, but two, in contrast, will suffice—the sick dog, with the keeper about to examine its paw, and the sheep dog, which is the solitary watcher by the coffin in that most pathetic picture the 'Chief Mourner.' It depends greatly on individual taste whether the preference be given to the simpler or to the more complex treatment. But you must not fall into the great mistake of supposing that Rosa Bonheur deals with her animals in an unintelligent or uncomprehending fashion. It is said in emphatic French phrase of her and

her family, that 'they possess their ox,' and the explanation is added, that such 'possession' can neither be bought nor inherited, but must 'be attained by sympathy, by love, by labour.' The possessor must be—not simply familiar with the bodily structure of the ox, but on the friendliest terms with the animal in its brute instincts, nay, in the individuality of these brute instincts. To be upon such a footing implies great natural regard for, as well as intimate acquaintance with, animals. I dare say you will understand me better if you will examine for yourselves a picture of Rosa Bonheur's, and study the distinctly different yet essentially natural expression in each face, in a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle.

Here is Mr Hamerton's enthusiastic reference to the 'Ploughing in Nivernois:'—'I hear as I write the cry of the ox-drivers—incessant, musical, monotonous. I hear it not in imagination, but coming to my open window from the fields. The morning air is fresh and pure, the scene is wide and fair, and the autumn sunshine filters through an expanse of broken, silvery cloud. They are ploughing not far off, with two teams of six oxen each—white oxen of the noble Charolais breed, sleek, powerful beasts, whose moving muscles show under their skins like the muscles of trained athletes. Where the gleams of sunshine fall on these changing groups I see in nature that picture of Rosa Bonheur's, "Ploughing in the Nivernois"'

Madame Henriette Browne was born in Paris, and was a pupil of M. Chaplin. She received 3rd and 2nd class medals in acknowledgment of her work as a painter, in 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, and as an engraver in 1863. I cannot tell you more of her personal history, I can only write of her work as that of a gifted and accomplished contemporary painter, holding—not indeed so high a place as Rosa Bonheur, but an honourable place among her brother artists, and becoming well known and appreciated in this country. Her 'Sick Boy tended by Sisters of Charity' was exhibited in this country, and was deservedly admired for its tender and touching sentiment and good painting. I have before me a photograph copy* of her 'Saying Grace.' A simple young girl, with great black eyes looking out from under the brow shaded by stray locks of her short-cut hair, and surmounted by her white cap, crosses decorously the hands, one of which poises a fork minus a prong. The whole air of the picture is innocent and loveable.

While dealing with living artists I may add that Protais' battle pieces have far more of individual humanity and subtle traits than Horace Vernet ever cared to attempt; and that Jules Breton, whose 'Blessing of the Corn' is in the Luxembourg, whose 'Weed Gatherers' might hang as a pendant to Courbet's 'Stone Cutters,' and whose 'Fountain' and 'Young Girl herding Cows' were among the attractions of the Salon of 1872,

* *Contemporary French Painters.*

is advancing into the foremost rank as a noble, thoughtful painter of grand simplicity.

Millet, in his 'Moon-light,' Corot, Rousseau, and Diaz, have taken the place of Troyon as landscape painters, while Fantin, with his perfect 'white stocks' and his 'lilac,' is unsurpassed as a modern flower painter.

Italy, which has lived so long on the memories of her greatness, now that she is restored to unity and political existence, may see a renaissance in her art also. Of her recent painters, not copyists, Pietro Benvenuti—who died at Florence in 1844,* and whose 'Judith' at Arezzo, his 'Head of our Saviour' in the cathedral at Sienna, and his cupola of the chapel of the Medici at Florence, painted with eight subjects taken from the Old and the New Testament, noble and pure, if cold, are not unworthy of Italian art—has been regarded as the chief painter of the modern Florentine school. Ussi's 'Expulsion of the Duke of Athens,' exhibited in London in 1862, received some praise. Morelli's 'Iconoclasts' Mr Rossetti mentions as much admired in the Florentine Exhibition of 1861, but he finds it not above respectability as a work of art. He gives greater praise to three pen-and-ink designs from 'Dante,' by Gozzotto, and to the wonderful engraving by Schavone from Titian's 'Assumption,' as exhibited in London in 1862.

Among the modern German painters, apart from the great men of whom I have written in a previous

* Ottley.

chapter, Achenbach, knight of the Belgian order of Leopold, and member of the academies of Berlin, Amsterdam, and Antwerp,* as a landscape painter has acquired a distinguished name. He was the son of a merchant whose repeated changes of residence enabled the younger Achenbach to become early familiar with a great variety of northern scenery. After painting at Düsseldorf and Munich the young painter spent two years in Italy, studying the fair face of southern nature with even greater devotion than the works of the great masters. He has since expressed his familiar acquaintance with southern as well as northern landscape. His style is considered realistic, and at the same time bold and free.

But the great leader of the modern naturalistic school in Germany is Piloty of Munich, who in his energy and intensity of treatment is accused of coarseness, and, like the French artist Courbet, of a bizarre preference for uncouthness. Piloty exhibited his large picture of 'Nero walking through the streets of Rome during the Burning of the City,' in the International Exhibition of 1862.

Frederick Charles Hausmann, born at Hanau, near Frankfort, in 1825, holds an honourable place among German historical painters. His 'Galileo before the Council of Constance,' exhibited, like Piloty's 'Nero,' in the London Exhibition of 1862, won much admiration.

Winterhalter may be chronicled as a portrait painter,

* Ottley.

largely patronized by royal sitters. A native of Baden, he received his art education at Munich and Rome, and finally settled in Paris. He has painted the portraits of the leaders of two French dynasties, Louis Philippe and Queen Amalie, Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, and he is well known in England as the painter, on more than one occasion, of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the younger members of the royal family.*

Of contemporary Belgian painters, Nicaise de Keyser, who, like more than one of his great contemporaries, is said to have been originally a shepherd boy, fills a prominent place. His 'Battle of Courtray,' and his 'Battle of Woringen,' two of his best-known pictures, are in the museum at Brussels. (*Ottley.*) His 'St Elizabeth giving alms' became the property of King Leopold. He and his school are said to be followers of Paul Delaroche.

Baron Henri Leys,† officer of the Legion of Honour, officer of the order of Leopold, and Chevalier of the order of St Michael, of Bavaria, is a native of Antwerp. While yet in his nineteenth year, he exhibited at Brussels, in 1833, a picture of 'the Massacre at Antwerp in 1576,' which at once attracted notice, and he rapidly rose to eminence. He is considered to have trodden with ardour and diligence in the footsteps of the great Flemish masters, and he has gained great commendation for his fine colouring—rich and deep, and for his chiaro-scuro, as well as for his composition. A want of fire and fervour is hinted at, by

* Winterhalter died this year, 1873. † Dead.

his admirers, as a fault in the painter. His subjects have been drawn very frequently from mediæval times, into the spirit of which he has entered thoroughly. Leys exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the English International Exhibition of 1862. Among his best works are 'The Institution of the Golden Fleece,' 'Margaret of Austria receiving the oaths of the Archers of Antwerp,' and 'Young Luther singing hymns in the streets of Eisenach.' His 'Armourer' is in the Royal Collection, Windsor, and his 'Mary of Burgundy giving Alms to the Poor,' brought at the sale of a well-known collection the sum of a thousand guineas.*

Louis Gallait, a native of Tournay, finished his art studies in Paris, and exhibited his pictures in the Paris Salon from 1835 to 1853, from his twenty-sixth to his forty-fourth year. From France he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; in Belgium he was elected a member of the Royal Academy. He is fully recognized as an original and powerful historical painter. His 'Job and his Friends' is in the Luxembourg Museum, his 'Baudin crowned Emperor at Constantinople' is in the Gallery at Versailles, and his 'Montaigne visiting Tasso' was bought by the King of the Belgians, who also bought Gallait's 'Temptation of St Anthony,' and presented it to the Prince Consort.

Willems is mentioned by Mr Rossetti as a 'dainty domestic painter,' a definition warranted by Willems'

* Ottley.

'Interior of a Silk Mercer's Shop in 1660,' and his 'La Prière Maternelle,' though perhaps his 'Drinking the King's Health' scarcely comes under the same category.

The brothers Alfred and Joseph Stevens—the latter an animal painter—are decided realists and naturalists in art, and are forcible and verging on violence as mannerists. Mr Rossetti instances them as massive and intense colourists, and quotes with high praise Alfred Stevens' 'Reading,' 'Meditation,' and 'What People call Vagrancy,' and Joseph Stevens' 'Episode of the Dog Market at Paris.'

Verbœckhoven, the great Belgian animal painter,* is a native of Flanders. He is a Knight of the Legion of Honour and of the order of Leopold, and has immense popularity, though it is alleged by critics that his work, though clever, will by no means bear comparison with the work of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. In 1834, Baron Rothschild gave Verbœckhoven ten thousand francs for a landscape painting, and he has not since painted a picture of the same size for less. (*Ottley.*) Perhaps, partly as a natural result, he is employed far beyond one man's powers. Sheep is his speciality, but he includes horses, cattle, and indeed every quadruped and biped, in his long list.

Among Dutch painters Israels exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862 'The Shipwreck,' which Mr Rossetti describes as 'solemn and dirge-like,' and de-

* Dead.

clares that it was unsurpassed by any piece of domestic tragedy in the Exhibition. Van Schendel, a native of Breda, an art student at Amsterdam and Antwerp, and at last settled in Brussels, is known for the masterly distribution of light and shade in his pictures. His 'Market Scene by Moonlight, and other lights,' and other market scenes, are examples of his peculiar skill. Some of his best pictures, which have been bought by the King of Bavaria, are at Munich.*

Bernard Cornelius Koekoek, who died in 1862, was another eminent modern Dutch painter. He was the son of a marine painter also distinguished in art, and Bernard's surviving brothers both good Dutch painters, make the name of Koekoek a family name in Dutch art. Our painter was born at Middleburg, and ultimately resided at Cleves. As a landscape painter he was famous for his fidelity to nature, naïveté, and feeling. For a 'Landscape in Autumn' and a 'Wood Scene in Winter,' exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Koekoek was awarded a first-class medal—he had previously obtained third and second class medals.

Tidemand, a Norwegian landscape and genre painter, is a Knight of the Norwegian order of St Olave's, and a member of the Academies of Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Amsterdam. He finished his art studies at Düsseldorf. He paints the wild ffiords and primitive customs of his native country with such effect that by a

* Ottley.

picture, named 'A Funeral in the Country parts of Norway, with costumes of the last century,' exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855, he excited a sensation, and won a first-class medal. He is painter to the Crown, and has painted the interior of the Castle of Oscarshall, near Christiania. (*Ottley.*)

In Sweden, Jernberg and Amelia Lindegren are able and accomplished painters.

In Denmark a good painter has died this year (1873). Vilhelm Marstrand was born in Copenhagen in 1810. He went while young to Rome, and worked there till 1841 in company with Thorwaldsen and a group of talented contemporaries. He became the first colourist among Scandinavian artists. His best pictures, some of which are mentioned as 'bouquets of bright and sunny colour, dewy and sparkling' (*Spectator*), include 'the Visit' (in the Danish National Gallery), illustrations of Don Quixote, and of the Comedies of Holberg, and 'a Sunday at Lake Siljan.' Between 1864 and 1866 Marstrand was employed in painting the walls of the chapel of Christian IV. at Roeskilde Cathedral with frescoes, the subjects of which were taken from the heroic life of the Danish king.

Marstrand's successor in Danish art is Constantin Hansen, 'the great realist,' of whom Mr Rossetti remarks that he is 'one of the choicest painters of old interiors in Europe.'

Another excellent Danish artist is Elizabeth Jerichau.

In Spain, the painters' names of Manzano, Villareal, Ruiparez, have some distinction.

In Switzerland, Van Muyden and Calame are well-known names in art.

In Russia there are promising artists, among them Moller, who exhibited in England in 1862.

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN PAINTERS: ALLSTON, 1779-1842—HUNTINGTON, 1816—LEUTZE, 1816—PAGE, 1811—CHURCH, 1826—BIERSTADT, 1829—CATLIN, 1812—AUDUBON, 1780-1851. AMERICAN PAINTERS IN ROME: CHAPMAN, FREEMAN, YEWELL, ETC. ETC.

WE are apt to speak with an accent of reproach of American art, as being yet in its infancy, forgetting that America is by comparison the new world still, and that we have already borrowed more than one English painter of name from the ranks of our brethren across the Atlantic.

A contemporary of West, and belonging to the generation just before that of Leslie, Washington Allston was born in 1779, at Waccamaw, South Carolina. His father was a planter. As young Allston's health was delicate, and his father's plantation remote, the boy was sent for physical bracing and for mental training to the town of Newport, New England. He remained there for ten years. According to Mr Tuckerman, one of the earliest impulses to American art was given in New England by the first visit of an English painter of note with Dean Berkeley in 1728, together with the influence of the painter Gilbert Stewart, who was connected with Newport.

Allston's boyish intimacy with Malbone, afterwards a well-known American miniature painter, seems to have turned Allston's attention to art. The two friends came together to England in 1801, when Allston was twenty two years of age. He became at once a student of the Royal Academy, of which his countryman West was President. According to Allston himself, his favourite subjects were then banditti, and he was more than a year in England before he got over the mania. When he made known his purpose of becoming a historical painter, he was told by Fuseli—'You have come a great way to starve.' Allston remained for three years in London, receiving great kindness from West, and having for the chief of his many friends—Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' and Fuseli. In 1804 he visited Paris along with another American painter, and after studying the accumulated treasures of the Louvre while they were yet intact, proceeded to Italy, where he spent four years, for the most part in Rome. There he met the sculptor Thorwaldsen and the poet Coleridge, and entered into a lasting friendship with them, while, like the American painter Leslie, he profited by an intimate companionship with his countryman, Washington Irving.

Washington Irving describes Allston as being then a singularly attractive young man. 'Light and graceful' in figure, and 'with large blue eyes, and black, silken hair, waving and curling round a pale expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intel-

lect and refinement.' Allston gave Irving good advice while they were visiting in company the Roman galleries —'Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish at a Lord Mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession even of delicacies.'

Americans are fond of telling that while Allston was in Italy foreigners called him 'the American Titian.'

He returned to America in 1809, when he was thirty years of age, and married a sister of Dr Channing's, but did not then settle in his native country. He started afresh for England, where, in spite of Fuseli's former warning, his first exhibited picture was from sacred history, and was 'The Dead Man Revived.' The painter had the satisfaction of receiving from the British Institution their prize of two hundred guineas for historical painting, and of having his picture bought and transported to his own country by the Pennsylvania Academy. His next picture was ordered by Sir George Beaumont, and was 'St Peter liberated by the Angel.' Two other pictures were 'Uriel in the Sun,' now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland, and 'Jacob's Dream,' which is in the collection of Lord Egremont at Petworth. The British Institution awarded the painter the sum of a hundred and fifty guineas for 'Uriel in the Sun.' In 1813, when Allston was thirty-four years of age, he

published a volume of poems called the 'Sylphs of the Seasons.'

At this time Allston, while working hard to the overtaxing of his strength, found ready and liberal purchasers for his works, and was surrounded by congenial friends, among them another countryman, young Leslie, who lived for some time in his house.

Allston's biographer unites with Washington Irving in regretting very sensibly that circumstances—the deep affliction caused by the death of Allston's wife, and his own impaired health—induced a man of sensitive temperament, very susceptible to discouragement, to return to a country where, in the infancy of the arts, he could meet with comparatively little support, and must be thrown back and in upon himself, and be sentenced to a large measure of professional loneliness. Allston returned, finally, with health and spirits alike shaken, to America, in 1818, when he was in his fortieth year. He carried with him only one completed picture, that of 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' which was subsequently bought and brought back to England by the Hon. Mr Labouchere. About this time the Royal Academy, London, showed the respect in which they had held Allston by electing him a member of the Academy.

Allston resided twelve years in Boston, Massachusetts, where he painted 'The Prophet Jeremiah,' 'Saul and the Witch of Endor,' 'Miriam singing the Song of Triumph,' 'Dante's Beatrice.' In 1830, Allston, in his fifty-second

year, married for his second wife, a daughter of the late Chief Justice Dana of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and removed his studio to Cambridge, where he spent the rest of his days, which were those of an invalid, painting when he could, and leading a life of great seclusion, though he enjoyed the society of a few friends and the visits of painters and lovers of art, among them Lord Morpeth and Mrs Jameson.

At Cambridge Allston painted 'Spolatio's Vision of the Bloody Hand,' taken from Mrs Radcliffe's 'Italian' (of all sources), and 'Rosalie,' one of the most admired of his ideal heads. It would seem, in the first instance, as if he had returned to his early romantic love of banditti. But, in fact, he shared with the writers, Hawthorne and Wendell Holmes, not merely the love of the supernatural, but the predilection for what is abnormal and weird, which strikes us dwellers in the mother country as something in itself abnormal, when it springs up in the sons of a fresh young world, but which is notably the re-action from the very fresh materialism of their surroundings. In several of his writings, his poem of 'The Paint King,' and his tale of 'Monalde,' contributed to his brother-in-law Richard Dana's periodical of 'The Idle Man,' Allston shows strongly the same tendency. He attributes the development of the taste to a simple cause. 'As a boy,' he says, 'I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me.'

Allston was a man of earnest religious faith, great conscientiousness, and high ideas with regard to the aim and end of his profession. Mr Tuckerman tells us that the painter, 'when crippled in resources in London,' had sold a picture for a considerable sum, but that it occurred to him, after the sale, that the subject might have an evil effect on a perverted taste and imagination, when he instantly returned the money, and regained and destroyed the picture. He would relate 'with much solemnity,' how on one occasion of keen deprivation and discouragement his prayer was answered as soon as uttered. He was a man of large sympathies, calling himself with justice 'a wide liker.' He was generous and kind to young artists, who were fond of styling him 'the Master.' In those later days Allston was still distinguished by his personal advantages, though they were altered in kind. His slight active figure had grown spare, his eyes looked yet larger and more speaking under his broad brow, while his long hair had become white as snow.

In 1836, when he was in his fifty-ninth year, Congress invited him to fill one of the panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, but he declined the commission. An exhibition of his pictures in America, to the number of forty-two, was made at Boston three years later.

Allston's mind had been set on a long-projected, long-worked-at picture. During his second residence in London he had begun a great picture of 'Bel-

shazzar's Feast.' But many circumstances—among them delicate health and pecuniary embarrassments, which caused at one time the arrest of the unfinished picture—delayed its progress. For nearly forty years, Allston worked at intervals on this picture. In 1842 he had painted at it steadily for a week, when on the Saturday night, after an evening's thoughtful pleasant intercourse with his family, the painter suddenly but gently expired from an attack of heart complaint, to which he was liable. At the time of his death he was in his sixty-fourth year. He was buried by torch-light at Cambridge.

'Delighting in his pencil and palette to the last,' 'full of reverence for truth, and of faith in God,' Mr Tuckerman can bear witness, which Washington Irving has supplemented by his testimony to Allston, 'A man whose memory I hold in reverence and affection as one of the purest, noblest, and most intellectual beings that ever honoured me with his friendship.' The Americans do well to be proud of Washington Allston.

The great defect urged against Allston as a painter, is the inequality of his work—a flaw that was probably increased rather than lessened by the mental fastidiousness which grew upon him, and together with bad health, impeded his efforts, and rendered his pictures few in number. His merits were rich colouring, correct drawing, cultivated taste, and a keen sense of grandeur and beauty. Mr Redgrave refers to Allston in the

'Century of Painters,' as a really good painter. Wordsworth said of Allston's portrait of Coleridge, 'It is the only likeness that ever gave me pleasure.'

Allston's own description of his original sketch for his uncompleted 'Belshazzar's Feast'—which hangs a fine fragment in the Boston Athenæum—shows the painter's intention: 'A mighty sovereign surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry, palsied in a moment, under the spell of a preternatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it, during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence. His less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet table, the half-arrogant, half-astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining, as it were, in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing like an animated pillar in the midst, breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire!'

Twenty plates, the largest about twenty inches by thirty, of outlines by Allston, were published a few years ago; they were selected from compositions hastily sketched in chalk with outlines in amber.

Daniel Huntington was born in 1816, in New York. Mr Tuckerman writes that more than thirty years ago—

'within a stone's throw of the glorious old elms of New Haven, a slightly-built youth with a green shade over his eyes, used to study the Odes of Horace at three o'clock in the morning,' and that this lad, thus fascinated by the old poet's wit, and oblivious of time, was the painter Daniel Huntington.

After studying in various American studios, Huntington went abroad in 1839, when he was twenty-three years of age, visiting Italy, and residing in turn at Florence and Rome. After his first return to America he painted portraits, and began an elaborate illustration of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but was stopped in his work by an affection of the eyes. In 1844, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he repaired again to Italy, making Rome his head-quarters. In 1846 he was back once more in New York, painting portraits, with an occasional historical and genre picture.

Huntington is said to be a thoughtful, quiet painter, and a sincere, unassuming man, not without a considerable appreciation of humour. His aim is represented as sober and manly, rejecting alike violent efforts at dramatic effect and minute drudgery of elaboration. In historic and genre pictures he is understood to rely on his intelligent and sometimes highly-wrought transfer of a scene to canvas. In his portraits, truth and simplicity are reckoned his conspicuous merits. His execution is considered good, though subdued. In 1850, when Huntington was thirty-four years of age, there was an exhibition of his

works in his native city of New York. Among his best pictures are 'The Dream of Mercy,' 'The Communion of the Sick,' 'Shepherd Boy of the Campagna,' 'Ichabod Crane and Katrina Von Tressel.'

One of Huntington's later pictures, which chanced to be finished at the date of the outbreak of the Southern rebellion, was a pleasant commemoration of an old republican gala—'A reception given by Mrs Washington during her husband's presidency.' Sixty figures were introduced within the eight feet of canvas. There were grouped the patriotic, intrepid men, and the high-spirited, tender-hearted women, who saw and lived through the struggle for independence. Old portraits, miniatures, and family descendants, who were supposed to retain family features with family names, were faithfully sought out, to give the personages in the picture truth and living character.

Huntington's portraits include those of the late President Lincoln, Agassiz, Bryant, Earl of Carlisle, and Sir C. Eastlake.

Emmanuel Leutze was also born in 1816, at Emingen, near Reuthingen, in Wurtemburg. His father was a German mechanic, who was induced by political discontent to quit Europe and settle in Philadelphia. Young Leutze sketched from his boyhood. In 1841, when he was twenty-five years of age, he got enough orders for his work to enable him to visit Europe. Naturally as a German, he turned his steps—not to the special American art

bourne, Rome, but to Düsseldorf, where he entered the Academy. He soon won a name in historical painting, his picture of 'Columbus before the Council of Salamanca being bought by the Art Union of Düsseldorf, and commissions followed him from his adopted country.

From Germany Leutze proceeded to Italy, returning to Germany and marrying there the daughter of a German officer, but still retaining the strong sympathy of Americans by painting, while resident in Germany, a series of pictures with subjects dear to American hearts—such as 'News from Lexington,' and 'Mrs Schuyler Firing the Wheat Fields.' In 1859, when Leutze was forty-three years of age, he returned to America, while he left his family for a time in Germany. In 1863 he went to Düsseldorf to fetch his family, having found a great change in the prospects of American art, so that it now offered a fair field for a historical painter.

Mr Tuckerman commemorates with hearty good will the warm reception which the painter received from his German brethren—how a hundred and fifty of them met at the *Mahlkasten*, the painters' club, outside the *Hof-Garten*, and, with the inevitable clang of a brass band, received and embraced Leutze, entertaining him to supper—of which the first dishes were brought in by two of the simple-hearted, frolicsome German artists, the one in the disguise of a negro, and the other of an Indian, (was this to persuade Leutze that he was back in America after all?) the hosts having placed in the seat of honour, on the

guest's right hand, Andreas Achenbach. What clinking of glasses must have accompanied the subsequent toast drinking, and what choruses of songs must have been given with full effect, in the gardens which were illuminated for the occasion.

Though Leutze has become a naturalized American, his German origin, which sent him straight to Düsseldorf, has continued to show itself in his devoted adherence to the school of Cornelius and Kaulbach. A portion alike of the merits and the defects of these masters is found in their disciple. Boldness, freedom, considerable learning, with fertile invention, seem to belong to Leutze, but he also is accused of coarseness, and of an execution by no means equal to his conception. In addition to the cares of a large family, the drain which a great amount of work (not national, but for the most part private) has made on Leutze, has caused the accusation of haste and carelessness to be added to the usual criticism passed on his school. He is said to be in character and bearing very much of the rough, enthusiastic, jovial German student, belonging to the phase of art life which we recognize by the term 'Bohemian.' Mr Tuckerman quotes from a description of Leutze in his studio at Rome, engaged for hours upon a picture, deftly shifting palette, cigar, and maulstick, from hand to hand, absorbed, rapid, intent—and then suddenly breaking from his quiet task to vent his spirits in a jovial song or a gambol with his great dog, whose vociferous barking he thoroughly enjoyed, and often

abandoning his quiet studies for some wild frolic, as if a row were essential to his happiness. Although Leutze has made America his adopted country, he has repeatedly re-visited Europe, and appears to follow the peculiarly American art custom of frequent migration, and of abiding by turns in the old world and in the new.

Leutze's pictures, unlike Huntington's, are full of action, and he has sought for dramatic inspiration in American, Spanish, French, German, and Scotch history. Among his best known pictures are his 'Landing of the Northmen,' his various 'Columbuses,' his 'John Knox and Mary Stewart,' and his 'Cromwell and his Daughters.' Leutze painted for the panel of the south-western staircase in the new wing of the Capitol at Washington—'Western Emigration.' A great emigrant party, travel-stained and weary, arrived on the rolling prairies, of which the Rocky Mountains are the back-bone, with a border enriched by allegory and emblem, in true German style. The picture is painted by the stereo-chromatic or water-glass process, that seems to be taking the place of the old fresco painting For the 'Columbus in Chains,' which was sent to the great Brussels Exhibition, Leutze received from the king of the Belgians the medal *à vermeil*, as a *recompense nationale.*

William Page was born in 1811, at Albany. When eleven years of age he gained a premium from the American Institute for an India-ink drawing, but at a later stage of his youth he proposed to renounce art for

theology, and went to Andover to study divinity. He soon resumed his artist life, while retaining his strong religious convictions. He soon found sitters as a portrait painter, and proposed to visit Europe in the prosecution of his art, but an early attachment, and a marriage before he was twenty-one, established him in New York. In spite of the want of a European training, so much coveted and so frequently secured by American painters, Page prospered and attracted notice—above all, by his successful colouring. His marriage proved unhappy. He was divorced from his wife, married again, removed to Boston, and soon proceeded to Europe, remaining abroad many years, and residing principally in Rome, where he had the reputation of being the first American portrait painter.

Page's love of colour, and possibly his speculative disposition, which has latterly led him to adopt the opinions of Swedenborg, have caused him to indulge in extensive experiments in colour, some of them proving fortunate, some unsuccessful in results. Many Americans think that Page, at his best, approaches the excellence of the Venetian school in colouring, and tell that 'one of his copies of Titian was stopped by the authorities of Florence as an original.' *

Page has not been equally happy with his ideal subjects; his admirers acknowledge that their superior colouring is balanced by odd, incongruous composition. Among

* Tuckerman.

Page's best portraits are those of Robert Browning, Mrs Crawford, and Lowell. After his return to America Page delivered a course of lectures on painting.

Frederic Edwin Church, the great American landscape painter, was born in 1826, at Hartford, Connecticut. He showed an early taste for art, sought the society of Bartholomew the sculptor, and entered as a pupil the studio of Cole the painter. Unlike so many of the American painters, Church did not seek to complete his art education in Europe, but set himself to study nature (at first in the home scenery of the Catskill mountains) in those atmospheric effects, the love of which has been a passion with him, while they seem to have been missed by the earlier American landscape painters. Church's pictures must have been distinguished from the beginning by originality and independence, and by genuine devotion to nature, while his drawing was held in advance of his colouring. His vividly conceived, vigorously portrayed skies at once attracted notice, in such early pictures as 'The Lifting of a Storm Cloud,' 'Evening after a Storm.' He was not contented with learning by heart nature cultivated and tamed, he turned with longing instinct to nature in the virgin charm of her wildest, most savage haunts, whether she broke forth in the gorgeous luxuriance and burning volcanos of the tropics, or stood arrested and frozen with a ghastly steel-blue gleam over her dead whiteness, in polar seas.

In 1853, when Church was twenty-seven years of age,

he sailed for South America, where he travelled and made many sketches, residing, while in the vicinity of Quito, beneath the same roof and in the same family which fifty years before had received Humboldt, whose portrait as a lad in Prussian uniform was still preserved on the wall of one of the rooms.* On Church's return home his picture of 'the Great Mountain Chain of New Granada' was welcomed with so much interest and admiration that he paid another visit to South America, bringing back new stores of sketches, worked up later into his famous pictures 'The Heart of the Andes,' 'Cotopaxi' (in eruption), 'Chimborazo,' and 'The Rainy Season in the Tropics.'

After his second expedition to South America, Church painted his well-known picture of the 'Falls of Niagara,' in an oblong seven feet by three, where the Horse-shoe Fall is given as seen from the Canadian shore near Table Rock. This picture added greatly to his reputation, as, while it dealt with a very difficult subject, it was regarded 'as the first satisfactory delineation by art of one of the greatest natural wonders of the western world.' In the mean time the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and the adventures of the gallant men—among them Elisha Kane, who went in vain to the rescue of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror'—had taken a deep hold of the public mind, and fired the imagination of the painter of wild nature.

* Tuckerman.

Church set himself to become familiar with the northern regions through the travels and the conversation of Arctic explorers, and at last chartered a vessel and set sail for Labrador to see with his own eyes the marvels of icebergs. The chief fruit of his voyage was 'The Icebergs,' remarkable alike for its subject and its treatment, exhibited in London in 1863. (Eventually the picture was destined for London, having become the property of Mr Watson, M.P.)

In 1866 a domestic affliction induced Church to seek change of scene in Jamaica, where he spent the summer, studying not only 'sunset, storm, and mists,' outlines of hills, mountain-gorges, lines of coast, but 'the most minute and elaborate details of palms, ferns, cane-brakes, flowers, grasses, and lizards.'

A curious work by Church was painted in anticipation of the civil war, and was circulated widely in the form of a coloured lithograph. It was called 'Our Banner in the Sky,' and represented, by means of a genuine though fantastic study of a sky, cloudy 'stripes' and 'stars' shining through the clouds, with the leafless trunk of a tree standing for a flagstaff.

Church's home is made in New York for the winter, and for the summer in 'a pleasant farm-house, four miles from the Hudson,' within view of the Catskills. Winter is said to be the painter's working time, when he passes several hours a day in his studio. He is described as slow in working out his pictures, although rapid in

manual execution, as unable to brook small interruptions, and resolute in not desisting from his task till it is finished for the day. On account of health, not robust, he is understood to take a holiday from actual work in summer, and to spend his days largely in open-air exercise.*

The faults found with Church's pictures are, untrained crudeness of painting, deficiency in soft gradation and harmony, and exaggeration of violent effects. To the last of these objections the painter's reply is, that such are the splendid hues of the tropics, or the strange iridescence produced by low sun rays on polar ice. To one accusation there is no denial; Church is beyond doubt fond of extremes, and of startling phases in the natural world. But, in defence of this peculiarity, it may be said that it was long urged against American literature and art that it was, with a few exceptions, but a tame reflection of English literature and art. The new world had lent no transcendent freshness, no irresistible youthful fervour—not even individuality, to her gifted sons. No such charge can be brought against Church—he is an American painter to the core; and, whether he paints America, East or West, North or South, whether he confines himself to the leaves—burning as they fade, of the old denizens of New England forests; or paints lava in a white heat, flowing with a glare down the ash-strewn cone of a mountain, the base of which is steeped in vivid green,—it is no cool quiet Eng-

* Tuckerman.

lish landscape, any more than foliage and fore-ground melting into the mellow soberness of 'fiddle brown'—once so much admired, now so sharply decried—that Church paints.

'The Icebergs' was thus described in an English journal:—'The season is summer, the time of day close on sunset. The sunlight falls from low down on the spectator's left. The spectator is supposed to look from a bay in the berg, where the water shallows over the ice, to the most delicate tones of light emerald green. On his left rise the jagged ice-cliffs, with their faces lit here and there by reflected light from the main mass of the berg opposite. The water-worn ice of the bay trends round to the right of the spectator, where a spur running into the sea, and carrying a great boulder of granite or iron-stone, has been eaten away by the waves into a cavern, filled with fairy-like green light, reflected from the emerald water. In the centre of the picture, in middle distance, towers the great mass of the berg, its face towards the spectator, divided into two levels by a great step in the ice, forming a cliff face. The surface of the shoulder to the left of this is weather-worn into the most delicate curves and sinuosities, forming hollows, in which sleep an infinite variety of dove-coloured, violet, and faint purple shadows, interpenetrated with a wonderful play of the most evanescent prismatic hues. The face of the berg to the right of the cleft is a great triangular field of pure ice, sweeping with a subtle curve upward to the base of

the rounded dome, which crowns the berg, half hidden in the mist-wreaths from the huge evaporating mass. This triangular ice-field is in light, and over it plays a faint tremulous veil of the tenderest prismatic hues. At its base are two water-lines or ice-beaches, showing that the berg has weathered two summers, and indicating by their angle with the horizon, the shifting of the centre of gravity of the enormous mass. To the right the eye follows the shadowed side of the berg, far up the ravine of ice, running up into a line of fantastic peaks and spires and pinnacles, the gray shadows kindled within by that same play of prismatic tones which seems to invest the whole berg with the subtlest and sweetest harmonies of colour. The sky is vaporous in the zenith; warm clouds rest on the field of limpid, greenish light nearer the horizon.

'The sea is calm, but long-measured curves of quiet swell follow each other up to the ice-bay. The colour of the sea is deep violet and purple on the horizon, passing through tender gradations of gray, into the brilliant emerald green of the shallow water, over the ice round the base of the berg, and in the fore-ground. Far off on the horizon, other bergs are floating, their peaks and ice-cliffs rosy in the evening sun. There is no suggestion of life, except a spar with the grating on the top, and a fragment of sail still attached, which has grounded on the fore-ground floe.

'The picture is treated with the utmost subtlety and

delicacy, both of form and colour, and brings the weird and wondrous ice-world most vividly and impressively before the spectator. Mr Church's power of painting light and water is peculiar to him. No better example can be desired of both combined, than in the glimpse of green water seen through the cleft in the ice on the left, just at the base of the ice-cliff.'

The *Art Journal* defended the brilliant tints of the berg, alleging that they were to be seen in a Swiss glacier, and that some of 'our Arctic men' praised heartily the truth of the work. Mr Ruskin, when looking at Church's 'Niagara,' pointed out an effect of light upon water, which he declared he had often seen in nature, especially among the Swiss waterfalls, but never before on canvas. (*Tuckerman.*)

Albert Bierstadt was born in 1829, at Düsseldorf. His father, a German soldier, who had seen service in the Peninsular war, emigrated to America two years after the birth of his son Albert, and the family have resided for many years at New Bedford, Massachusetts. There young Bierstadt received his education. While the lad turned from the first to art, he was dissuaded from making it his profession, till he was in his twenty-third year, when he painted a picture in oils, and resolved on earning the means to visit his native Düsseldorf with its German School of Art, and to cultivate the friendship of his cousin Hasenclever, a German genre painter popular in America. In 1853, when Bierstadt was in his twenty-fifth year, he

sailed for Europe, and proceeded to Düsseldorf, when he had the disappointment of finding that Hasenclever was just dead. However, Bierstadt entered the Düsseldorf Academy as a student, and went during the summer months on a sketching tour in Germany and Switzerland, making, in the mean time, in the room of his kinsman Hasenclever, valuable friends in 'Lessing, Achenbach, Leutze, and Whitteridge.' During his student days Bierstadt gave no great proof of ability. His first good picture was 'The Old Mill,' painted on a walking tour in Westphalia; and his next—which had sufficient merits to lay the foundation of his name as a landscape painter—was a picture called 'Sunshine and Shadow,' taken on a tour in Hesse Cassel, and representing only the fine effect of light and shade 'on the mossy, massive front and low-arched door of a quaint mediæval church, with a wide-spreading, venerable tree beside the wall, and an old woman seated under the gateway.' *

Bierstadt spent a winter in Rome along with Whitteridge, went on a pedestrian tour through the Apennines with another friendly artist, made a sojourn in Switzerland and on the Rhine, still with brother artists, before he returned home in 1857, when he was in his twenty-ninth year.

Bierstadt had, in the four years which he had spent abroad, become an accomplished artist, and needed but to show, in proof of his attainments, his 'Sunshine and

* Tuckerman.

Shadow,' 'Bay of Sorento,' 'Street Scene in Rome,' &c., &c. He took his next tour in America among the White Mountains, and a little later, in 1858, he joined the late General Lander's exploring party to the Rocky Mountains. On this long and adventurous expedition Bierstadt travelled with his companions in a spring wagon, or on Indian ponies, in pursuit of sport as well as art, shooting grouse, antelope, sage hens, and 'sleeping in blankets under the open sky, waking with the dew on their faces.' Mr Tuckerman quotes from the narrative of one of the party how they came up with a herd of buffaloes, and how 'a manager of the Overland Mail,' the boldest rider and wildest hunter among them, kept a fine old buffalo bull in check, standing at bay, until Bierstadt should have the opportunity of sketching him. The little band of sportsmen rode and shouted to provoke the bull to charge, when 'a new glare reddened his sullen eyes, he bowed his colossal head, till his beard swept the tangled grass, he erected his tail, letting its tuft wave back, flag like, in the wind, and made one mad plunge forward.' In the mean while Bierstadt dismounted, brought out his colour-box, fixed his camp-stool, and took the charcoal in hand. After the exciting spectacle had been prolonged, the three marksmen on horse-back and another from the buggy 'drew up in line and fired at the old giant's heart.' The narrator concludes with the natural pleased reflection, 'I doubt if there be any other country but Kansas and Nebraska where the brush follows so hard on the

rifle; and wonder if ever before, colour studies of charging bison have been taken in a double buggy.' On his return from the Rocky Mountains, Bierstadt left Lander's party in the Wasatch range, in southern Oregon, and, accompanied by only two attendants, made his way back through a wide, waste territory to the United States.

Bierstadt's great picture of the Rocky Mountains repre sents a vast plain, over which groups of Indians in their primitive condition, and their wigwams, are scattered; huge cotton-wood trees, oaks, and pines, occupy a portion of the foreground; beyond flows a river, on the opposite shore of which rise beetling cliffs, and lofty snow-crowned mountains—the highest peak Mount Lander. The picture made a great impression.

Among Bierstadt's later pictures which rank with the 'Rocky Mountains — Mount Lander,' are 'A Storm among the Rocky Mountains,' and 'Mount Hood in the Oregon Territory.' Having received a government commission Bierstadt came again to Europe in 1867, in his thirty-ninth year, to make studies for a picture of the discovery of the North River by Henry Hudson. Bierstadt has his home on the banks of the Hudson, his studio commanding an extensive view of the noble river in the vicinity of the Tappan Zee.

Bierstadt represents the Düsseldorf school in landscape painting. High praise is awarded to his drawing and composition, but his colouring is objected to as hard and dry. In the style of the modern school of German painters, there

is more pure intellect than fancy and feeling in his pictures, and where sentiment appears it tends to sensationalism. Mr Tuckerman attributes Bierstadt's great success in America in part to the fact that Düsseldorf landscape painting has been until lately a novelty there. With some points in common, Bierstadt is a more scholarly and 'finished' painter than Church, while the latter is probably the more original of the two, with more true poetry in his exclusive devotion to nature than exists in the exceeding cleverness of the master of the most learned modern school.

The *Saturday Review*, after describing minutely the 'Storm in the Rocky Mountains,' said of Bierstadt that the qualities in the artist which struck the critic most were 'a great audacity justified by perfect ability to accomplish all he intends.' The critic went on to declare that the manifest strain of art in Bierstadt's work might be 'condemned as scene-painting, but it is very magnificent scene-painting. . . . . The Storm Cloud is a success, especially the toppling crest of it, with the lurid reflected light under it. No picture that we have ever seen has more entirely conveyed a sense of natural sublimity, and there is so much to study that the spectator is detained before it for a long time. The foreground and lake are not new to us as painting, being simply German foreground art of the best kind, but the cloud is new and audacious, and the relation between the base of the mountain, far away beyond the distant lake, in the dark cave of cloud, and the brilliant white peak in the blue heaven, apparently nearer than the foot of the mountain,

and not at all belonging to it, is as true as it is rare in art. Mr Bierstadt's picture is full of courage and ability, and his nature, which has a strong grasp of realities, is well fitted for the kind of work he has undertaken. The least agreeable quality in him is an excess of method and artifice; but we are not disposed to lay much stress on such a fault in his case, because, without it, he would never be carried safely through labours so formidable as this.'

Among other well-known American landscape painters are Cropsey, whose 'Corfe Castle' was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and his 'Autumn on the Hudson River' at the International Exhibition, 1862; Kensett,* the greatest Præ-raphaelite of American artists, and held in special esteem among modern Belgian painters; Heade, famous for tropical birds and blossoms, and in his 'Apple Blossoms' for the flower of home orchards; Mignot, another lover of the tropics, a southern himself, being a South Carolina man by birth, as well as by sympathies, and who on the outbreak of the civil war left New York and came across the Atlantic to settle in England, where pictures of his, such as the 'Lagoon of Guyaquil,' the 'Southern Harvest,' and—a very different subject—'The Holland Winter Scene,' have been exhibited and admired.

George Catlin was the painter *par excellence* of the Indians. A party of Indians having visited Philadelphia, where the painter had his studio, they so rivetted his attention and fascinated his imagination that they became the theme of his future studies. He started in 1832 to

* Lately dead.

visit what remained of the Indians' homes, and abode in turn among forty-eight tribes, extending his researches to Arkansas and Florida, until he had made a great gallery of native portraits. On his return to civilized life, he published the information which he had collected, and exhibited his trophies and his pictures of the wild children of the forests, both in America and throughout Europe. Catlin died a few months ago.

John James Audubon was born in 1780, on a plantation in Louisiana. He visited Paris as a young man, and painted in the studio of Louis David. On Audubon's return to America he devoted himself to ornithology. In the pursuit of his favourite study he undertook long, lonely, and daring expeditions, in which he made thousands of drawings of birds. An accident destroyed these drawings, but Audubon set himself patiently to reproduce them. The result of his labour in a book of fine engravings of the birds of America, given life size, and with a faithful regard to their habits and localities, was published by subscription, while the New York Historical Society have the original drawings. Audubon's own account of his expeditions as a naturalist, and his letters while in Europe, form exciting and agreeable reading. Audubon died in 1851, in his seventy-second year, at New York. His sons are well-known American animal painters.

Among American water-colour painters, Bellows, and Wheelock in his studies of the scenery of the White Mountains, have deserved notice. Ellen Robins, a pupil of the New England school of design, is mentioned as

having received orders from England for her 'exquisite water-colour autumn leaves, and American wild flowers.'*

I must say a word of the little colony of American artists in Rome, which has become a distinct feature of the Eternal City. Of these artists, Story the sculptor is to the English world the centre. Of the painters, Chapman is 'the Nestor,' and is famous in design and etching, though grave fault is found with his colouring. Among his most popular illustrations of books have been his drawings for Harper's Illustrated Bible, and Schmidt's Tales. He received a government commission to paint for the Rotunda of the Capitol, Washington, 'The Baptism of Pocohontas.' He has resided in Rome for upwards of twenty years. Among his last pictures are 'A Sunset in the Campagna,' and 'Stone Pines in the Barberini Valley.'

Freeman is another genre painter, also an old resident in Rome. His 'Beggars,' 'Crusaders' Return, 'Savoyard Boy in London,' and 'Young Italy,' are among his well-known pictures. He ranks high among American artists. Vedder is a third genre painter, one of the most original of American painters, distinguished specially for his quaintness, alike in his subjects and their treatment. The very names of some of his pictures have a quaint ring. Among them are—'The Arab listening with his ear to the Great Sphinx,' 'The Lair of the Sea Serpent,' the 'Lost Mind' ('wandering among the waste places of the earth'). Yewell paints landscapes and in-

* Tuckerman.

teriors, the latter with great fidelity and delicacy. His 'First Communion' is a procession of young girls from the door of the fine old church of Moret, France. Healy, whose historical picture of 'Franklin urging the claims of the American colonies before Louis XVI.' was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1855, is one of the best American portrait painters of the French school. His portraits are said to be vigorous in character, but deficient in delicacy. Among his portraits are those of Louis Philippe, Marshal Soult, M. Guizot, Webster, Patrick Jackson, Lowell, Peabody, Longfellow, &c. &c. Tilton, with great merits and great defects, paints landscapes which require a strong light by which to see their beauties. The painter is great in atmospheric effects, but is accused of sacrificing to the gossamer veil or sunny haze—in which he is given to shrouding his objects — the solid details. His 'Bays of Baiæ and Naples,' 'Bernese Alps,' 'Fishing Boats of Venice,' 'Grand Canal of Venice,' and his views in Egypt, are among his best works. Haseltine of the Düsseldorf school, Dix the marine painter, whose landscape in the Channel Islands was exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1866, and Inness, a follower of the French landscape painter Rousseau, are also well-known American landscape painters now in Rome.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Achenbach	325
Allston	332
Audubon	358
Barry	58
Bellows	358
Bendemann	206
Benvenuti	324
Bewick	72
Bierstadt	352
Blake	62
Bonheur, Rosa	318
Bough, Sam	293
Browne, Henriette	303
Calame	331
Carpenter, Margaret	301
Catlin	357
Chapman	359
Church	346
Constable	145
Copley	47
Cornelius	198
Courbet	310
Cox	153
Crome	149
Cropsey	357
Cruickshank	302
David	157
Delacroix	165
Delaroche	170
De Keyser	326
Doré	315
Dyce	229
Etty	136
Faed	284
Flaxman	68
Fleury, Robert	310
Freeman	359
Frére	312
Frith	279
Fuseli	41
Gainsborough	27
Gallait	327
Géricault	165
Gérôme	307
Gordon, Watson	297
Greig	296
Hamon	312
Harvey	287
Hausmann	325
Haydon	123
Heade	357
Hogarth	4
Hook	288
Hunt, William Henry	258
Hunt, Holman	267
Huntington	339
Ingres	161
Isabey	160
Israels	328
J. B.	301
Jerichau, Elizabeth	330
Jernberg	330
Kaufmann, Angelica	75
Kaulbach	202
Kensett	357
Koekoek	329

	PAGE		PAGE
Lance	261	Ramsay	51
Landseer	245	Rethel	210
Lawrence	80	Reynolds	13
Leech	305	Roberts	254
Leighton	277	Romney	48
Leslie	219	Scheffer, Ary	178
Leutze	341	Scheffer, Henri	191
Lewis	293	Stanfield	251
Leys	326	Steinle	210
Linnel	289	Stevens	328
Lindegrenn	330	Story	359
Maclise	234	Stothard	69
Marstrand	330	Tadéma, Alma	282
Mason	290	Thorburn	298
Meissonier	314	Thornhill	1
Mignot	357	Tidemand	329
Millais	272	Troyon	191
Millet	324	Turner	86
Moller	331	Ussi	324
Morelli	324	Van Muyden	331
Morland	55	Vedder	359
Moser, Mary	78	Verbœckhoven	328
Mulready	211	Vernet	166
Mutrie	301	Ward, Henrietta	300
Nasmyth	152	Watts	275
Opie	52	Wells, Johanna	299
Overbeck	196	West	44
Page	344	Wheelock	358
Paton, Noel	285	Whistler	291
Phillip	242	Wilkie	106
Piloti	325	Willems	327
Protais	353	Wilson	37
Prout	155	Winterhalter	325
Raeburn	79	Yewell	359

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

50M—9-40

Tx
750.2
K26m

Keddie, Henrietta
Modern painters and their paintings

609850

NAME	DATE	NAME	DATE

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD
609850

0196 A18
750
K